OLD WEST

Summer, 1966

OW/K

50¢

Published by TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES

NON-FICTION

RARE $75.00 BOOK
HISTORY AND REMINISCENCES OF
J. W. COOPER . . . California SHEEP BARON

Reprinted COMPLETE
in this issue!

HELL and HIGH WATER!

BLACK ROCK SWINDLE

COLTER'S BOONE

DENTON-TWIGGS FEUD

THE HARVEY HOUSES

CRY OF THE DEATH BIRD

THIS IS
NOT
AN "EASTERN"
WESTERN!

J. FRANK DOBIE'S
RATTLESNAKES I HAVE KNOWN

OLD WEST

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

SUMMER, 1966
VOL. 2, NO. 4
WHOLE NO. 8

BOOK BONUS!

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!
$75.00 RARE BOOK REPRINT

A PASTORAL PRINCE . . . The Story of a California SHEEP BARON . . . By FRANK SANDS . . . Page 61

SPECIAL FEATURE!
HELL and HIGH WATER!

Also, In This Issue

HELL AND HIGH WATER! . . . . By *E. "Smokey" Kinnon* 2
COLTER'S BOONE . . . . *By Raymond W. Thorp* 10
RATTLESNAKES I HAVE KNOWN . . . . *By J. Frank Dobie* 13
THE MURDER OF SIMEON TURLEY . . . . *By Donald Cline* 14
"SLICK" CLEMENTS—DEAD SHOT . . . . *By J. B. Gillett* 17
BLACK ROCK SWINDLE . . . . *By Harold O'Neal* 18
THE HARVEY HOUSES . . . . *By Fred Lambert* 20
BITTER SUNSET . . . . *By Gwynn Grady and Ray Hogan* 24
THEY DIDN'T STAY FOR DINNER . . . . *By Theo Eson* 27
OLD WEST SCRAPBOOK 28
BEARS ARE BIGGER IN THE DARK . . . . *By S. Omar Barker* 30
SANDON, B. C.—MISFORTUNE'S PLAYGROUND . . . . *By George Preston Stewart* 32
WHITE MAN'S REVENGE . . . . *By Arthur J. Burks* 35
THE DENTON-TWIGGS FEUD . . . . *By Mary Ann Messick* 36
WE RAN THE JIM . . . . *By Frank Hover as told to Leola Lehman* 38
BERT CASEY AND THE HUGHES RANCH . . . . . *By Nat M. Taylor* 40
LONGEST STAGE ROUTE IN THE WORLD . . . . . *By M. R. Krythe* 43
THE MEANEST CAYUSE . . . . *By Joe E. Dash* 45
CRY OF THE DEATH BIRD . . . . *By Isaac Motes* 47
EARLY DAY COW HOSSES . . . . *By George Phillips* 49
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 56
LETTER RIP! 58

Cover Painting by
GENE SHORTRIDGE

BACK COVER SUITABLE FOR FRAMING
See Editorial opposite page

Publisher—JOE AUSTELL SMALL *Editor*—PAT WAGNER
Art—LESTER U. BEITZ *Circulation*—MARILYN WHITE

Editorial and Production

LIZ LAWLER
DOVIE JARES
WESLEY FILER
MARILYN FREY
ELIZABETH SMALL
JOE A. SMALL, JR.
TOMMY TALLAS
ROBERT SMALL
MARY SANDERS
DOTTIE TICHAVSKY

OLD WEST is published quarterly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704, 50c per copy; $3.50 for 8 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico; $4.50 for 8 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1966 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

NOW WE KNOW!

I ASKED you folks in the last issue if you could help us figure out some up and down sales on OLD WEST—and you sure did!

Did you ever do something for years and years, and then pull a stunt—doing that same something—that you should have known better than to do even in a deep sleep? Well, we did have sense enough to identify OLD WEST on that first issue, but we didn't add "Published by TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES" on some of the following issues and it *did* make a difference. It takes a long time to identify a magazine (especially a quarterly) and we blamed-sure should have known that just one issue wouldn't have done it! Oh well, call us stupid and let's go from there. The sales are up beautifully and it looks like we have really got our newest baby rolling; so you'll hear no crying from old Hosstail this time! Seems like I can hear several hundred thousand sighs of relief!

If our new readers wonder why we ask for reader opinion so much, I'd like to say that we started out that way twelve years ago and as long as I am running this little spread, we'll continue along those lines. We started out in (what was then) a new field and we sort of had an understanding of "Let's get our feet wet together" and I want to tell you, those wonderful letters in the early days really kept us on the ball! Most of you still seem to enjoy it and it is deeply appreciated from this end of the line. We get letters six to ten pages in length and (what with this contest going on!) if we don't get around to thanking all of you—this is it right now!

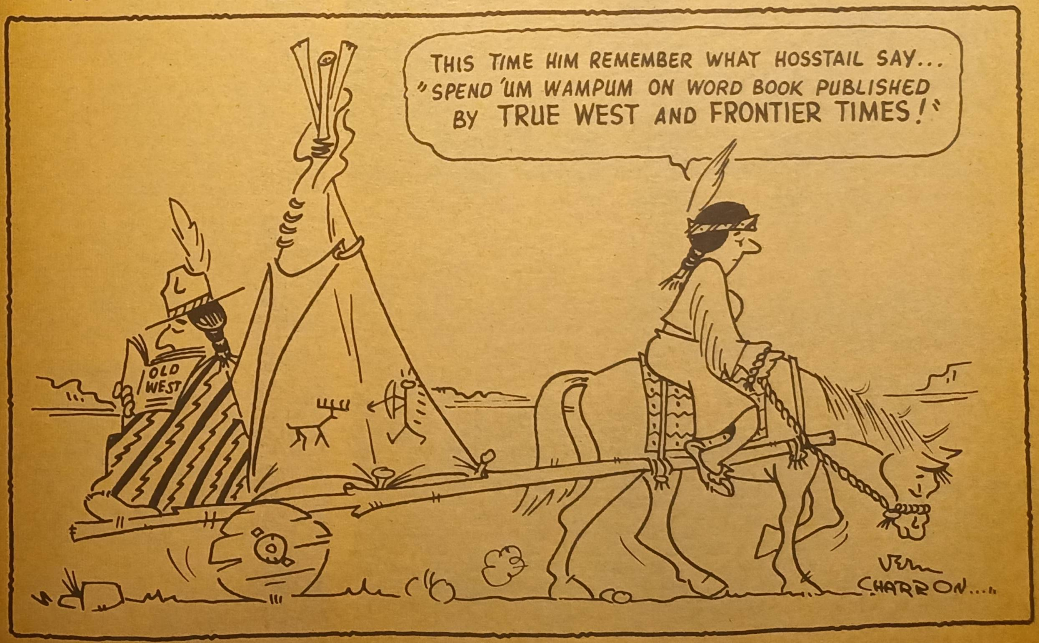
Our Old Bookaroos called the book in this issue a rare California ranch item. It is about J. W. Cooper who founded a sheep empire on the West Coast. He was called a "Pastoral Prince"—an early-day expression equivalent to "Cattle Baron." Dealers consider it one of the most important books of early California reminiscences.

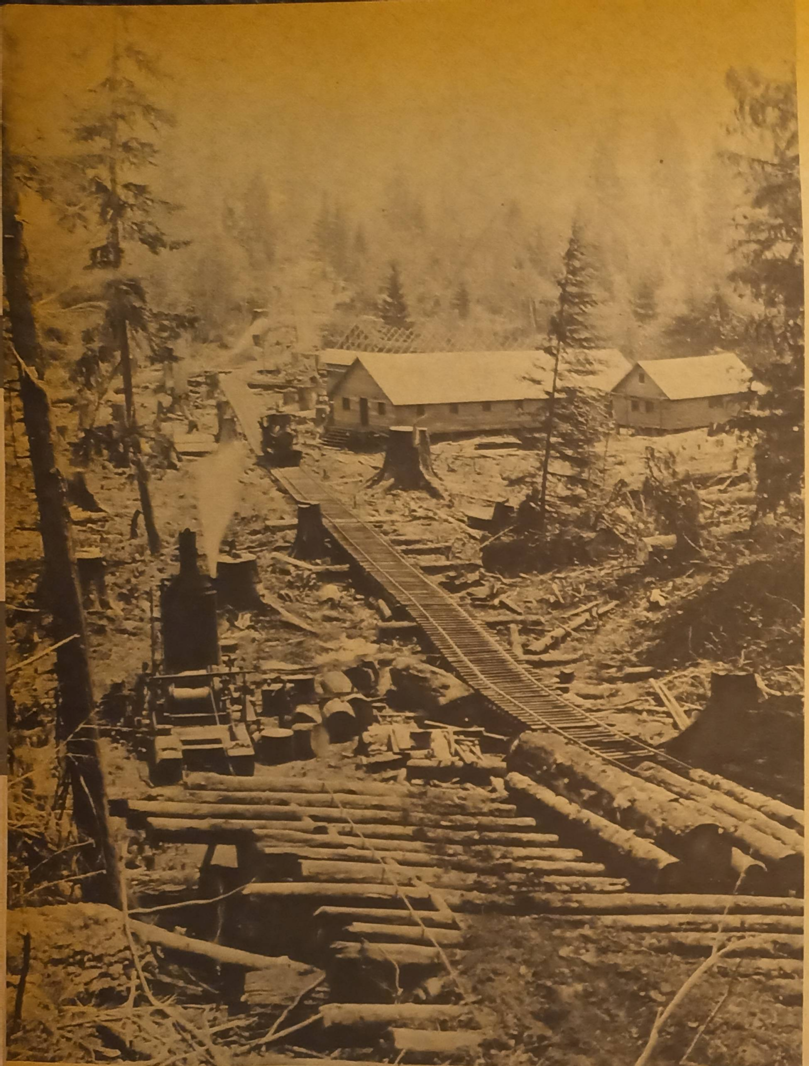
You may get a little surprise by looking at the third and fourth covers of this issue. We are beginning an American Indian gallery covering tribes which are out of our usual geographical and era limits. The back cover carries a full color portrait suitable for framing, and the reverse (or inside back cover) has a biographical sketch to tell you something about the man and his people. These Indians were painted from life prior to 1847 when, for one reason or another, they were called to Washington for conference. Each forthcoming issue will be handled in this same manner.

Of course, the rest of OLD WEST will still be devoted to happenings in the Western states, roughly from 1830 to 1900, but we were just wondering if you wouldn't like just a pinch of history on the American Indian as a whole? Since we can only publish color photos or paintings on the front and back covers of our magazines (and generally the back covers are taken up in advertising on the other two) then it falls to OLD WEST to make a little experiment with these Indians.

ARTICLES on the Western Indians will be carried in both TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES beginning in the September issue. This series is really a humdinger! It will describe the characteristics, way of living, manner of warfare, etc. of the tribes an early Army officer encountered when the Frontier was just being opened. These articles will be run as a series—each complete in itself. This is an absolute necessity because the book is far too long to be reproduced in any other way. By golly, if you don't miss a single one of these, you'll have one of the most complete, down-to-earth descriptions of the everyday life of the red men that you'll ever get anywhere.

In line with our skipping about the West, the old book in the next issue will have a Montana locale. I believe you'll agree that just the pictures alone are worth the price of admission. (The price of admission on this book is $150!) It's the story of the Main Street of an old town that all of you are familiar with. Ninety percent of everything that went on in this rip-roaring community took place on the main drag, and these incidents are related by some of the people who lived through them! It will be coming your way about June 1, so mark your calendar!—Joe


THIS TIME HIM REMEMBER WHAT HOSSTAIL SAY... "SPEND 'UM WAMPUM ON WORD BOOK PUBLISHED BY TRUE WEST AND FRONTIER TIMES!"
OLD WEST
Vern Charron....



Typical western logging camp under construction in Washington State, 1910

HELL and HIGH WATER!

By E. "SMOKEY" KINNON

Photos Courtesy Author

WHEN the forests of virgin white and Norway pine disappeared from the States of Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin, something irreplaceable also disappeared. That was the old-time lumberjack.

Forests can be replanted, but the lumberjack has gone to that "five log length virgin forest in the sky."

Ever since I was a punk kid, I have admired their breed, but was a johnny-come-lately, so I just racked up a few short years of that old-time life as my own. The time to which I refer is the wooden bunk, straw mattress, floorless bunkhouse era.

How many of our present generation would be willing to sleep in a wooden, straw-filled bunk with a horse blanket, complete with buckles and horsy aroma, for cover? How many would just smile, eating frozen beans from a tin plate in a snow storm, day in and day out? Sure, the food was hot when it left the cookhouse, but after a two- or three-mile ride in the lunch sled to the lunch ground, in forty below zero weather, it was anything else but. How many would be willing to go out fifty miles from town in September, and stay until the following spring without seeing a single skirt? All of this for sixteen to forty dollars a month, six days a week, from pitch dark in the morning to pitch dark at night. The eight-hour day was unknown.

Sunday, the day off, was the delousing day. It was the day we boiled out and deloused our clothes. Some of the hardier souls of the old school let that minor chore ride until spring. They claimed the timber louse would brand them as punks if they washed their clothes more than once in six months.

No one ever heard of a "physical," prior to being hired. Bosses figured if a man could walk twenty to thirty miles to camp with an eighty-pound pack sack on his back he was healthy enough.

Nowadays, if a logger or lumberjack can't ride in a bus to the job, he will either quit or call a strike.

Laziness was unknown to the old-time lumberjack. He had to produce something besides time on his time card. A saw gang (that is two men) had to produce an average of one hundred logs out of two or three log trees; that was fell, limb and buck.

The saw boss and foreman were not exactly the shy or timid type. They were hired for being able to handle their crews mentally and physically.

Some men who were doubtful about the physical ability of their bosses usually turned into staunch believers after the first test.

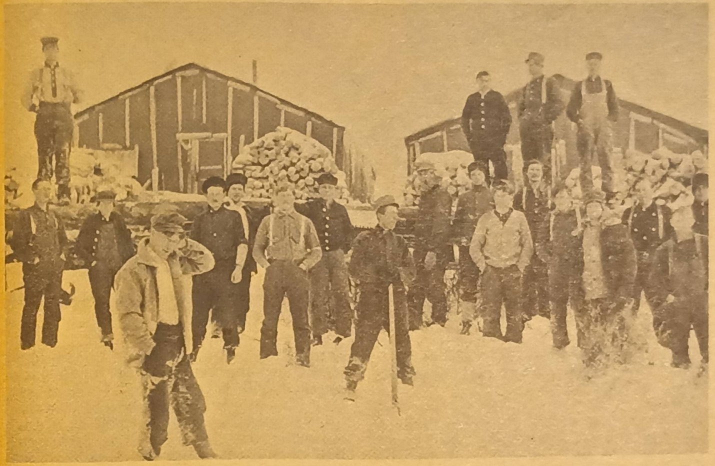
Unlike the much glorified cow herder, who needed a gun whenever in trouble, the old-time lumberjack depended on brute strength. He was not a fist fighter, just as he was not a strategist, but wrestling was down his alley. He did not think about airplane spins, hammerlocks, et cetera; it was the bear hug, and heaven help the man he got it on!

Neither was he a horseman in the sense the cowherd was. To him a horse was for work. For traveling he depended on his feet. A hike to camp from town, sometimes thirty miles, with a pack sack weighing eighty or ninety pounds containing his forty years' gatherings, was a natural thing.

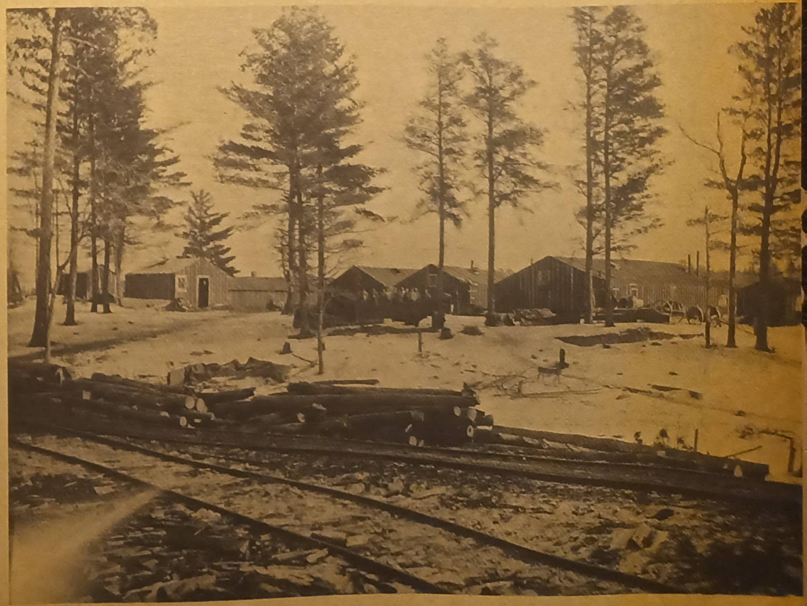
Sickness, to him, was something which happened only to children and women. The only sickness a lumberjack knew anything about was a hangover, and he never let one of those get him down. I knew scores of the old-time lumberjacks, but I never recall one's being sick with even an ordinary cold. That is, not until they had married and left the woods. After that they became susceptible to all kinds of ailments, like any other civilized person.

MENTALLY, the lumberjack was not a wizard, by any means; he usually signed his name with a "X." Physically, he was from the prehistoric age. His tremendous stamina, strength and capacity for anything alcoholic was unbelievable; a man had to see it to believe it—and even then danged if he didn't wonder!

The old-time lumberjack was a lot tougher on the outside than he was on the inside. And above all, he knew the deep discontent of never quite reaching the rainbow. Maybe that's why, when he blew off steam, the forests quivered and wise men took cover!



Crews pose at Nichols-Chisholm lumber camp north of Ponsford, Minnesota, after turn of century. Below, their headquarters camp. Note blankets airing back of bunkhouse near center of picture.



My parents owned a small store in a village which was the summer layoff place for scores of dyed-in-the-wool, old-time lumberjacks. I got to know them all, and admired them all; and not just because they were constantly buying me and the other kids candy, either. Through the four or five months in the summer that they were there, I never saw one cold sober; they worked hard and drank hard. I recall their mixing straight alcohol and water, or soda pop, in a twelve-quart bucket and lighting cigars with ten dollar bills, when ten dollars was ten dollars.

They all tried to outdo each other with gold watches. I know many of them who had watches, hand engraved, which cost in those days over $200, and their suits had to be tailor-made. In camp they would mend and patch to save money, but in the summer money was for throwing away.

The lumber camp was the lumberjack's home, the only one he knew. Of course, it was covered with tarpaper and did not have half the appearance of an Indian wigwam, but it was his palace. I'd say the old lumber camp was an ancestor of present-day housing projects—a lot of boxes laid out in a row, and likely to fall over if one leaned against them.

All camps looked much alike. The logging railroad usually ran between the main part of the camp and the office. That office housed the foreman, scaler and clerk, and was the smallest of the buildings. That was where we bought our tobacco, socks, pants and other personal items, as the office also housed the commissary, or "wanigan" as it was known in the North Woods.

When a man arrived in camp, the office was the first place he stopped. The clerk would get his "ship" ticket if he had shipped to camp through one of the employment sharks who operated on the skid rows of every major lumber town. These rows consisted of saloon, restaurant, employment shark, pawn shop, an up-a-flight hotel. After the fifth door up the street, the order was repeated: saloon, restaurant, etc., as long as the street lasted. In the same order, in the small villages next to camps, it would vary only in order of: blind pig, lunch counter, cat house. I have seen such villages which had twenty saloons and twenty cat houses—nothing else, period!

After the newcomer to camp got squared away with the clerk, he was told which bunkhouse to use. Usually, bunkhouses were assigned according to the type of work for which one shipped out. If a teamster, either skidding, four horse or cross haul, he went in the teamsters' bunkhouse. The teamsters were the first ones up in the morning. They had to feed and harness their horses before breakfast, so they got up at four o'clock. By having their own bunkhouse they did not bother the sawyers, swampers, loaders and others who lay around in their bunks until five in the morning. Their bunkhouse was the one nearest the stable, a long tarpaper shed, housing upward of a hundred or so horses.

Teamsters were a breed of their own; many a fight has been fought by the teamsters and sawyers to settle which one was the most important class of jack.

I STAYED in a camp for a week once before I was sure of my bunkhouse, and then only after I carved a notch on the door handle. The bunkhouses in the '80s and '90s and until World War I—were not the deluxe type. They were equipped with wooden bunks, hay or straw instead of a mattress, and horse

Young People's Society picnic, 1912, at Wolf Lake, Minnesota. The gent wearing the apron is "Old Eli"; author is at extreme right.

blankets for covers. The majority were minus floor, which helped the bull cook greatly in cleanup. All were sheds, up to 120 feet long and 16 feet wide with about 15 double-tier, four-men bunks along each wall, and a full length bench running the length of the rows of bunks. The bench was the "recreation" area.

In the area between the bunks was the central heating—two oil barrel stoves, one in each end of the bunkhouse. The space between the stoves was stacked with tamarac and birch wood, cut in two-foot lengths. The wash troughs were at each end of the bunkhouse. No one had the nerve to look into the dusty mirror on the wall. The lighting system was four hanging kerosene lamps on each side.

The bull cook presided over the bunkhouse. He usually was an ex-lumberjack who either had got smart or turned into a tinhorn gambler, a calling he could follow while taking care of the wood and water for the bunkhouse. It was he who assigned the new man to a bunk, lit the lights, and turned them off in the evening. He walked down both sides, and called out, "Five minutes, lights out!" That was taps. To a green kid it took fortitude to fall asleep with a hundred men snoring in different tones all in the same bedroom.

The bull cook was the unofficial source of information. He knew all the men in his bunkhouse better than the men themselves did. Also, in most cases, he was the most glorious liar—probably because he had the most time to make up the tales.

There was very little one could do in the evening except play poker. Sometimes there were heated political debates on issues about which the debaters knew nothing. In a way, it was better that way, as the arguments always ended in a draw, and there were no hard feelings. Usually some of the men were mending socks or clothing, and the way those big oxes could sew would put many a woman to shame. They could mend a rip so neatly that a tailor could not improve on it.

In the morning, after a night's tussle with the big grayback timber louse to the tune of a hundred lumberjacks' snoring, and smelling the steaming, wet woolen socks drying on the long line over the stoves, one awoke to a melodious blast of the cook's tin horn. One could swear the day of judgment had arrived.

Soon after getting up, and grabbing some socks which we hoped were our own, another blast on the tin horn sounded for breakfast. The steel triangle was not used in a bona fide camp. That was a sign of a greenhorn.

It was not an appetizing setup looking down a table lined up with tin plates, tin cups, everything tin. The pancakes were a half-inch thick and cold; eggs were frozen to the serving plate. One started wondering if he could ever become a genuine lumberjack. Then he looked at the 250 pounds of muscle and brawn next to him, shoveling the chow down with both hands, and his hopes soared.

After we stuffed down all we could, it was back to the bunkhouse where we put on as much clothing as we could hope to manage in a forty below zero temperature with snow a foot above the knees. Those old jacks would sit there on the bench, Scotch caps and mittens on, all still like statues, saying nothing, as if awaiting execution. Soon the wondering was over, for as if by some unseen force, the door would fly open, and a rough, stern looking character would stand there without saying a word. That silent line on the bench started getting up and filing out the door.

When the last man was out, the cause of the exodus walked in, down one side and up the other, peering into bunks, then out the door he went. He was the foreman, the bull of the woods.

ONE of the most colorful that I can recall was old Foxboro Slim, a raw-boned, scarfaced Irishman. It never was necessary for him to put his orders into words. When the men saw that unwavering stare, the message got through even the stubbornest, thickest head in camp. Slim was the most impressive foreman I ever worked under, and was a legend in his own time. He was about six feet tall, dark complexioned, with some kind of a growth on his forehead. He walked slightly hunched over, arms hanging close to his knees like two lengths of rubber hose with hams tied to the ends. Those hams had flailed a swath through a forest of the thickest skulls from Wisconsin to Minnesota, and no man who knew Slim wanted to test him out. His reputation came to camp ahead of him. Like all such strong men, he died by the hand of a runty, tinhorn gambler who shot him across a poker table in Big Fork, Minnesota. That was in the late '20s.

It was not only in the lumber camps of those days that tinhorn gamblers existed. They followed the camps, hiring out as bull cooks, or working at any other menial job which would not stiffen their fingers. They had to be able to manipulate the cards from top to bottom and vice versa when the day's work was over.

One of the most notorious of these bozos was Apple Charlie, so named because he also followed the western apple harvest in the fall. Then there was He High, a well-known card manipulator who earned his moniker in a poker game by nodding his head at the high man in a stud poker game, and mumbling in his broken Finn, "He high."

Also, we had Crooked Pete. I need not go into detail on how he earned his name. There were many more who were plain card thieves, and were usually caught at it. When this occurred, the lumberjacks knocked hell out of them. I recall one, Old Eli, a would-be gambler who had been a good lumberjack until he got an obsession that he could live with much less work by cheating the "country cousins." He usually hired out as a bull cook so he could keep his fingers in shape through the day by puttering around camp and waiting for evening to start a poker game. One night he had five men in a stud game. Bets were heavy and, at the last, only Eli and one other man were left.

Eli was watched so closely during that hand that he had no chance of cheating. He had a pair of aces showing, and no help in the hole. The other man had a pair of treys showing. and no help in the hole. They bet and raised until there was no more money left on the lumberjack's side, so he signed away his two months' wages, threw in his watch, got his pack sack and tossed that in, too, to meet Eli's bet and raise him. That required $200 from Eli to see what he had. Eli looked at the pot. He slowly raised his head and, without a word, looked quizzically at Andy, the lumberjack.

A pin could have been heard to drop in that bunkhouse that usually was like a boiler shop at that time of the night. The silence was unbearable, with Eli staring at Andy, and Andy like a statue. There was not a flicker of emotion of any kind. Five full minutes passed. Then Eli picked up his pair of aces, and threw them into the discard.

For sheer meanness, Andy. after raking in the pot, flipped over his hole card so all could see—an eight of spades!

We had a new bull cook the following night. Eli's pride just couldn't take it.

BESIDES the gamblers who used to make the rounds of the camps under the false guise of lumberjacks, we had another picturesque but honest camp follower. He was called the watch man, because he was a watch and ring salesman. As many miles as these itinerant peddlers traveled alone through the woods, I never heard of one who was bushwhacked, even though it was generally known that they carried as much as a thousand dollars' worth of watches and jewelry. They were as welcome as Santa Claus at all camps, and were given special accommodations while in camp. There was nothing as interesting to the rough, horny old lumberjacks as a new gold watch. They also were in hopes they could put one over on the watch peddler in a trade, but they usually found that it worked the other way. The watch man knew his watches, and was not easily bamboozled.

He was a solitary figure. I have met him drudging down the logging railroad, or sleigh road, with his watch case slung over his shoulder on a stick; no gun or anything for protection. He knew that, as rough as the lumberjack was, he was no criminal. The watch man was the lumberjack's good humor man, and heaven help anyone who would harm him.

In the old days we had no modern machinery or material to make or repair our equipment. The man responsible for keeping things in running order was the blacksmith. He had to do his work by forge welding. His shop in a logging camp was the busiest place around. Not only did the blacksmith repair all the equipment, but he also manufactured some with his crude tools. I have seen some of the best axes, handmade by these camp blacksmiths. All sleighs, from hewing the wooden runners and bunks to making all the irons, were put together in the camp blacksmith shop. The sleighs were eight feet between runners, with four-inch thick runners, and sixteen-foot bunks.

The modern generation is very proud of the large loads which modern trucks haul, but I tell them we hauled larger ones, of sixteen-foot logs, with horses. Sleighs coming down the logging road looked like two-story houses, drawn by two teams of horses.

The secret of these large loads was the "iced" road. An iced road was one that was kept slick as a skating rink, and the horses were heavy shod. The runner irons were shiny as a mirror. One speck of rust or any foreign material, such as horse droppings, was immediately removed. That was where the "road monkey" came in. He often was one of the past-his-prime lumberjacks, usually in his seventies. His job was to keep the road absolutely clean of anything that would interfere with the haul.

Each road monkey had a section to take care of. His tools were a barn shovel and a broom. If a load got stuck, that section had a new road monkey the following morning. On roads having a great deal of hauling, the water tank was used every night. It was a huge, square, wooden box mounted on one of the large sleighs. The only difference between it and the regular log sleigh was that it had a tongue in each end. That was so it need not be turned around when the tank went dry. The men just hitched the horses to the other end, and were in business again.

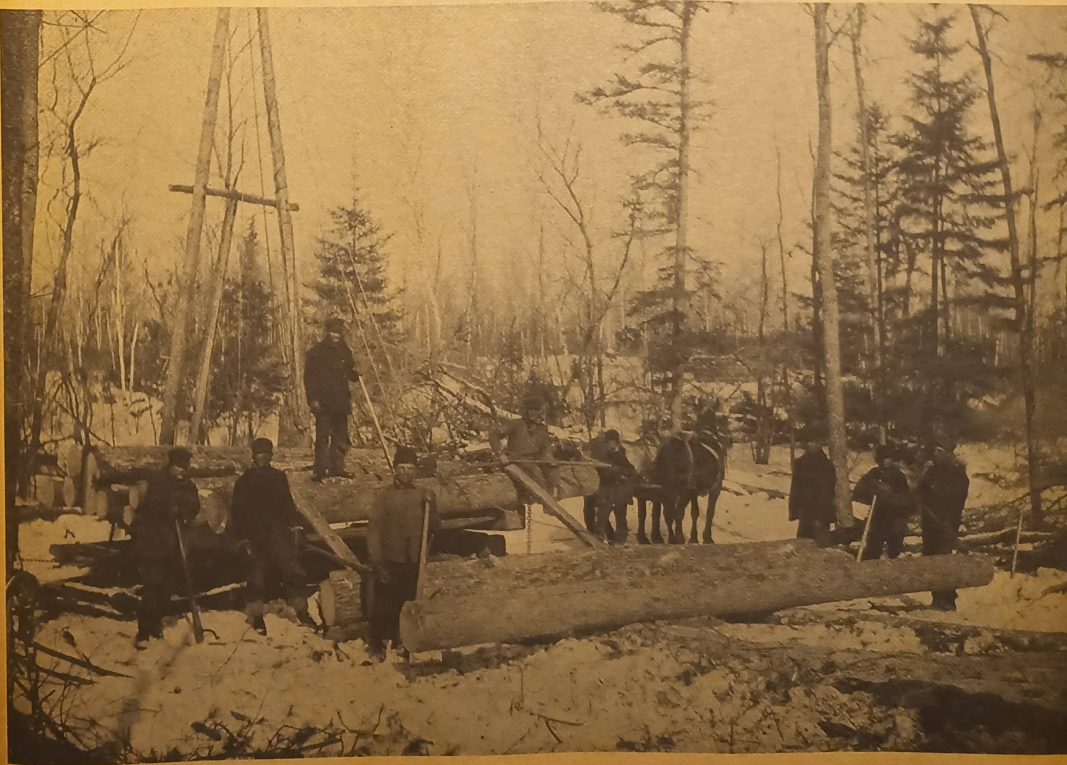
When those roads were put in shape in the fall, after the first freezing weather, a router was run over the road. It cut a track the width of the runner on both sides, and the sleigh rode in it like a train on a railroad track. After it was watered, it froze, and made a track slick as the last step in hell.

The water tank had a crew of two men, the teamster and the conductor. The conductor handled the sprinklers. That was the one crew who worked nights, so the road would be ready for hauling in the morning. As the nights usually dipped to forty below zero, a quick freeze was no problem. If the sleigh haul had hills, the down-grade was kept bare to prevent the load from running, as no two teams could hold the weight. Sometimes, on really steep grades, it was necessary to snub the runners with logging chains. Some minor grades had hay on them to check the descent.

The teamster rode on the front roller of the sleigh, as the loads were too high to ride on top. Occasionally a sleigh ran away, despite all precautions. One such incident was when the Commonwealth Lumber Company was logging at Wolf Lake in Minnesota.

On one grade there they used hay, to check the descent. One day the hay was frost covered, and the teamster failed to stop and check it. The sleigh started down the grade which was a straight shot to the lake a mile away, and kept going, a good mile across the frozen lake. Suddenly the load took one lurch; that was when the teamster bailed out. His long sheepskin coat tail caught under the runners, and was sliced off as neatly as if cut by a tailor. The lead team was the first to lose footing, and was tossed aside. As the load gained momentum, the pole team fell, and was ground under the load which was traveling like a streak of greased lightning by then. It headed

Crew loading sleigh with horse jammer at Nichols-Chisholm logging site. "Top Loader," third from left, supervises operations.



across the lake, unable to leave the routed tracks, and never stopped until it crossed the lake, and hit a little adverse grade a quarter of a mile beyond. The queer part was that the doggoned load was intact! The only time a load like that would jump the routed track was when the sleigh got rocker bound. Then it would not turn, but would run off at the first curve in the road.

THE LARGEST LOAD that I have heard of which was moved by a team, was a load of selected, sixteen-foot white pine logs, scaling 20,000 board feet. It was moved by one team, at a camp out of Duluth, Minnesota, at the turn of the century. It was not the usual load, but a test on how much a team can start on an ice road.

Building those large loads with no stakes to hold them was a highly skilled job. That is where the "top loader" came in. His was the class of men from which foremen were recruited. The top loader was the king among lumberjacks. He was the maestro of the cant hook and the peavey. He was able to catch a log with it from any position, and was obliged to do so for at times his life depended on whether he got a hold or not.

To the uninitiated, the cant hook is a heavy five-foot length of good hickory with a duck bill iron ring in one end, plus a hook like half an ice tong attached to the long handle about sixteen inches above the duck bill. With this tool, logs are rolled, and "cut" when loading from the end to make them run even when loading with the bar buckle chain.

One end of the chain was hooked solid to the sleigh. The free end ran to the skidway, and formed a bight, then went back over the sleigh to a team of horses which furnished the motive power.

The log was rolled down the skidway by "tailing down" men. The chain passed around the middle of the log and to the team, which pulled it, or rather rolled it, on the sleigh. That is where the skill of the loader came in, for he must grab the end with the cant hook if it started up too fast, and even it up. The top loader made the load. He called for the log he wanted to make a solid, evenly balanced load, as the logs had to stay in place. The only chains used were the "corner binds" over the first layer in each end, back over the next, et cetera. One did not load logs into a staked crib, as is done now. The top loader must know his logs; he could not learn it out of books, either.

The spring thaw was the Waterloo of the woods. That was when everything was speeded up in hauling before the spring breakup came. Practically all the camps were sleigh haul camps, with the exception of one or two railroad camps of which the headquarters camp was one. Logs were hauled from the sleigh camps to the railroad landing or what was called the reload. There they were reloaded on cars and transported to the mills.

Before the railroads came, the logs were hauled to a landing beside the nearest river. When the ice broke and the river level came up from the melting snows, logs were dumped in the river and driven down to the mills. At one time that was the only means of transporting them.

When the large operators such as Weyerhauser first started in Wisconsin and Michigan, they had no sleigh hauls at all. They just went up the river and felled the timber along the banks, miles and miles of it, and simply rolled the logs in when the river was high enough to drive. As the riversides were logged off, men were obliged to start moving into the timber, farther and farther from the rivers. This necessitated the developing of the big sleigh.

THE AMOUNT of timber moved out of the woods in the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan by the sleighs, would run into billions and billions of board feet. Practically every stick which came out of these three states came out on the big sleigh. This included all the virgin timber, white and Norway pine, that carpeted these states; all came out the hard way. In the sleigh haul camps, spring breakup was dreaded, as the thaws destroyed the sleigh haul roads, and there was no way to freeze the roads so they could stand up under the heavy traffic. Accidents became an everyday occurrence. Many of the sleigh roads crossed lakes and ponds which, in the middle of the winter, made ideal roads. There were no grades or curves, and they had a natural ice coating. When the thaw hit, it was a horse of another color. Ice started softening and forming what we called "needle ice." It would break under very little weight. The queer part was that it always seemed to form its first pockets right on the road, probably because the sun hit it first.

Moving steam yarder to new landing, Washington State, 1910

Logging camp cookhouse at a spruce operation in the Northwest

The bottoms of most lakes and ponds were mud—bottomless mudholes. When a sleigh broke through, it was goodbye to the pole team as there was no chance of saving the horses. The lead team, however, sometimes could be saved from drowning. Many a teamster took an ice water bath in his sheepskin coat and, mister, those coats are hard to swim in when they are sopping wet!

I went in three times on one trip across a lake that was only a mile or so in length. Luckily, I was on foot, with only a pack on my back. It was when needle ice started forming small pockets, but fortunately the weather was still cold enough that I had no problem getting out. I slammed my wet mitts on the solid ice ahead and pulled myself out on my belly, like a seal. Between the duckings I froze stiff as a board, but each time I went in I softened up. I had no disadvantage such as the horses had on the big sleighs. They were tied down to the pole, and had no chance; just went down with the sleigh. I was free, and a cold swim is invigorating.

In the spring, we had no idea where or when the roads would break, on one side or the other, or in the woods, spilling the load. It was a mad rush to get the logs out before breakup. Men were crushed, horses mangled and drowned, to get that last log to the reload. The blankets had to be stacked, utensils boxed and camp made ready for the summer layoff.

From the small sleigh camps came all personal belongings and housekeeping goods went out on the last sleigh to the headquarters camp. The larger camps usually left a responsible older man as watchman for the summer instead of moving the camp out. Some men stayed out in the woods steadily, without going to town once in two years. Now they worry about cabin fever if they stay in the woods four months straight. I am somewhat of a lone wolf but I would not fancy staying alone all summer, with no companionship for several months. These old-timers, however, could adjust themselves to any condition, and were satisfied so long as they could see a tree.

The lumberjack was not a loner by any means. He was accustomed to living with a hundred or so companions in those crowded bunkhouses, so he might have welcomed being alone, after a winter of being crowded like sardines in a can. It was the older men who wanted to keep camp for the summer, and be alone for a change. The money in the pockets of the younger and more lusty jacks was burning a hole; they could not wait to get into town in the spring, and start throwing it away. Some even hired a bum in town to help them drink it up.

I recall old Aate Maki, one of the hardest working, hardest drinking money throwers among the old-timers. He came in one spring, when the other jacks had not yet arrived from the camps. Aate, to get started drinking, hired one of the local bums to drink with him. He disliked the rags the bum wore, so he outfitted him with new duds which they called "drinking clothes." They included a mackinaw, pants, new plaid jacket, a shirt and a Scotch cap.

"Now," Aate said smiling, "we're ready to start."

He paid the bum a dollar a day for every day they drank together. Once in a while Aate would lay him off for a day if he had something else on his mind that required no drinking partner. As hard as they worked through the winter, just as hard they drank through the summer.

WHATEVER the lumberjacks did, they did on a grand scale. The summer was a kind of endurance test to see how much booze a man could hold, and survive. As a matter of fact they—almost to a jack—cashed their chips in during their old age, with aid from their friend, John Barleycorn. There was one big Finn —one of the originals—who was mean as hell when he got liquored up. As rough as lumberjacks were, there were only a few who got really mean when drunk. That Finn was one of the few of his kind in his heyday. He used to eat coffee cups and saucers to show he was tough. He actually chewed up and swallowed the pieces of crockery. I have seen it with my own eyes.

For kicks he cleaned out country dancehalls. He would go in, knock out the lights, let out a blood-curdling scream, and flourish a long sheath knife. It was never long until every single man and woman was outside. He pulled that stunt time after time, as he had no opposition until my father was appointed constable. Dad took up Devil Lander's bluff. No more halls were cleaned out. Lander did it because he delighted in cowing people, but I doubt if he would have used the knife at any time. Dad walked up to him barehanded and disarmed him, with no trouble or bloodshed. He was afraid of Dad from then on.

Not bragging, I knocked him out, plumb cold, when I was eight years old. The entire community laughed about it for years. Dad had promised to take the family to a balloon ascension at the county seat on the day it happened. I was all dressed up in my Lord Fauntleroy suit with white shoes. We were waiting for Dad to get the buggy out when this

Devil Lander staggered into the kitchen of our living quarters in the rear of our store.

He had been drinking his winter's wages away in a little confectionery which old Eli bought so they would have a place in which to celebrate. Lander just wandered in to make small talk, but as he was talking and staggering, he stepped on my clean, white shoes with his muddy feet. That I could not take. I shoved him with all the strength of an eight-year-old, and in his inebriated condition he fell over, knocking his head on the edge of a chair. His head was cut a little, and he was knocked out cold! Mother was horrified and worried as to what would happen to us when he came to. Dad was out at the time, getting the horses and buggy ready.

Soon Lander came to. He just stared at me, shook his head, and said, "What a man!" Then he picked himself up, and headed for the confectionery. Before long, one of the lumberjacks who still was sober came over with a surprised expression on his face.

"Who knocked out Lander?" he wanted to know.

Mother pointed to me, and answered, "He!"

It was difficult to make the lumberjack believe that I had knocked out the terror of the country.

Lander laughed about it himself afterward when he sobered up, and we were good friends all his life. He had, inside of that rough, tough exterior, a soft spot for children, whether he was sober or drunk. His death in the late '20s was the result of taking a whole box of aspirin to cure a hangover. They found him dead in bed. That would have been the last place he would have wanted to die.

ANOTHER thing that comes to my mind about Lander is the strength and Finnish *sisu* he had. At one time he, Maki and two other jacks left Ponsford, Minnesota, for the Nichols-Chisholm camp which was about twenty miles north of the little Indian agency town. It was in the fall, after the usual summer layoff and, naturally, they were well fortified with liquid nourishment as they hiked toward camp.

Lander and Maki always were rivals as to which was the king of the woods, so as they went on, needling each other and consuming liquid encouragement, it finally reached the stage where they had to settle the matter once and for all. A lumberjack, not being a fist or gun fighter, went in for brawling or bear hug wrestling. The other jacks who were with them and eye-witnesses to the match, reported later on the outcome of the contest.

They started in a little opening among small two- or three-inch pine saplings. The contest lasted all day. By the time they both were worn down so they could not lift their heads off the ground, they had nothing but shreds of clothing on, and a good acre of the saplings was flattened as if cleared intentionally. Yet the question of who was king remained unsettled. According to witnesses, both were played out. Someone said Lander made it to camp with less effort than Maki, while others said Maki did so. To this day no one really knows who was the winner.

One of the best stories concerning Lander was about the time he had a terrible nose bleed. Two women in our town were discussing the child of one, who had had a nose bleed that morning. The mother was quite concerned at the amount of blood the child lost. Lander, sitting on a box, was taking it all in. Finally he joined in the conversation, saying, "Yes, it can weaken you considerably. I remember one time we were drinking a little at that bootlegger's in Ponsford before heading for camp. That was years ago, and I had a nose bleed all of a sudden. Blood spurted out of both nostrils. It frightened the lady of the house, and she got a large galvanized waterpail for me to let it run into. You know, it wasn't long before it was full!

"Well, by that time I was getting a little concerned myself, so I told the lady to get another pail. She couldn't find one, so she brought a washtub. Then she ran down the street to the doctor's office. Luckily he was in. You know, when he got there, the danged tub was nearly full too! The doc looked at the mess, and said, 'You know, this could have been serious if you hadn't called me just in time!'

"He took a couple of plungers out of his bag, and drove them into my nostrils, about a foot. Then he said, 'Leave them in for a few days, and you will be okay.'

"Well, I forgot about those darned things, and a month later, as I was felling a tree with Maki at camp, I got a sneezing spell, and you know, those plungers that I had forgotten, flew out of my nose as I sneezed, and scared the hell out of Maki."

The women looked at each other, but said not a word as they left old Lander sitting there on the box, a satisfied grin on his face.

THE LUMBERJACKS of the Lake States were predominately Finnish, Swedish and French-Canadian, the best cant hook men in the country. When it came to the cutting crew, no other nationalities could outdo them. The Irishmen were more of the executive type, and made good clerks, foremen and superintendents. Once in a while one found an Irishman as a four-horse teamster on the big sleighs. These four nationalities were ninety per cent Old Country born.

Others, like myself, were the first generation born in America of those hardy souls. We just got in on the tail-end of the old-time sleigh camps, and were fortunate in seeing the originals at work and play. They put their all in both. It was the day of wooden equipment and iron men, but now it is the opposite. The modern woodsman, a progeny of the original lumberjack, is more a mechanic than a woodsman.

Practical jokes among the lumberjacks were common. Many a time those of us on saw gangs would pass a landing in the process of loading, and finding the loading crew already gone for the day, we would hunt up the cant hooks and throw them up a tree, high enough that it would take some cussing and a long pole to get them down. They had it coming, for many a morning we found our axes stuck in a tree twenty-five feet up. We were obliged to climb for them, or knock them down with clubs.

It takes practice to hang a cant hook in a standing tree, but I think I still can do it, after forty years' absence. Sticking an axe in a tree takes very little practice; so little that anyone with any experience with an axe can do it.

One time an old jack was watching a green kid trying his damnedest to make his axe stick, but without luck. The jack walked to the tree and propped his Scotch cap with a stick against the tree.

"Now, son," he said confidently, "try hitting the cap." He felt sure the kid could not even hit the tree, and added, "I'll give you a dollar if you hit it."

The kid looked at him, smiled, turned around and let go. The old jack went back to camp bareheaded that evening, minus his cap and one dollar, muttering to himself, "A damned fool can have damned fool luck!"

As primitive as the accommodations and equipment were, compared to present-day standards, the operation nevertheless went on without a hitch, and with very little lost motion. From the bull cook to the top loader every man knew his job. It was not necessary to lead anyone by the hand or give him a kick in the pants to get a job done.

Although quite indistinct, this old photo is intensely interesting in that it depicts the dimly-lit interior of a logger's bunkhouse in the Lake States. "Wood apes" are shown reclining on rustic bunks and seated on the long bench—"the recreation area." Socks dry overhead.

Early-day ground logging operation in Washington State

Christmas was one time when the lumberjack would take time off if he had three or four months' work done. His intentions always were good. He planned to go to Duluth or some other city for a couple of days, take one or two drinks, buy new clothes, and come *straight* back to camp.

Promises and plans are easy to make, but very difficult to keep, especially by a lumberjack who has not had a drink or seen a woman for four months or more. It was a miracle if one out of a hundred got farther than the first little logging town. Three days and two black eyes later, he was ready to hike back to camp. No new clothes—even the ones he had were worse than when he came in—no money, head big as a balloon, eyes nearly closed—but brother, didn't he have one helluva time!

There always was one of those small stepping off boom towns next to the headquarters camp of any lumber company, and it was of value to the company. Knowing the lumberjack, it was easy to put two and two together, and understand where it helped the lumber companies. They knew few of the men ever got farther away than that first little town, and were back to work within a few days. Those towns were usually comprised of saloons, blind pigs and cat houses. The company usually had a makeshift bunkhouse thrown up nearby where the jacks could flop while raising hell in town. After the money was gone they suffered the pangs of hangovers and remorse, then went back to camp.

I knew some old-timers who were unaware that any other towns existed. They never got farther than the mile or two from headquarters to that first stop. I recall one time I arrived in one of those towns with another man, one cold, rainy day, early in the fall. We had just gotten off the logging train from Deer River, and were heading across the muddy road from the depot to the closest blind pig and combination lunchroom. A swamper—that was a man who cleaned up and bull cooked for a blind pig for drinks—was trying to navigate across the road with an empty water bucket. He was headed for the community well, but slipped and fell head-first into a mud and water-filled ditch along the road. I rushed over and pulled the poor soused swamper out. When he got enough mud out of his mouth to talk, he cussed hell out of me for not minding my own business.

My friend, who was standing by, said, "If the damned fool doesn't appreciate your saving him from drowning, why don't you push him back?"

I felt the same way, so I put him where I had found him, and the last I saw of him he was trying to get out, and cussing because no one would help him!

In the blind pig two bartenders in plaid lumberjack jackets were shoving drinks across the rough bar at two bits a shot. Later, I wanted a sandwich. It was two bits. A package of gum was two bits. Regardless of what one bought, it was two bits. Later, as we were hiking to headquarters camp, my partner said, "You know, we're a couple of damned fools."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "why didn't we buy the whole place? It would have been only two bits."

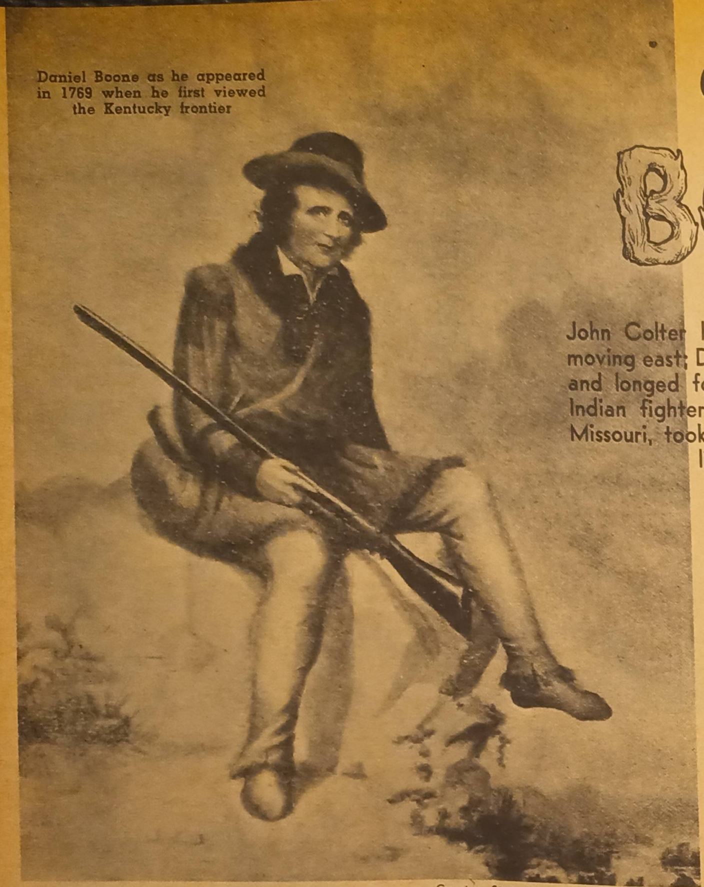
It seemed that was the only price they knew.

Many of those joints were there one day and gone the next. They more or less tried to keep one step ahead of the revenue officers.

DEATH in those small camp towns was an everyday occurrence. Men and sisters of joy were found dead in snow drifts, back rooms and the "snake room." The latter was the makeshift bunkhouse. As one undertaker said when he was asked how he enjoyed picking up dead lumberjacks and girls, "I have no objection to going along these roads and snowdrifts and gathering them up. But a man should, before he decides to go to sleep in a snowdrift when it's forty below, see that he has at least a hundred dollars in his pocket. Then I could bury him better than with the twenty-five the county gives me. Besides, it would help his prestige in that glorious timberland in the sky."

The old-time lumberjacks did not give much thought to the hereafter, but in my association with them I never ran into an out-and-out atheist. They believed in something more powerful than themselves, but they never took time to study such matters. They were either too busy working or too busy having a glorious time; the spiritual part got very little developing. I don't know if they will have any trouble at the pearly gates, but no truer, more honest or hard working men ever can be found, come hell or high water.

COLTER'S BOONE



Daniel Boone as he appeared in 1769 when he first viewed the Kentucky frontier

Courtesy State Historical Society of Missouri

John Colter had whipped the West and was moving east; Daniel had whipped the Appalachia and longed for a "Far Country." This pair of Indian fighters met for the first time on the Missouri, took the measure of each other, and liked what they saw . . .

By RAYMOND W. THORP

Author's note: In June, 1926, a steam shovel operating on the Missouri River bluffs near New Haven, Missouri, turned up the bones of John Colter, and a well-kept secret of Daniel Boone. Colter had been buried there for 113 years, and dirt had been deposited in four railroad cars before the shovel man noticed the bones. Work was stopped, the bones gathered up, along with an old leather bag with the name "Colter" burned into it.

In the bag was a trader's worn time book, which was purchased by Dr. E. B. Trail, the Missouri River historian, who lived nearby. Notes in the book had evidently been written by Colter's young wife, a "corncracker" girl. I borrowed it from Dr. Trail and copied them, and found they contained the abbreviated story of Boone's trip to the West. Dr. Trail watched as the bones of Colter were reburied on Lower Boeuf Creek, where they are today.

WHEN DANIEL BOONE left Kentucky for Missouri in 1799 many of his friends gathered round to dissuade him, but to no avail. He had done everything possible to repossess his land that had been given him for settling the State, but now it was all gone because he had been too busy fighting the red men to record deeds. A lot of Boone blood had been soaked into the land, and while he hated to leave it on the one hand, the blood that had raced in his veins when he first crossed over the mountains from North Carolina was singing again.

He sat in his Shawnee saddle of skins and cedar boughs and grinned at his friends and they knew why. He was not a homesteader; he was Boone. He had always gone where he thought there was more "elbow room." Nobody could ever resist Daniel's smile, his friends and comrades especially.

The Boone family had two moving outfits when they started for Missouri. One was a gigantic canoe, made of a poplar tree which Daniel had hollowed out to a length of sixty feet and which held most of the household goods. He had two wagons carrying the remainder and following the course of the boat by sticking close to the banks of the rivers until they reached the Mississippi.

Riding horseback with Daniel was his son-in-law, Flanders Calloway. The huge canoe was abandoned when they came to the big river, and everything was moved across in flatboats. With the little money he had, he managed to get everything hauled to St. Louis.

The Spanish commandant there had heard of his coming, and welcomed him and his new settlers. He also knew of Daniel's troubles and hurried to do something about them.

"There's plenty of land here," he said, and deeded Daniel 8,500 acres, and 1,000 acres to each of the other males with him. He warned that the land must be recorded at New Orleans, and reminded Daniel that procrastination had hurt him considerably in Kentucky.

The commandant then presented the pioneer with a new rifle, boxes of powder and bullets, and a case with six tall beaver hats in it. Wagons and drivers were furnished to haul their goods, and surveyors to mark the land.

THE UNSPOILED wilderness into which Daniel Boone was thrust was the Femme Osage district, located on the left bank of the Missouri. Here he built his cabin, and his son Nathan settled within hallooing distance. The Spanish commandant made him *syndic* over a vast territory, which meant that he had the power of life and death over its inhabitants. Near his cabin there was a large and spreading elm tree, since known as "The Judgment Tree of Daniel Boone," where he held court and decided cases from land boundaries to murder.

The Louisiana Purchase, as usual, caught him unprepared, and it was not long before he received notice from the U.S. Government that his land, which had gone unrecorded, was being confiscated. His sons, having profited by his sad experience, had attended well to their property, and theirs was safe.

Powerful men in Congress, who had come to the aid of the pioneer before, tried to get their comrades to relent, but the most they could secure for him was a paltry ten per cent, or 850 acres.

The old hero never made a move without consulting his wife, Rebecca. He did so now, and they decided that they would sell the small acreage, pay off their few Kentucky debts, and move onto Nathan's land. The trip engaged Daniel for twenty-eight days, and when he returned he set to moving his cabin, log by log, off the property. He had hardly been settled two months when he was visited by the famous Western naturalist, J. J. Audubon. The latter came upon him on a bright fall day cooking venison steaks out in the open, and partook of the repast. Audubon told him many tales of the land to the west, exciting his imagination. His pictures of wild birds in their bright plumage told Daniel that here, too, was a master.

Chester Harding, the artist and portrait painter, came to see one of whom he had long heard but never met, and drew him in several poses. Boone liked Harding so much he was invited to stay for several days, and made one short deer hunt with his host. Daniel drew him out on what he knew of the western country, and heard many tales of the Indians, some of whose chiefs he had drawn. Boone was as excited as a staid pioneer could be at the possibilities, but it took one other man—one much like himself—to make up his mind that someday he must see that wilderness for himself.

One day in the fall of 1810 that one arrived, walking over from the river where he had left his one-man batteau. Daniel and Rebecca were in the yard, seated in rustic chairs before the cabin, when John Colter introduced himself. He was a tall, gaunt, bearded and powerful man, dressed in deerskins and moccasins. He told them that he had been seven years in the mountains, trapping, after having accompanied Lewis and Clark to the Northwest. He had brought in a few furs that he had held out from sale to the regular trader, Manuel Lisa, and had just disposed of them in St. Louis, and was heading for the little settlement of Dundee, across the river, where he had a small piece of land.

Daniel had heard of him. Everyone had heard of "Colter's Hell"—it was a joke among the settlers who had never been to the mountains. Hot springs bubbling, geysers shooting out of the ground. "But they're thar," he told Boone. "I kin give ye the route. A man like you could git thar easy."

He said that he wouldn't go back himself; that he had a Missouri corncracker gal who was going to marry him.

Colter had removed his beaver cap, which he said was made up by the Crow Indians. His hair was snow white, and this, with his deeply lined face, gave him an older look than Daniel's. Rebecca was shocked to learn that he was only thirty-five years of age. He told them how and why his hair turned white. While trapping with a partner on the headwaters of the Missouri they had been surprised by the Blackfoot Indians. His partner had been killed, but the Chief told Colter that if he could outrun his fastest warriors he could go free. He knew it was a lie, but a few minutes of freedom were better than being killed outright, so when they stripped him naked and the chief handed him a tomahawk he started out "so fast an' furious thet th' blood come out of my nose all over my chest."

One brave was faster than the rest, so he turned quickly and split his skull with the tomahawk. When he came to the Madison River, five miles from the starting point, he leaped into the river and made it to a pile of floating driftwood. With only his nose out of the water, and diving each time a swimming brave came near him, Colter fooled them. When night finally came, he crawled out. "I tuk out acrost the mountings in the snow and made it to Lisa's trading post." The marvel was not that Colter's hair turned white, but that his beard stayed black.

DANIEL'S youngest son, Nathan, had come up while his father and mother were talking to John Colter. He was building a stone house for himself, one that would last for years. When he heard Colter say he was to be married, Nathan went to his grist mill, secured a sack of corn meal and brought it back. Colter was presented with it as he left, and Rebecca added a piece of oval lace, for his prospective bride, which Rebecca had kept since she was a little girl.

With the departure of this last visitor. Rebecca's attitude changed. Certain other actions led Daniel to believe that she was vulnerable to thoughts of the pioneering life she had led before. While Daniel fully intended to someday explore the wonders of the West as far as his strength would allow, he did not intend that his wife should undergo such hardships again in this new land.

Daniel pretended to develop the aches and pains of rheumatism. When he went hunting for deer, he took Rebecca along to carry his gun. She even took over the loading and, as she had majored in this at Boonesborough, was as good at it as he. While he, on the one hand, thought it would bring her to the conclusion that he would never take the western trip with the terrible pain in his shoulder, she thought he was showing his dependence on her accompanying him.

One day he caught Rebecca molding bullets, and when he expostulated on such a huge store of them, she told him, "We'll need them in the West."

She told him this in December, 1812. Early in March of the following year, after a long period of listlessness and puttering around with no interests, she took to her bed.

Nathan and Daniel sat up with her, but finally they sent for her daughter Jemima and her husband. Flanders Calloway. This daughter had always been closest to them, for she had once been captured by the Indians. She was the best nurse in the family.

One night she came and told Daniel to go to her mother's bedside. He wondered

Below, present-day photo of the renowned Daniel Boone Judgment Tree

Courtesy Ryne Stiegemeier

what had happened, for he had just left it. He got down on his knees beside the bed, and noted by the light of the candles and the little whale oil lamp that Rebecca's eyes were bright, whereas of late they had been clouded. He could tell that she was dying, and no doubt thinking of her sons, James and Israel.

James had been tortured to death at the hands of the Shawnees at the age of sixteen. Shortly after leaving North Carolina with a band of settlers, Daniel had bemoaned the fact that he had left an implement behind, and the boy had offered to return and get it. Daniel was against this, but when the young son of his brother-in-law, Stuart, said he would go along, Daniel gave in. On the first night out, in the Clinch Mountains of Virginia, the Shawnees came upon them making camp, killed Stuart, and made James their prisoner.

They knew his identity, and determined to give their old enemy, Boone, something to think about. All night long they tortured the boy, devising new and more devilish methods than were ever used before by anyone other than Simon Girty, the white renegade. If, in the quiet Kentucky night, Daniel and the others heard his tortured cries they thought it was the wind blowing over the Dark and Bloody Ground. A scout sent out the next day backtracked and found James' scalped and mutilated body, and that of Stuart.

Israel had been killed at the battle of Blue Lick, in 1782, his body riddled with bullets and arrows. Daniel had carried him from the field to save his scalp. He was twenty-three. Rebecca had never been the same following the violent deaths of her sons. Daniel thought of this as he held her hand. Rebecca had married him when she was seventeen; now she was seventy-four.

It required two days for Daniel to make a walnut coffin from boards furnished by Nathan's rough planing mill. Most of the people he knew were buried in rough board coffins pegged together, but this was not the Boone way. The scroll work he did was rubbed with raw linseed oil until the casket gleamed like those he had seen in which the rich were buried. As for the short time in which to prepare it, he said, "I'll never git caught like this again."

Rebecca was buried within sight of the river.

BEFORE his wife had given up hope of going west with him, she had made for Daniel a brand new suit of buckskins and moccasins. On the 30th of March the old hunter donned the new outfit and prepared the few things that he would take with him, including an old standby, parched corn. He had placed flints and patches in his patch-box, and powder in his horn, and was standing by the bullet-keg looking down at all the lead Rebecca had made ready for the journey both were to take, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned and faced Nathan, and the look on his boy's face spoke more than words the fact that he was glad his father had waited and would go alone.

Daniel gave his son the bullet-pouch to fill and went out to the grave on the windblown rise above the Missouri. He got down on his knees and asked her forgiveness for tricking her with the false pains which had given her hope to go along with him. Back at his cabin, he picked up the filled bullet-pouch and set out toward the west. He didn't want to see Nathan or any of his friends until his return.

He dodged in and out of the bluffs. Being on the left bank, the bluffs were all a distance from the river, with bottomlands between. He knew it was Sac and Fox Indian country; the only reason his people hadn't been attacked was their number. Up the river, among the bluffs, he came upon the old French fort of Cote Sans Dessein, where the Indians had been raiding for many years. A popular pastime here with the red men was awaiting the ripening of the crops, and then descending upon those who gathered them. Daniel saw that all the men here were dressed as hunters, like himself, and carried long flintlock rifles. He observed the first blockhouses he had seen since leaving Kentucky, with their black portholes menacing the outside. This fort would be repelling Indian raids long after he was dead, but he couldn't know that.

A bearded stranger asked him, "Air ye one o' Lisa's trappers?"

"No, but I've heard of him. I'm Daniel Boone."

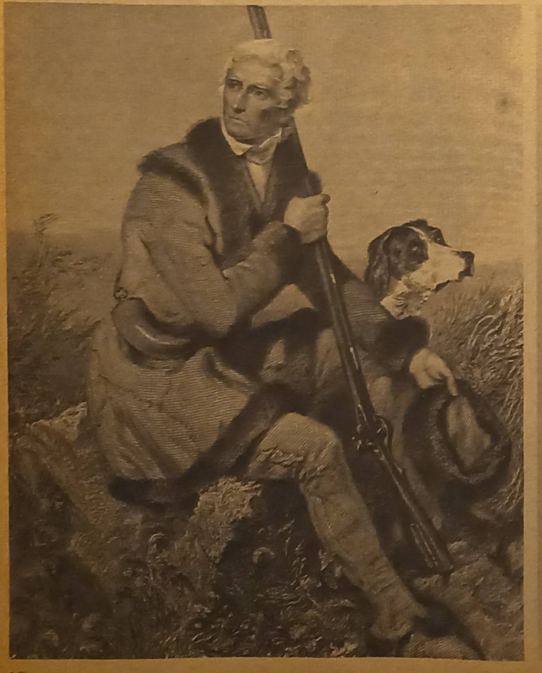
The word soon went about that the man in the new buckskins was the man who had settled Kentucky. Daniel didn't care for the notoriety, and so told them about that other Kentuckian, Simon Kenton. Told how, when he had both ankles shattered with bullets, Simon had picked him up and carried him into the fort, saving his life and losing his own rifle. He told them he had talked to John Colter, and was going west to see the hot springs. This brought many jibes, but Colter had prepared him for that.

Daniel left them and went on. They were Indian fighters and brave men, and he didn't argue with such as held diverse opinions from his own. He saw evidences of many hunting parties of braves on

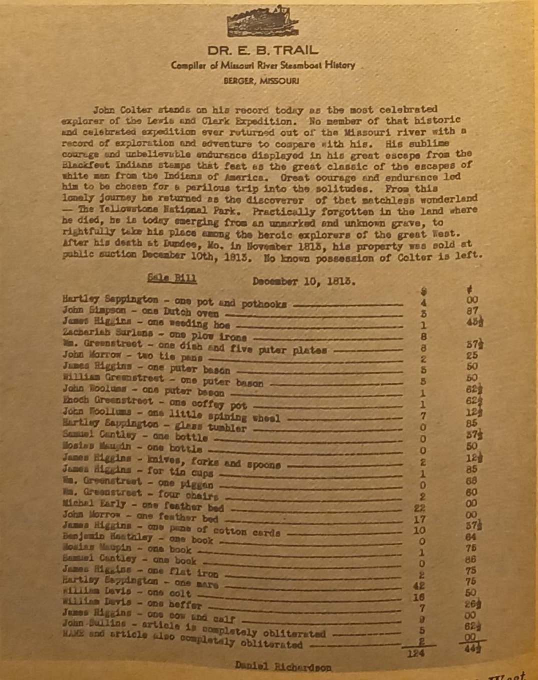
(Continued on page 50)

At left below. Daniel Boone in later years before he left Missouri for the West. This engraving, from a portrait by Chester Harding, shows the illustrious adventurer holding one of the hats given him by the French Commandant at St. Louis. The inventory of effects at right is the dowry of the corncracker girl, Nancy Hooker, who married John Colter and left the record behind when he died.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Missouri



Courtesy Dr. E. B. Trail



DR. E. B. TRAIL
Compiler of Missouri River Steamboat History
BERGER, MISSOURI

John Colter stands on his record today as the most celebrated explorer of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. No member of that historic and celebrated expedition ever returned out of the Missouri river with a record of exploration and adventure to compare with his. His sublime courage and unbelievable endurance displayed in his great escape from the Blackfeet Indians stamps that feat as the great classic of the escapes of white men from the Indians of America. Great courage and endurance led him to be chosen for a perilous trip into the solitudes. From this lonely journey he returned as the discoverer of that matchless wonderland — The Yellowstone National Park. Practically forgotten in the land where he died, he is today emerging from an unmarked and unknown grave, to rightfully take his place among the heroic explorers of the great West. After his death at Dundee, Mo. in November 1813, his property was sold at public auction December 10th, 1813. No known possession of Colter is left.

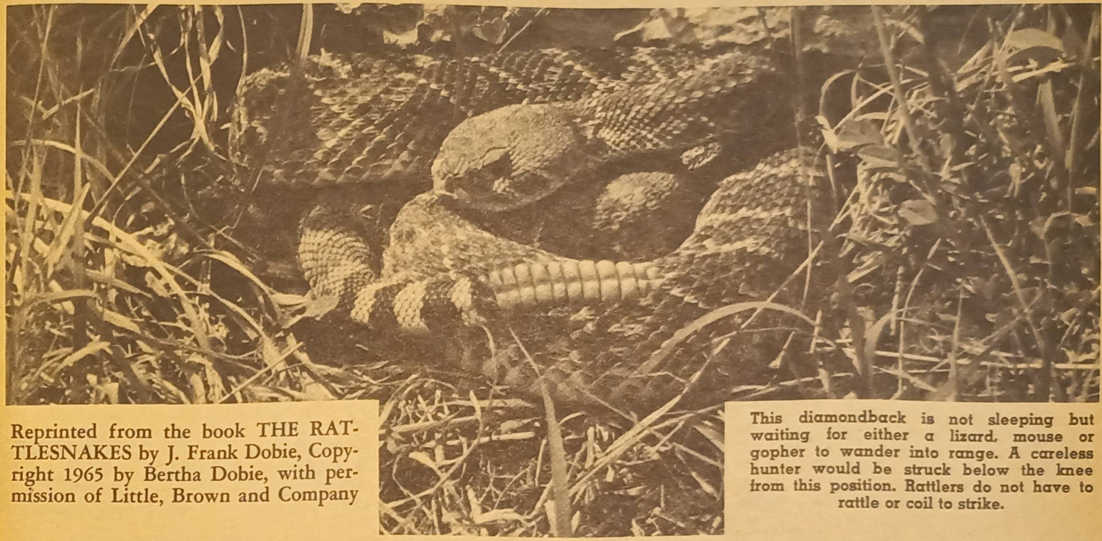
Sale Bill   December 10, 1813.

	$	¢
Hartley Sappington - one pot and pothooks	4	00
John Simpson - one Dutch oven	3	87
James Higgins - one weeding hoe	1	45½
Zachariah Surlens - one plow irons	8	
Wm. Greenstreet - one dish and five puter plates	8	37½
John Morrow - two tie pans	2	25
James Higgins - one puter bason	5	50
William Greenstreet - one puter bason	5	50
John Woolums - one puter bason	1	62½
Enoch Greenstreet - one coffey pot	1	62½
John Woollums - one little spining wheel	7	12½
Hartley Sappington - glass tumbler	0	85
Samuel Cantley - one bottle	0	37½
Mosias Maupin - one bottle	0	50
James Higgins - knives, forks and spoons	2	12½
James Higgins - for tin cups	1	85
Wm. Greenstreet - one piggan	0	68
Wm. Greenstreet - four chairs	2	60
Michel Early - one feather bed	22	00
John Morrow - one feather bed	17	00
James Higgins - one pare of cotton cards	10	37½
Benjamin Heatnley - one book	0	64
Mosias Maupin - one book	1	75
Samuel Cantley - one book	0	86
James Higgins - one flat iron	2	75
Hartley Sappington - one mare	42	75
William Davis - one colt	16	50
William Davis - one heffer	7	26½
James Higgins - one cow and calf	9	00
John Sullins - article is completely obliterated	5	62½
NAME and article also completely obliterated	2	00
	124	44½

Daniel Richardson

RATTLESNAKES I HAVE KNOWN

Even in a country where rattlers are so numerous they're taken for granted, a man is rarely able to have a personal encounter with one and forget it. The feeling goes too deep, the animosity is too strong



This diamondback is not sleeping but waiting for either a lizard, mouse or gopher to wander into range. A careless hunter would be struck below the knee from this position. Rattlers do not have to rattle or coil to strike.

Reprinted from the book THE RATTLESNAKES by J. Frank Dobie, Copyright 1965 by Bertha Dobie, with permission of Little, Brown and Company

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Photo Courtesy Joseph B. Mickey

DESPITE all the fears of summer vacationists, I'm glad that rattlesnakes exist. I was born among them, grew up among them, and have, over the years, encountered them in many places. In a piece entitled "Peaceful Coexistence with Rattlesnakes" in a past issue of *Harper's* magazine, the writer, who owns a summer place in the Catskills, seems indignant that neither the Federal government nor the state operates a bureau to exterminate rattlesnakes. He simply can't resort to the Catskills without "steering clear of unexplored woods, rocky ledges and ravines." In other words, he feels more in place on pavement than on the good earth.

Country people, in Texas at least, and many townspeople used to keep their yards absolutely bare of grass. Comparatively few cultivated flowers to relieve the bareness. The explanation, I suppose, is that grass might harbor snakes. We boys used to keep our yard on a ranch in Live Oak County clear of all weeds, stray grasses and leaves, the violets, roses, chrysanthemums, cape jasmine, honeysuckle, trumpet vine and other flowers being, as Byron said of man's love, "a thing apart." I have a basket woven by an Opata Indian woman in Sonora called, on account of its design, "Snake-in-the-Grass." Looked at in one way, a diamondback rattlesnake zigzags plainly amid geometric lines; then it disappears and all is geometric design. One of the proverbial epithets for a deceitful person is "snake-in-the-grass."

As a matter of fact, rattlesnakes are far more often found on bare ground than in grass. One may be in scraggly grass along a trail traveled by rodents, but I never expect to find one out on green grass. A rattlesnake would be more conspicuous on a clipped green sward than on sand, rocks, or brown earth, where its camouflage is perfect. The "grass snake" has lines that blend with green grass, over which it lightly glides. Most of the rattlers are earthen-hued. Water moccasins and other snakes that lurk along water go into green grass, sedges and weeds to waylay frogs. The typical rattler is as dryland as the "dryland terrapin." He swims on occasion, keeping his rattles dry. A Mexican name for him is *cola seca* (dry tail).

Once I picked up a Mexican in Austin, Texas, to do a day's work on my Paisano place in the hills. Another laborer got him for me. I didn't like his looks when I saw him. I soon found out that he was worthless. I put him to pulling up cockleburs in a creek valley. He was afraid to move out of a trail. In the afternoon I saw him thrashing tall green grass; he explained that he was trying to run the snakes out of it before he'd go into it and pull out a few cockleburs. I've been sorry ever since that I paid him anything for his time; I can't say for his work, for he didn't do any. His fear of rattlesnakes was as unrealistic as the government's policy of putting his kind on "unemployed" relief.

ON THE RANCH of my boyhood we frequently killed rattlesnakes in the yard or under the house and out in the pasture, but the first particular rattlesnake I have a recollection of is one I found as a barefooted boy up Long Hollow, where my father and another man were repairing a windmill. Actually they pulled the pipe out of the well to repack the pump.

Playing around, I saw a rattlesnake coiled on dark ground maybe twenty-five steps away from the windmill. I called to Papa, going towards him. He came and said, "Where is the snake?" I couldn't see it and was walking around looking for it when he said, "Jump this way!" The coiled snake was within two or three feet of where I was standing. It was not rattling or striking, but of course it was killed.

Another particular snake, which appeared several years later, gave me a more distinct feeling, I won't say of fear, but of strong belligerence and antipathy. I had ridden down to the Ramirez waterhole in Ramirenia Creek after dark. My horse was drinking and I was about to get down to drink also when a rattlesnake set up a furious rattling. My horse lunged back. I didn't know where the snake was and had no impulse to get down and try to find him. After that I often had that feeling of antagonism, my hackles rising at hearing a rattlesnake rattle.

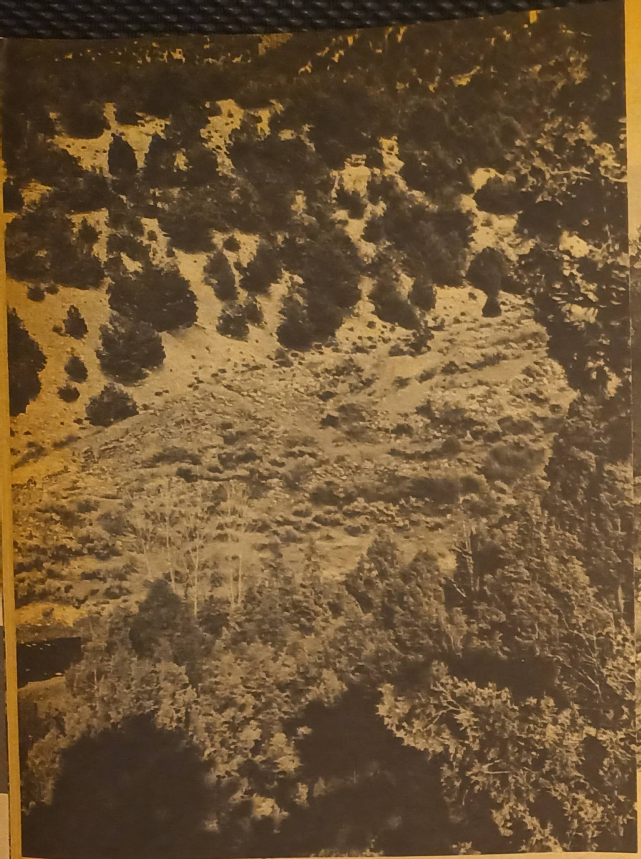
One time we drove a small herd of steers to Mathis to ship in railroad cars. We made camp close to the shipping pens, having arrived late, so as to be on hand for an early train. When the hands saddled up about daylight, after breakfast, one found a small rattler under his saddle, which had been thrown on the ground. That snake didn't create nearly as much ruckus as one did in camp over on the Aransas Creek one night. We had

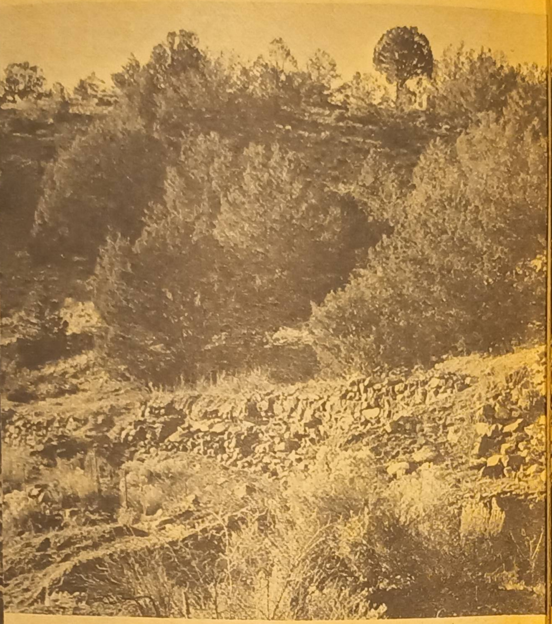
(Continued on page 44)

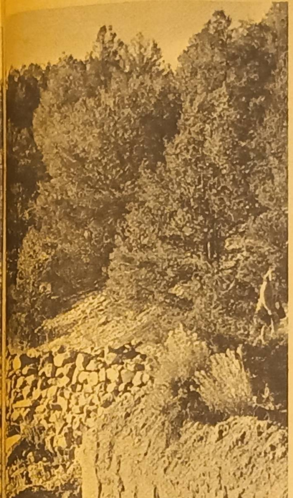
The MURDER of SIMEON TURLEY

By DONALD CLINE

The trapper had long been a friend to the Indians as well as the Mexicans, and so he grew careless. Worse, he forgot an oft-proven rule: men in revolt do not remember the individual; they hate and kill whoever's before them . . .







Photos Courtesy Keith Green

Site of Turley's Mill and "Taos Lightning" plant, left, seen from atop a bluff to the south of the site. The stream (lower left) is the Rio Hondo. The rock walls, right, run several hundred feet along the stream and are scattered over much of the flat ground near the tucked-away-in-a-canyon mill site.

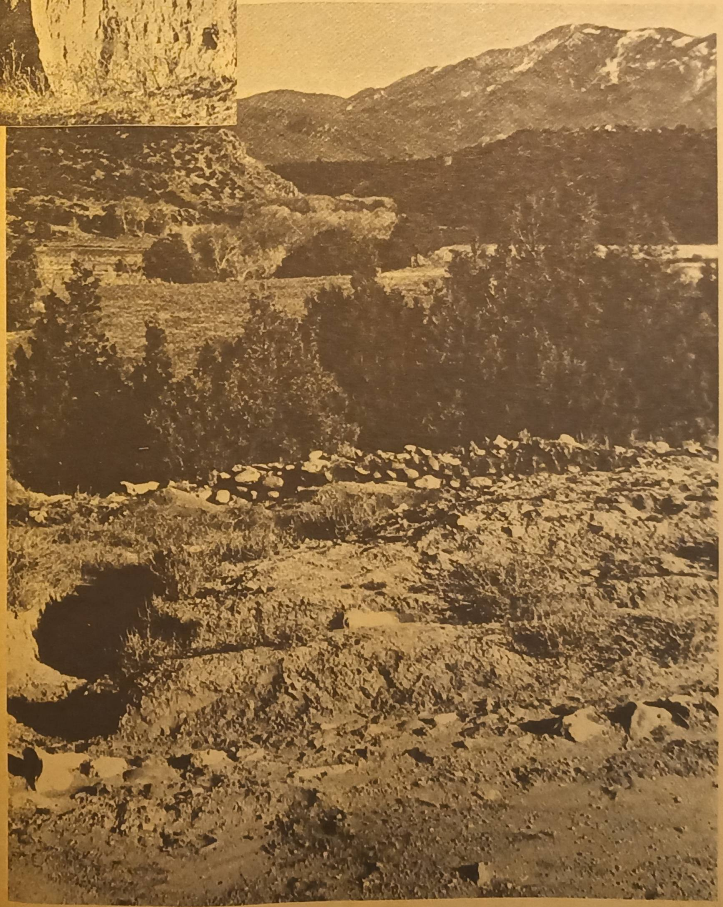


Photo below shows a portion of the old "fort" on the bluff to the south of, and in sight of, Turley's Mill. First thought to be a U.S. Cavalry fort, it was later determined to have been built by Turley as a defense point for his mill and "Taos Lightning" plant.

Photo Courtesy Keith Green

SIMEON "Jesse" Turley was a mountain man, tough as nails. He had roamed the mountains in search of beaver and other pelts, and the Indians had called him friend. Born in Old Franklin, Missouri, at the eastern end of the Santa Fe Trail, Turley had gradually drifted toward New Mexico where a brother and two nephews were living.

As others had done before him, he fell in love with the tall peaks and wispy pines of the Sangre De Cristo Mountains and decided to stay. He established a small trading post and distillery on the banks of the Arroyo Hondo twelve miles north of Taos where he sold supplies and a particular brand of whiskey known locally as "Taos Lightning" which he made himself of native wheat. Taos Lightning was much in demand by both mountain men and Indians. They not only loved its potency but its modest price.

Turley fell in love with a local Mexican girl and married her, then settled down to a profitable and quiet existence. His trading post became a stop for every fur trapper who passed through the quiet adobe village nearby. In time he became a wealthy man.

A grist mill, several granaries and stables, a house, and some offices were added to the post and distillery. Most of the buildings were of adobe and built in the shape of a hollow square with a single wicket gate which opened onto a small garden enclosed by a fence. The buildings were located at the foot of a gradual slope which was covered with cedar bushes. Twenty yards to one side ran the waters of the Arroyo Hondo, and on the other a short piece of broken ground rose abruptly to form the bank of a ravine.

Simeon Turley's door was always open to travelers, and mountain men made it their second home. The sound of loud laughter could always be heard around Turley's mill. No one was ever turned away; it was a widely known fact that Turley was a soft touch for those with a sad story and outstretched hand. He believed himself the friend of every man in Taos—but he was mistaken.

THERE WAS open resentment among the Indians of Taos toward the white man who had come to trap beaver and build houses upon their lands. The Mexicans were even more open in their feelings, for they considered the country theirs, even though they, too, had stolen it from the Indians.

For some time, there had been talk of open rebellion by the Mexicans but Simeon Turley paid little notice to it. The movement had been fostered by Thomas Ortiz and Diego Archuleta in Santa Fe, under direct orders from the Mexican Government. Ortiz had been promised the governorship of New Mexico and Archuleta the position of Comandante General.

The night of December 17, 1846, had been set as the rebellion date but was later changed to Christmas Day. When word leaked out prematurely, both men were forced to flee. Turley felt the affair had ended there, but the Indians had listened to the Mexicans, and reckless agitators continued to fan the embers. Once the revolt started, they felt it would spread throughout New Mexico. The leader in Taos was Padre Don Antonio Martinez.

Padre Martinez was of the belief that undue concessions had been made to the American mountain men and trappers and that any *gringo* with power, such as Governor Charles Bent had, was bad for Mexico. He told his superiors that these *Americanos* were corrupting Mexican and Indian alike and creating a dangerous threat to Mexico's position in the territory. When General Stephen W. Kearney's army occupied New Mexico in 1846 without any opposition from Mexico, Martinez was convinced that his country was losing her control. For some time Martinez had been intercepting American mail and forwarding the contents to Mexico City.

Once underway, the revolt quickly got out of hand. Martinez had not preached murder and, when it began, he found himself on the other side trying to stop the bloodshed. He could not. On the morning of January 19, 1847, this civil madness reached a climax.

On that day a group of Taos Indians, urged on by Mexicans, appeared at Sheriff Stephen Lee's office and demanded the release of two obscure prisoners. When Lee refused, both he and the prefect-probate judge, Cornelio Vigil (uncle of Governor Bent's wife) were killed. Then the group gathered strength and headed toward the governor's house where they burst in and took everyone prisoner.

One of the Mexicans became angered at a remark by Governor Bent and killed him. This act was the signal for a general bloodletting. The circuit judge, James W. Leal, was slain in the house. The judge's son, Narciso Beaubien, and Governor Bent's brother-in-law, Pablo Jaramillo, were discovered hiding under a pile of hay at the rear of the house and were lanced to death. Mexicans in Taos joined the Indians in killing all Americans in and about the town, then headed for Arroyo Hondo and Simeon Turley.

SEVERAL DAYS prior to this, Turley had dispatched an employee named Otterbees to Santa Fe with a load of his famous Taos Lightning. On his return Otterbees heard of the uprising, skirted Taos, and raced to inform Turley and his guests.

Turley laughed off Otterbees' account of the killings. The mountain men did not treat such grisly news so casually. and begged Turley to make preparations for a fight. Turley replied that there was no danger for he was well liked by the Indians and Mexicans and would not be harmed, but since his guests were so upset he would take the precaution of locking the wicket gate and stacking grain sacks in the windows of the main building.

There were eight men and Turley's wife in the house at the time. The group was composed of Americans, French-Canadians, and a couple of Englishmen. They were Simeon Turley. Albert Tarbuck, William Hatfield. Louis Tolque. Peter Roberts. Joseph Marshall, William Austin, and John Albert.

After the gate and windows were closed, the men stood their long-barreled rifles against the wall and continued to lower the whiskey supply. If a battle should develop. Turley was in good company for all were men hardened by primitive outdoor living and accustomed to fighting and killing.

Earlier that day on the Rio Colorado two trappers named Mark Head and William Harwood had been surrounded by a mob who promised them safe conduct if they would lay down their rifles and ride into Taos. The two men complied and the group headed for town. A short distance from the settlement, a Mexican rode up behind Harwood and shot him in the back. Mark Head witnessed the cold-blooded murder and sat quietly in his saddle awaiting a similar fate. It wasn't long in coming. He was shot several times through the body, and both men were scalped and mutilated by the Indians in the party.

The same thing happened to eight other trappers near Mora. Killed there were Lil Waldo, Benjamin Prewitt, R. Culver, a man named Noyes, and four unidentified men.

A few hours after the murder of Governor Bent and his family, a group of approximately 500 Mexicans and Indians approached Turley's Mill. One of the men rode forward with a white flag and called out. Though Turley was unaware of it at the time, this was the same mob which had murdered the governor and numerous other citizens earlier. All were heavily armed.

The advance scout inquired if there were any other Americans inside. When Turley replied that there were, the Mexican then asked him to send the men out, explaining that, while they were killing all *Americanos* in the Taos valley, Turley was still their friend and no harm would come to him. The Mexican made it quite plain, however, what his countrymen intended to do once the trappers were in their hands. Turley told him to go to hell.

WHEN the Mexican returned to his men, they drew off for a while to talk, and then attacked. A volley of musket shot peppered the house and the battle of Turley's Mill was underway.

Bullets plunked harmlessly into the adobe walls and into the plump sacks of grain and chunks of wood that barricaded the window. The trappers returned the fire through narrow holes between the sacks and their accurate shooting took a deadly toll.

As the fight progressed, the mob grew steadily with reinforcements from Fernandez, La Canada and other settlements. The attackers sustained heavy losses but not a man in Turley's Mill had been scratched. Through the firing ports the trappers could see the Indians carrying their dead and wounded down the valley and although they did not keep a tally the casualties they inflicted were considerable. When darkness fell, the firing died off to spasmodic shots at the walls.

The trappers had time during the interlude to mold new bullets and discuss a plan of battle. Turley had faith in his thick-walled fortress and he was for staying. Others wanted to make a break for it, and a few were undecided. Before the men could reach a decision a small party of Mexicans and Indians attempted to break through the adobe wall leading into the main room where Turley and his men were holed up.

The attackers broke away the outer layer of mud plaster only to find solid logs beneath, and the project was abandoned. The unsuccessful wall breakers had to cross an open enclosure to reach their companions behind a wall directly opposite the main building, and when they appeared Turley and his friends gave them a warm escort. Rifles cracked and a Taos chief crumpled to the ground. One of his comrades turned back and tried to drag the body to safety but was dropped in his tracks. More Indians followed and they met the same fate. Finally three of them dashed together, lifted the body by its arms and legs, and made a frantic dash for the wall. They never made it for all fell short of the goal and no further attempt at rescue was undertaken.

The angry Indians whooped and hollered and the heaviest volley of the battle rattled against the walls, wounding two of the trappers seriously, one through the lower part of the abdomen. Both were taken into the distillery and placed upon sacks of grain. One bled to death and the other died shortly after being placed on the sacks.

Now there were six men left and powder and lead were running low. Turley suggested they conserve their ammunition during the night hours, for he felt it would be a long hard siege.

A LULL in the battle the next morning gave the trappers a brief respite, during which they watched the attackers grow in number. Shortly after noon of that day the battle resumed. Fighting was fiercer than on the previous day. This time the Indians were able to set fire to the mill. Turley led a couple of men in to extinguish the blaze. but while they were busy fighting the flames, another group of Indians slipped into the outbuildings on the opposite side of the corral and began to shoot and spear Turley's sheep and hogs, venting their hatred on anything that belonged to the white man.

Another fire broke out, then another. As fast as the trappers put one out, another would take its place. The realization that they could not hold out much longer hit them hard. Ammunition and powder became so scarce the men could not afford to shoot at anything that would not be a certain hit.

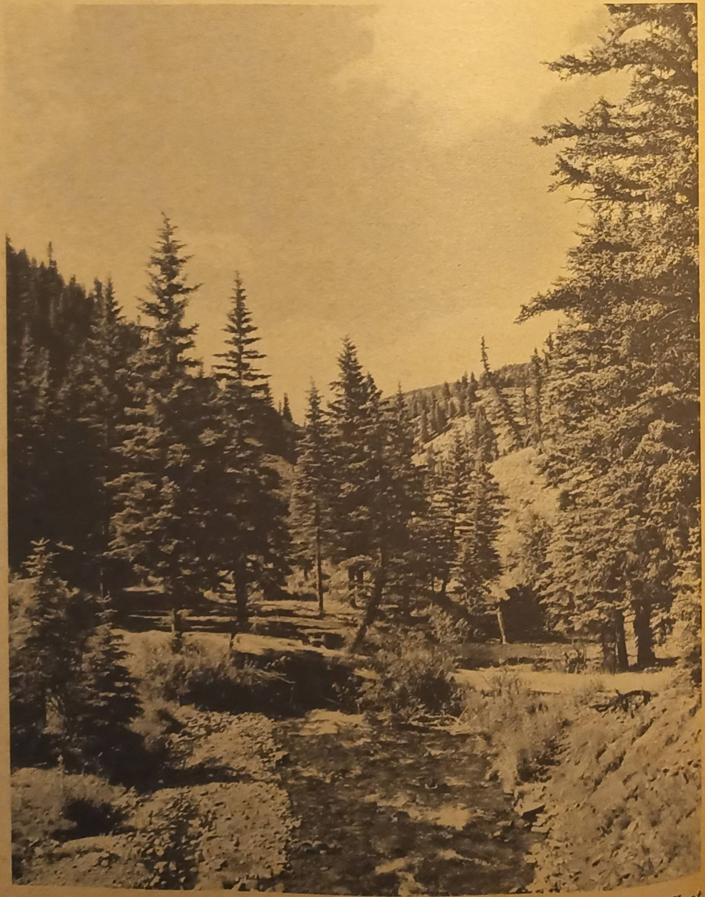
Turley called a meeting and asked his friends what they wanted to do. Most were for holding out until dark, and running for it. Turley agreed, and from that moment on they fired only an occasional shot at exposed targets and awaited the coming of darkness.

As soon as the sun went down, Turley unbolted the door and led his companions out in a wild screaming rush, firing into the faces of their foes as they went. Indians and Mexicans tumbled to the ground and closed in on the hapless little party like a great uncontrollable tide. The trappers fought back bravely, clubbing with empty rifles in a fruitless fight, but the Indians quickly swarmed over them.

(Continued on page 46)

Sangre de Cristo Range near Taos, New Mexico. Turley was impressed by the tall peaks and stately pines but most of all, by the clear, sparkling stream that would serve both his mill and distillery.

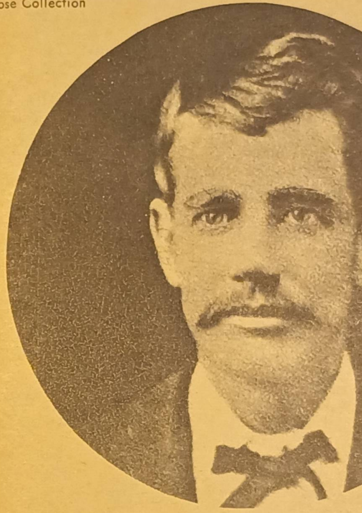
Photo Courtesy New Mexico
Department of Development



"SLICK" CLEMENTS—

DEAD SHOT

University of Oklahoma Library
Rose Collection



By J. B. GILLETT

All "fast draws" were not on the prod. Some just understood and appreciated guns, and saw no reason to have to fire at the same target twice

Originally published in
Volume 1, Number 5,
FRONTIER TIMES,
February, 1924

JUNE 1, 1875, there was enlisted in Captain D. W. Roberts' Company D, a young man by the name of W. T. Clements. Like the rest of us he was a raw recruit and a stranger in camp. He was born and raised in Brown County, Texas. At that time Brown County was away out on the frontier. The Comanches and Kiowas raided that country almost every light moon. Especially during the spring and summer months, people living there were compelled to almost sleep with their guns and pistols in their hands. Clements, brought up under such conditions, soon learned the use of firearms, and he once said that he could hardly remember when he first learned to ride horseback and shoot.

He was a perfect blond with light blue or grey eyes, was nearly six feet tall and at the time of his enlistment weighed about 160 pounds. He was of a quiet disposition, not inclined to talk much, but friendly and sociable. The only thing about him that attracted attention at all was he used an American model Smith & Wesson pistol instead of a Colt's .45, which nearly all Rangers used.

There were always some Rangers in each camp who could shoot better than others and many of them were real crack shots. We often had shooting matches and the best shots were well known.

About a month after Captain Roberts had recruited his company to its full strength, there appeared at camp a cowboy by the name of Ben Anderson. He was a cousin of Billy Clements and came to pay him a friendly visit. Anderson was quite a talker and mixer, rather sporty, and liked to gamble a little. He had not been in camp long before he asked if we had any good shots in the company and, upon being told that we had some experts, Anderson offered to bet his horse that Bill Clements could beat any man in camp shooting at game or at a target with pistol or gun. No one seemed to care to bet with him. Anderson soon finished his visit and left.

Clements said nothing about his ability to shoot at all. The Rangers at that time were armed with Sharps carbines—.50 calibre—and mighty sorry guns to hunt Indians with. They were short and light of weight, which made them heat easily, and when fired the recoil was fearful. Besides, they were poorly sighted.

The boys, by cutting a nickel in half and using it for a bead or front sight, could improve the shooting qualities of those old Sharps. Clements was handy at putting in those new sights. The Rangers would try them out at targets, Clements of course shooting with them and just as Ben Anderson said, we soon found out that Clements could beat any man in camp shooting.

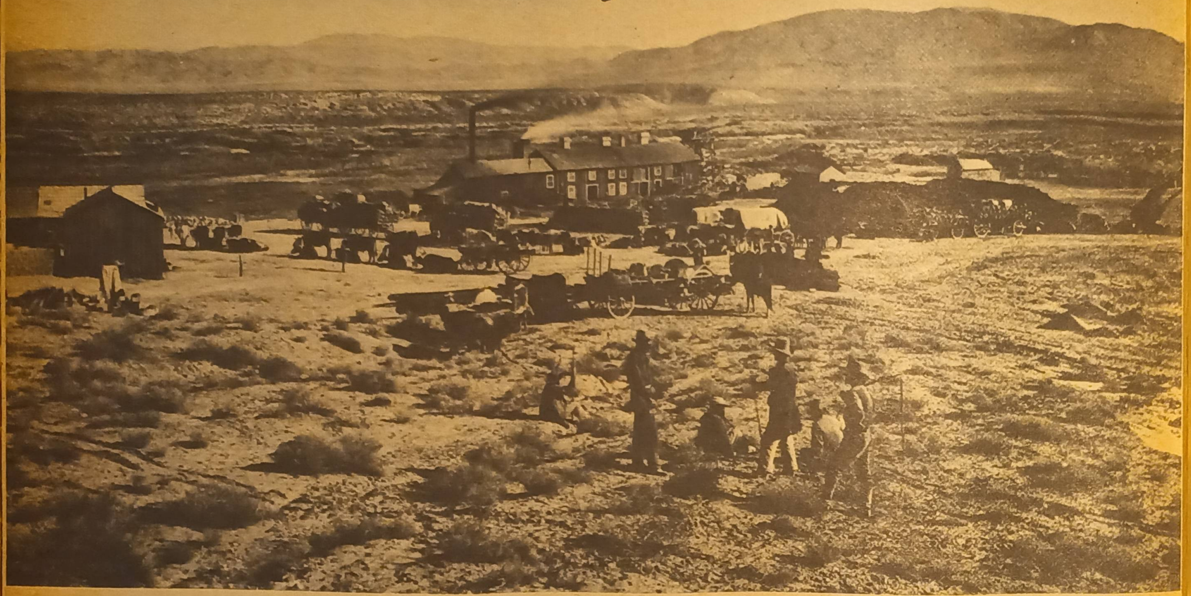
Then while scouting it was seen that he

(Continued on page 46)

Oval portrait above is W. T. "Slick" Clements, Texas Ranger of the 1870s. Ranger Sergeant J. B. Gillett, right, was photographed in 1879.

BLACK ROCK Swindle

When Isenbeck was through with his spellbinding, Humboldt County, Nevada, was being termed "the richest mineral region upon God's footstool" and the rush was on!



Courtesy Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, California

Scene above shows "famous Oreana smelting works" in Humboldt County, Nevada. Photo was taken by O'Sullivan during King expedition, 1868-1872. Below, close-up of new construction at smelting works.

By HAROLD O'NEAL

"IF A LIE be believed for only an hour, it has done its work," wrote 17th Century author, Jonathan Swift. Fleeced silver prospectors in Nevada's isolated Humboldt County in the 1860s probably would have endorsed that statement fervently, after a self-proclaimed mining genius named Isenbeck got through with them.

It began in 1859 as a weary emigrant family named Hardin traveled toward California on the Overland wagon trail.

The man, walking beside the lumbering wagon, glanced often at his wife and two children on the high wagon-seat. Concern furrowed his brow as he thought of their dwindling food supply. Barren hills and the bleak landscape of the dread forty-mile desert was directly ahead, threatening them with its solitude, heat and lack of water.

A sudden, sharp cry from his wife made him whirl toward her. The breech-loader he carried in his left hand was raised to ready. His eyes were flicking back and forth in search of an enemy, when he saw the reason for the outcry. One of the team of oxen had fallen, was thrashing in agony on the ground.

Hopelessly, with a sinking feeling deep within him, Hardin walked toward the ill creature. Glazed eyes watched his approach, then the animal tried to regain its feet.

"We'll have to camp here," the man said, looking up at his wife. The afternoon sun disappeared behind a scudding cloud, forecasting darkness and trouble. Mrs. Hardin nodded somber agreement and the children whooped with delight, sensing relief from the boredom of riding.

The emigrant family was in a precarious situation. The only trees to be found were the piñon and a scrubby species of juniper, the latter of little use even for fuel. Bunch grass was the mainstay which allowed animals to survive. It grew almost everywhere except on alkali flats and the deserts, but it was far from abundant where the Hardins made camp.

Water was present, however. A number of springs bubbled and swirled to the surface nearby. Some were large and in a constant state of agitation, due to internal heat. Others were cooler, barely above body temperature. In the distance could be seen alkali lake beds, shining with white brilliance from deposits of salt, soda and magnesia.

The harsh land supported some life. Rabbits, sagehens, wolves and coyotes were inhabitants, as were the wily, seldom seen mountain sheep.

Even as he sought bunch grass for the animals, Hardin prayed for deliverance of his family, for wild game to replenish their food supply.

MORNING found the ailing ox on its feet, ready for slow travel. Hardin instructed his family to continue toward Mud Springs without him. He promised to meet them there with freshly killed game.

Large masses of volcanic rock stabbed his shoe soles and hindered progress during the middle of the morning. Hardin stumbled, looked down, and saw a peculiar, metallic rock. He dropped it in his game bag alongside a rabbit and sagehen he had bagged.

After the family reached Sacramento, Hardin had the black rock assayed and found it rich in silver. Thrilled, anticipating wealth, he selected a few cronies and returned to the desolate land. But the group's search was futile. The rich ore seemed to have vanished into the thin air of the high desert.

Yet the tale lived. Hundreds of prospectors ranged over the forbidding 16,000 square miles of Humboldt County. By 1861 there were 400 scattered inhabitants seeking the rich ore. Time and again they returned to the Hot Springs, the starting point of Hardin. They wandered afar, stumbling over sand dunes and lava rocks, in their quest for riches.

A small group made camp in the Hot Springs area late in 1861. One of the men walked back and forth, back and forth. He kicked viciously at a black, volcanic rock. Eyes flashing, he grunted, "Black Rock silver, be damned!" He took a few steps away, his mind made up, "I'm aheadin' for Californy, first thing tomorra'."

His partners nodded mute agreement. The speaker started to squat on the ground, then his lanky frame straightened with a jerk. Coming toward the group was a pack jackass. and riding him was a very strange figure indeed.

"Waal, I'll be—!" his voice trailed off. The others came to their feet, grunting in astonishment as the fellow drew to a halt.

"My name ist Isenbeck," said the smiling little man, a German accent marring grammatical correctness. He walked around the head of the animal, jumped nimbly aside when it took a vicious nip at him. Without losing his happy smile, or a step, he swept his derby from his head and cuffed the nose of the fractious jackass.

The prospectors could restrain themselves no longer. They roared with laughter, but the little man was unperturbed. He sniffed hungrily at the simmering beanpot, then unpacked a tin plate and helped himself.

The next morning as the prospectors packed for departure, Isenbeck assaulted their eardrums with the information that he was an accomplished assayer, educated at the world-famous Freiberg (Saxony) Mining Academy.

This news made their eyes light up—even the novice of the group had heard of Freiberg. It was said that practically all the top mining and metallurgy men in Nevada had been technically trained at the foreign academy, near where silver had been mined for many centuries.

(Rossiter W. Raymond, Special Commissioner of Mining Statistics, Treasury Department, in an 1869 report said, "It is true . . . that we can bring over from Europe scientific men enough; . . . but what we need is a mining science at home. . . ."

ISENBECK had a scheme, a money-making scheme. But for it to succeed he must be recognized as a mining authority, which he was. He glanced at the prospectors, gauging their reaction to his claim of being a Freiberg graduate. They were listening, their hands idle, packing delayed. The comic figure smiled to himself.

"D'ink of it!" said the little man, shaking his head sadly. "Joost d'ink of it! More than thirty-five per cent of Comstock lode ore value is wasted in the process of reduction."

His speech was mixed with accent and perfect enunciation. The prospectors were amused. They grinned at each other, but the self-proclaimed assayer didn't seem to notice. Words displaying his vast knowledge of geology and mining, some gloriously mispronounced, rolled easily from his tongue.

"Vhile thirty-five per cent of the product of Nevada's richest mineral lode is being wasted by inefficient systems of processing," continued Isenbeck pompously, "the Freiberg ores, vhich are more rebellious and poorer, range but from five to nine per cent loss!"

By that time the prospectors were fascinated. They were beginning to wonder if the mining expert could be of help to them. His next words provided the clue, as he intended.

"Gold and silber exist in many forms and conditions not known to Americans," he said.

One of the group, a veteran of California's gold rush, snickered and asked, "Reckon they's any good ore here?" The ridiculous question pleased his partners. They had inspected every foot of a barren strip that extended for about sixty miles in a northeast and southwest direction, and found nothing that seemed of value.

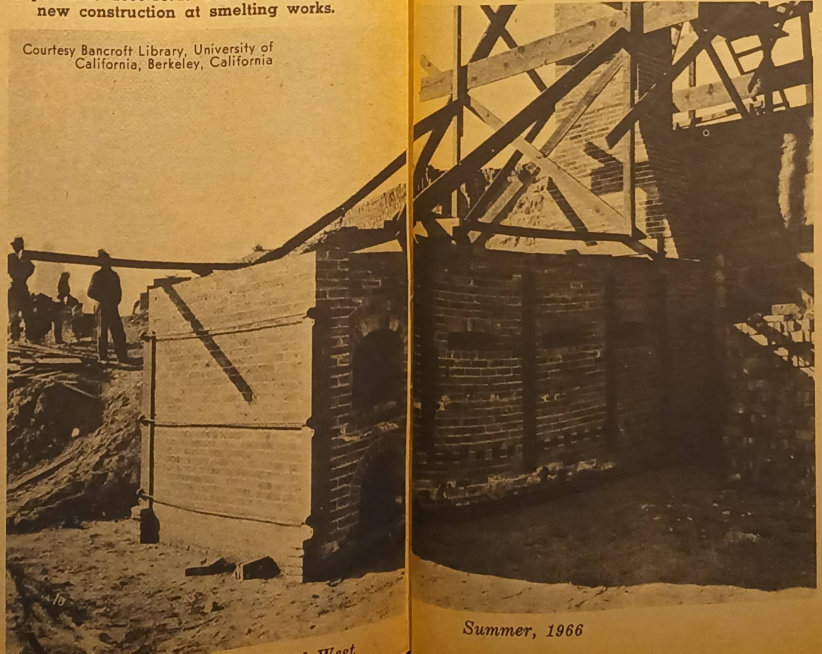
Weary, rock-bruised feet had been their only reward when they searched the western arm of the flat expanse. That dry plain was so hard that the pack animals left scarcely a perceptible track upon its surface. Yet, as the prospectors were to discover in October and November, occasional autumn storms made the soluble salt content soft enough for "mules to sink fetlock and even knee-deep at every step."

According to geologist-author, Clarence King, who conducted the first U.S. Geological Survey of a belt of country extending through the Rocky Mountains along the fortieth parallel from 1867 to '72:

> "The region possesses a weird interest, not only from its peculiarly desolate physical character, being with the exception of the hot springs . . . entirely without water and utterly devoid of vegetation, not even supporting a growth of the almost ubiquitous sagebrush, but also from the large development of the more unusual accompaniments of volcanic rocks: concretions and geodes of chalcedony and agate are present in great quantity and of most varied forms and colors, while the occurrence of a persistent bed of decomposed basalt, perfectly honeycombed with amygdaloidal cavities filled with green earth, the fissures of the more compact portions being covered frequently with a dendritic coating of oxide of iron. . . ."

ISENBECK gazed with far-seeing eyes at the surrounding desolation. With his face turned away from the prospectors, his forehead crinkled in thought. His knowledge of geology was vast, and he could visualize wealth—but not from precious ore. His target was the gulli-

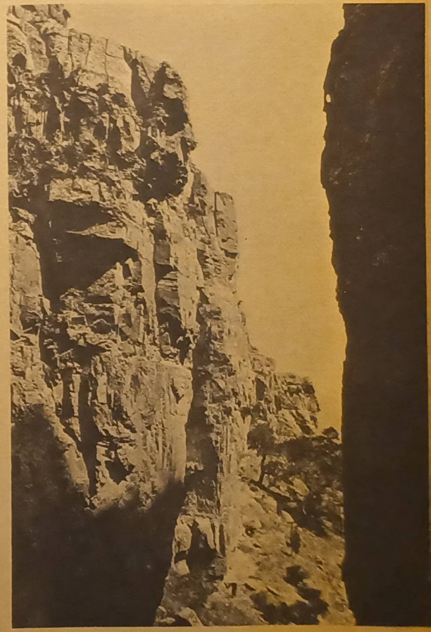
(Continued on page 54)



Courtesy Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, California

Scene at Black Cañon. Note coal-black ledge on right. It is considered to have figured in the Black Rock Swindle.

Courtesy Library of Congress



THE HARVEY HOUSES

By FRED LAMBERT

Photos Courtesy
Santa Fe Railway

I GREW UP in Cimarron, New Mexico, but Father did his banking in Las Vegas, some seventy-five miles distant. It was always a treat to make the trip with him if for no other reason than to get a "square meal" at Fred Harvey's Hotel Castaneda.

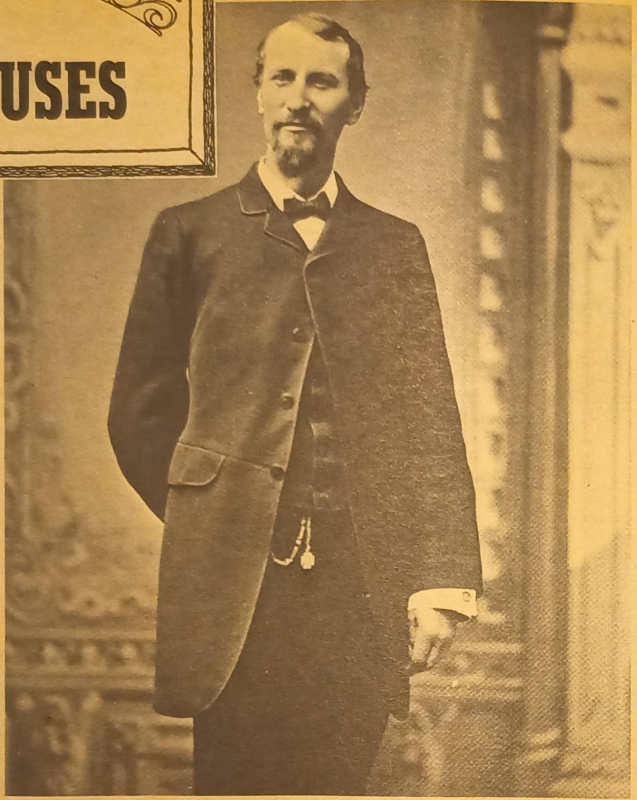
I recall on one occasion that when we reached Las Vegas, there was a lot of excitement in town. It was 1898 and Teddy Roosevelt was busy mustering his Rough Riders for the Spanish-American War. The Castaneda was full of cowboys, Indians and Mexicans listening to his spellbinding.

New Mexico has always felt a proprietary interest in Fred Harvey for there's no doubt that his eating system played a big role in the development of our State.

Lithe, goodhumored, London-born Fred arrived in New York in the summer of 1850 with $10 in his pocket and a willingness to work in his heart. He started washing dishes at $2.00 a week (plus meals), saved diligently, and by 1857 had established himself in the restaurant business in St. Louis. He did well until the Civil War wiped him out. Finally, after a protracted siege of yellow fever, he obtained work as a mail clerk and later as freight agent for the Burlington Railroad.

But Harvey's ambitions still centered around the business that had brought him success in St. Louis. Food and accommodations for travelers in the 1870s were virtually nonexistent. Cheap eateries charge outlandish prices for tough, cold "railway pie" sandwiches, and passengers were often victimized if they tried to grab a bite at a way-station. Fred's experience and imagination told him opportunity was knocking. The railroads were expanding rapidly; the need for restaurants and hotels would certainly expand with them. If someone could get in on the ground floor, establish a chain of attractive restaurants which catered to travelers' comforts, there would be no limit on how far he could go.

Harvey's Burlington employers turned thumbs-down on his proposal, so he paid a visit to Santa Fe's Charles Morse. Morse, apparently, had come up through the ranks as a railroadman and knew what the poor fare at most restaurants was like. At any rate, he backed Harvey and the first Harvey House came into being in Topeka, Kansas, that same year (1876). Good food in a clean atmosphere made Harvey famous in Topeka. Both he and the Santa Fe began looking forward to greater things.



Formal studio portrait of Fred Harvey about the time he began to establish Harvey Houses

HARVEY HOUSES were soon established at every major stop along the AT&SF route to Los Angeles. At each of them the emphasis was on ample meals and unexcelled service. The old English tradition of a full-course breakfast was incorporated: cereal, meat (steaks, chops, ham or sausage), eggs, hotcakes, and coffee, tea or milk. A full formal dinner was served, soup to nuts.

It was the AT&SF's claim that no passenger was ever hurried through a meal or forced to leave behind anything he wanted to eat. In an incredibly short time eating at Harvey Houses became a Western tradition.

Harvey had guessed correctly. Railroads—the Santa Fe in particular—were expanding and he rode along with them. All his houses were built on Santa Fe-owned land; his victuals and equipment were shipped in their boxcars; their passengers and employees provided the bulk of his trade. Few local restaurants could compete with his prices or match his steady, dependable fare.

Fred Harvey made firm friends in all the towns in which he was doing busines. Despite his plebian background he was essentially aristocratic—a new kind of creature in the West—and was determined that his restaurants reflect his high personal standards. He bought his beef on the hoof in Kansas City and trained his chefs to broil steaks and become expert at roasting beef and legs of mutton English-style. He replaced the canned milk most restaurants of the 1880s served with fresh milk, contracted for and purchased from local dairymen near each Harvey House, and added unheard of delicacies to the dinnertime menu: quail, mountain trout, venison, and other game meats obtained from local sportsmen.

Perhaps, more than anything else, Fred Harvey became famous for his "Harvey Girls"—the waitresses whose energy and good humor made eating at his restaurants a special treat. They were the stewardesses of those days, recruited from all parts of the United States to help civilize the rugged West. God knows they did a lot in that direction! Until their arrival in the Harvey Houses between Topeka and the Coast, the only unmarried women cowpokes and miners saw in town were in the redlight districts. Suddenly old-fashioned "courtin'" came back into vogue; Albuquerque and other wild old towns began to bear a closer resemblance to Albany and Wilmington; social events could be and were scheduled and performed with all the pride and decorum of an Eastern metropolis.

Cleanliness, a good meal, a pretty face—the effect Harvey Houses made on the tough West is difficult to calculate. Cowboys were seen to clean their boots, tough Irish railhands to wash and comb their hair, grizzled prospectors to buy new clothes and make a trip to the barbershop before dropping in for lunch. In fact they had to—Harvey made it a firm policy not to serve anyone who wasn't in coat and necktie. (The only exception to this rule was in Santa Fe, where more relaxed customs predominated.)

IN ADDITION to their restaurants, Harvey and the Santa Fe established a string of hotels which incorporated the same standards of cleanliness and good service that were making their eating places so popular. Each of them, of course, had a Harvey restaurant attached. Many of them, like the restaurants, were very small at first, some purchased by the railroad and put under Harvey's management, others constructed specifically for his purposes. The first Harvey House in Dodge City was composed of a pair of old boxcars jacked up on stilts, one used as a serving room, the other rebuilt into a kitchen. According to the *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Harvey owned and operated the XY Ranch nearby and purchased antelope and buffalo meat from local hunters to add variety to the cuisine.

Another Harvey custom was the "half-price" rule for small children. The stand-

Until the Santa Fe and an iron-willed Englishman joined hands, even a condemned criminal had it better than a wayfarer in the West—at least the prisoner got one good last meal . . .

Harvey girl serving customer at lunch counter, Emporia, Kansas, Santa Fe Station, 1924. Below. Fred Harvey Hotel staff and guests at Wallace, Kansas, in the 1880s.

LUNCH ROOM
LUNC
ROO

ard definition of a "small child" in a Harvey House was any child who needed a highchair. More than one highchair was broken by parents trying to jam a kid old enough to earn his own living into confines that would save his father a two-bit piece.

As his empire expanded, and Harvey Houses were established in the major Midwestern cities as well as tiny frontier towns, Fred Harvey became more determinedly autocratic, overseeing the entire operation like a frontline general. The Harvey chain was a one-man show—he made the rules and fired anyone who broke them. There was no appeal from a Fred Harvey decision. Yet he was often generous and understanding; he provided for many faithful employees after they had become too old or infirm to work and maintained a constant contact with managers, inspectors, cooks, and even waitresses.

His connection with the Santa Fe temporarily came apart when Allen Manvel succeeded W. B. Strong as president of that railroad. Manvel, somehow, perhaps under the influence of his Eastern advisors, decided that the Santa Fe's best interests were not being served by Harvey's operation of its dining cars on the line's transcontinental trains. Harvey, in Europe at the time, cabled his lawyers to take legal means to prevent any action, and cut his tour short to return and fight it out with the railroad's new boss. Before the case was put before the courts Manvel reconsidered and he and Harvey became close friends. What was good for the one was good for the other, they decided; "Food by Fred Harvey" made the Santa Fe unique and brought new customers as well as good will.

"Let Fred Harvey handle it," became the railroad's solution to problems and complaints. Thus, after his restaurants and hotels were prosperously established, Fred Harvey—at the request of the Santa Fe—branched into the news business and expanded from it into the sale of curios and Indian crafts.

Until Harvey was given the concession, newspapers, tobacco, and soft drinks were sold to passengers by kids who invaded each train when it stopped and hawked their wares down its aisles. Complaints about shortchanging, non-delivery, and distribution of pornography reached the Santa Fe management. Fred Harvey quickly set up a concessions business that was honest and efficient, one that made travelers feel that Harvey had their best interests at heart.

One employe of Harvey's new concession business was a sixteen-year-old German immigrant named Herman Schweizer. Lively and hardworking, Schweizer soon became "manager" of a lunchroom in Coolidge, New Mexico, and began buying and decorating his little place with Navajo blankets, jewelry, and pottery. With John Huckel, Harvey's son-in-law, Schweizer developed the idea of a museum and curio shop where authentic Navajo, Pueblo, and Mexican handiwork and artifacts could be displayed and sold. Schweizer became one of the Southwest's outstanding authorities on Indian culture and he and the Harvey system are credited with having saved thousands of valuable examples of Indian civilization from destruction.

Neither millionaires from Wall Street nor cowboys from tough border areas intimidated Fred Harvey. When the Castaneda Hotel was being built in Las Vegas, New Mexico, Harvey was on hand to supervise and pass judgment on the final arrangements. A group of brawling, liquored-to-the-gills cowboys stomped in to whoop it up a bit and, to show Harvey what they thought of his highfalootin' establishment, began shooting the necks off bottles behind the bar. Immediately Harvey confronted them and told them to put away their guns.

"Who the hell do you think you are, mister?" one rowdy challenged.

"I'm the owner of this place!" Harvey retorted.

The foreman herded his boys outside, made them put up their guns, and returned to apologize for their behavior. Harvey graciously extended on invitation to dinner "on the house."

ANOTHER Harvey-Santa-Fe project was the El Tovar Hotel at the Grand Canyon. Few people had seen the immense landmark, although a little railroad had been constructed to haul ore from the Anita Mine to a junction with the Santa Fe. When the mine went broke the Santa Fe bought the railroad, and Harvey, envisioning the mammoth canyon as a tourist attraction, drafted plans for a hotel and advertised it as an ideal place to spend a vacation or honeymoon. The original El Tovar, built to Harvey's orders, still serves tourists today.

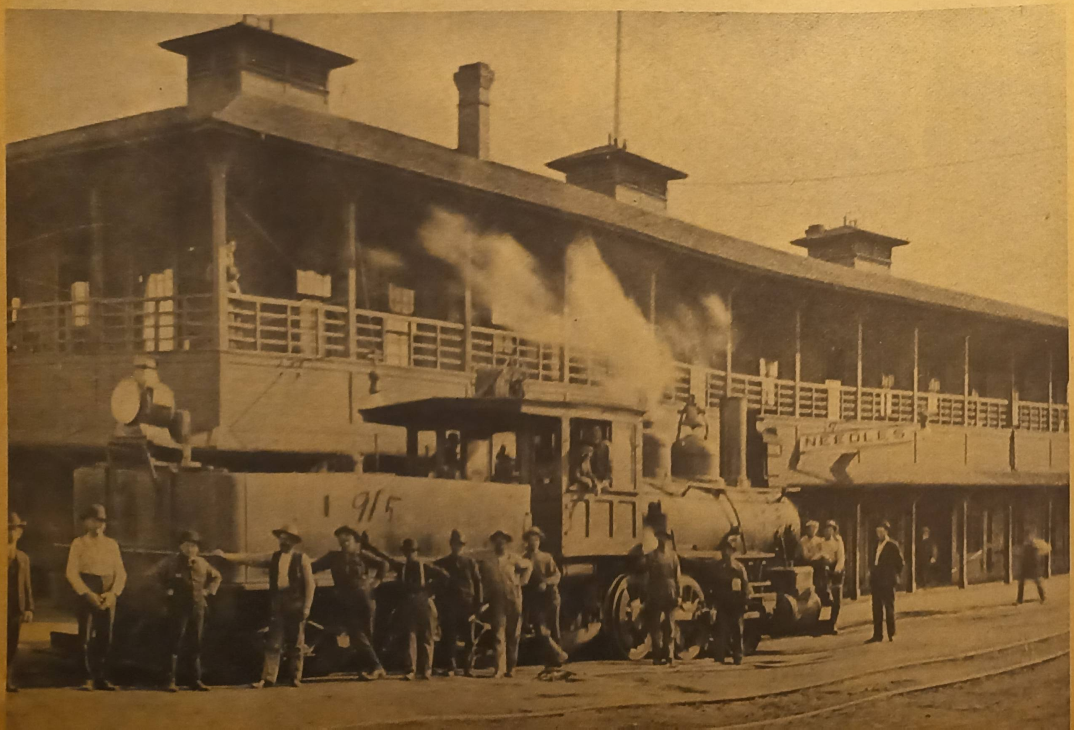
Not all of Harvey's planned resorts were as successful as the El Tovar. One of the gaudiest of his enterprises was the Montezuma Hotel and Sanitarium at Montezuma Hot Springs, a few miles from Las Vegas, New Mexico. It was designed and constructed with royalty and millionaires in mind. Only fresh foods were served in the ornate dining room; fruits and vegetables were hauled in from California and Mexico, seafood from the Gulf of California, fresh meats from all over the West. It's no longer in business but it was tops in luxury in its day.

The Montezuma, the El Tovar, the Indian Building in Albuquerque were all extensively decorated to illustrate the rich history of the American Southwest. Credit for much of this goes to Mary Colter, a Wisconsin architect who became a brilliant and impeccable connoisseur of old Spanish and native Indian design and furnishings. Under her guidance the little eating houses—the adobe buildings and rebuilt boxcars—were transformed into magnificent examples of historic, yet contemporary, architecture. The El Navajo in Gallup, furnished with copies of ancient Indian sand paintings; the Alvarado in Albuquerque, La Fonda in Santa Fe, El Adobe in San Juan Capistrano, California, and many others reflect the zeal and ability of her "Fred Harvey Style."

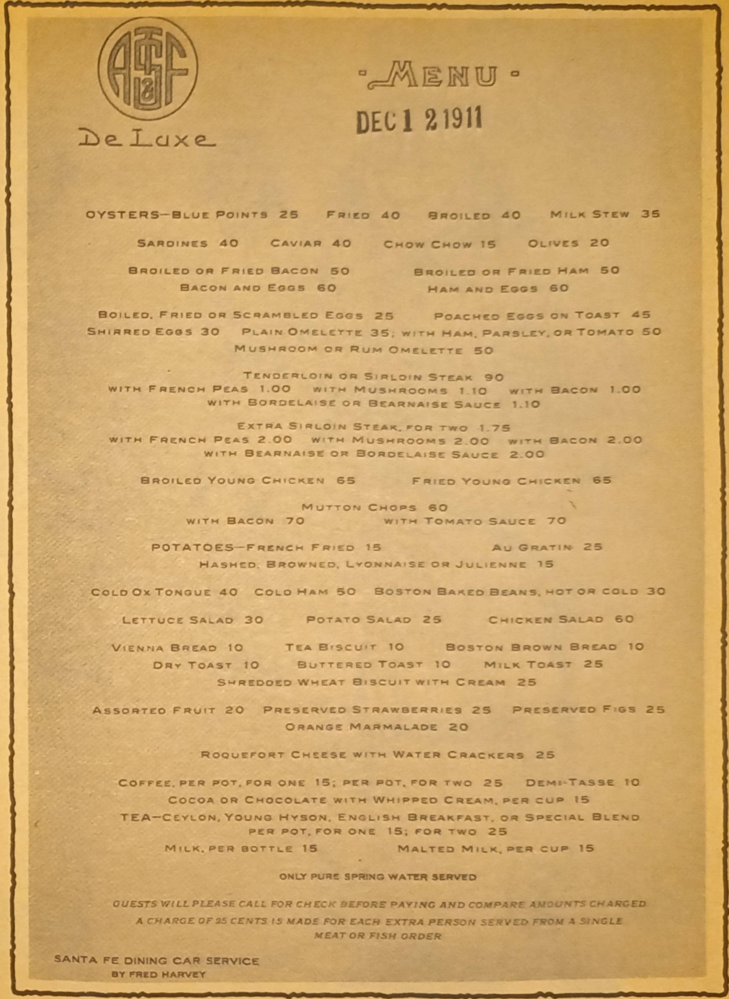
Despite his innumerable trips to supervise or check on the functions of his far-flung enterprises, Fred Harvey maintained his home in Leavenworth, Kansas, throughout his career. His home was as refined as his person. Linen from Ireland, silver from Sheffield, objets d'art from around the world graced its rooms. Amid this Harvey followed a composed, orderly routine, preferring English customs—like four-o'clock tea—to those of his adopted country. He retired between ten and eleven every night, guests or not, but did not object if others stayed up the night playing poker, drinking, or engaging in the old-fashioned custom of conversation.

On February 2, 1901, after three years of intense illness, Fred Harvey passed away at his home in Leavenworth. His "empire," however, has survived him. Harvey Houses still feed countless thousands of travelers; his hotels and resorts still reflect the sagacity and taste of the immigrant Englishman who brought culture and cuisine to the raw but beautiful West.

Old Harvey House at Needles in 1907



Menu from famous Santa Fe trains of the past. Photo below, taken about 1890, shows Harvey girls outside Santa Fe Station at Syracuse, Kansas.



De Luxe

MENU

DEC 1 2 1911

OYSTERS—Blue Points 25 Fried 40 Broiled 40 Milk Stew 35

Sardines 40 Caviar 40 Chow Chow 15 Olives 20

Broiled or Fried Bacon 50 Broiled or Fried Ham 50
Bacon and Eggs 60 Ham and Eggs 60

Boiled, Fried or Scrambled Eggs 25 Poached Eggs on Toast 45
Shirred Eggs 30 Plain Omelette 35; with Ham, Parsley, or Tomato 50
Mushroom or Rum Omelette 50

Tenderloin or Sirloin Steak 90
with French Peas 1.00 with Mushrooms 1.10 with Bacon 1.00
with Bordelaise or Bearnaise Sauce 1.10

Extra Sirloin Steak, for two 1.75
with French Peas 2.00 with Mushrooms 2.00 with Bacon 2.00
with Bearnaise or Bordelaise Sauce 2.00

Broiled Young Chicken 65 Fried Young Chicken 65

Mutton Chops 60
with Bacon 70 with Tomato Sauce 70

POTATOES—French Fried 15 Au Gratin 25
Hashed, Browned, Lyonnaise or Julienne 15

Cold Ox Tongue 40 Cold Ham 50 Boston Baked Beans, hot or cold 30

Lettuce Salad 30 Potato Salad 25 Chicken Salad 60

Vienna Bread 10 Tea Biscuit 10 Boston Brown Bread 10
Dry Toast 10 Buttered Toast 10 Milk Toast 25
Shredded Wheat Biscuit with Cream 25

Assorted Fruit 20 Preserved Strawberries 25 Preserved Figs 25
Orange Marmalade 20

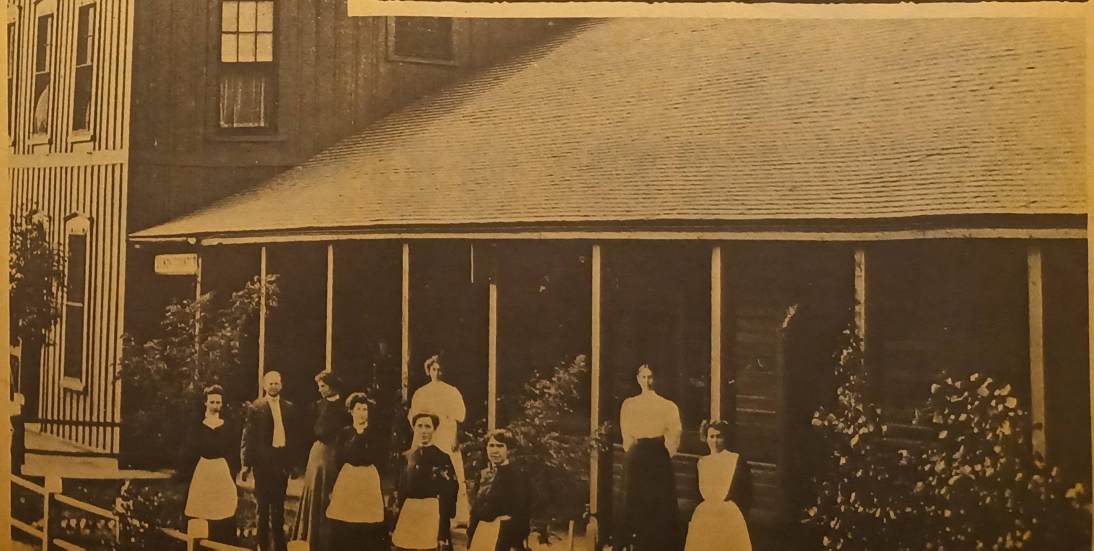
Roquefort Cheese with Water Crackers 25

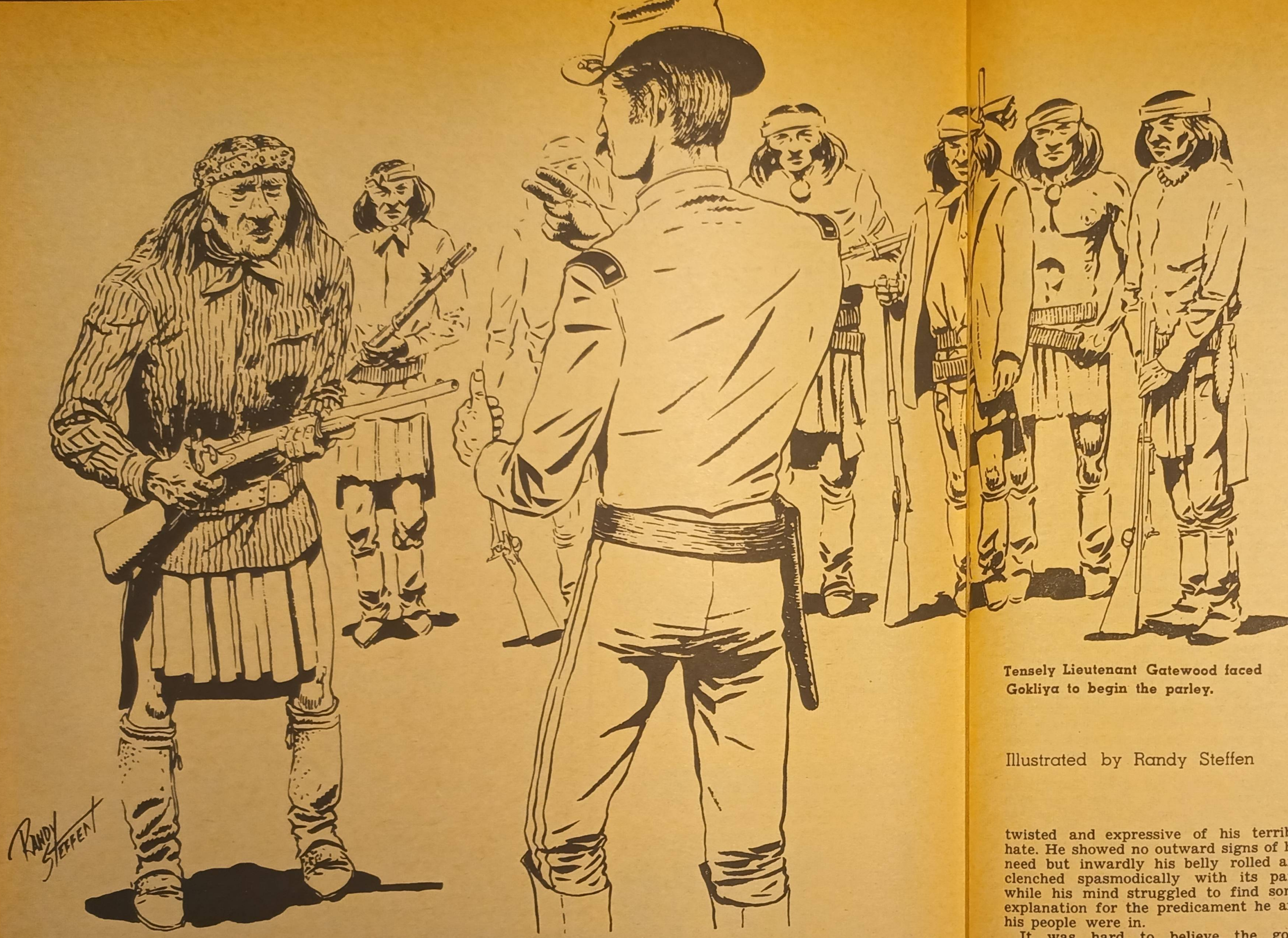
Coffee, per pot, for one 15; per pot, for two 25 Demi-Tasse 10
Cocoa or Chocolate with Whipped Cream, per cup 15
TEA—Ceylon, Young Hyson, English Breakfast, or Special Blend
per pot, for one 15; for two 25
Milk, per bottle 15 Malted Milk, per cup 15

ONLY PURE SPRING WATER SERVED

GUESTS WILL PLEASE CALL FOR CHECK BEFORE PAYING AND COMPARE AMOUNTS CHARGED
A CHARGE OF 25 CENTS IS MADE FOR EACH EXTRA PERSON SERVED FROM A SINGLE MEAT OR FISH ORDER

SANTA FE DINING CAR SERVICE
BY FRED HARVEY





Tensely Lieutenant Gatewood faced Gokliya to begin the parley.

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

His warriors were dying of thirst. His gods had failed him.
For the fierce old chief of the Mimbres Apaches, it was a

BITTER SUNSET

By GWYNN GRADY and RAY HOGAN

AGAIN that day there was no break in the heat. The sun continued to pour down from the brilliant Arizona sky upon the small encampment of Mimbres Apache people clustered about their poor wickiups in the scant sage and mesquite growth on the floor of the canyon. They had followed their fierce old chief there, believing his words; and now many were dead and many more were dying, and it seemed the end for all of them was close.

It was not the lack of food that brought the Dark One, as they termed death, into their camp. Although the last pony had been slaughtered and eaten, there were still the animal hides stretched over poles forming the tent-like wickiups, that could be taken down and boiled with herbs and roots by the squaws and converted into a sort of evil smelling but nourishing soup. It was water they needed.

The rains had not come. The sink holes and the springs were dry. The last of the Great Thirsts was upon them. Even their bones clamored for moisture.

The strong were yet living, imploring Unsen to send them rain, but it seemed to the suffering Apaches that their chief god had deserted them in their hour of need.

Gokliya was aware of all these things. He was a short squat old man, typical of his race in build and appearance. He sat in the meager shade of his wickiup, the skin of his face hanging in loose, dry folds; sunken, hollow eyes squinted against the glare. His mouth was set in a cruel, gray line, twisted and expressive of his terrible hate. He showed no outward signs of his need but inwardly his belly rolled and clenched spasmodically with its pain, while his mind struggled to find some explanation for the predicament he and his people were in.

It was hard to believe the gods had forsaken him, that they would allow him, the greatest and bravest of all the Apache chiefs to be brought to such circumstances by the *God-dammes*, the white men—that name having been given to them by the Apache people because of the frequency with which they used the expression—and he could find no reason why he should be punished so cruelly. He had fought them all, fiercely, bravely and bitterly, many times and often against tremendous, overwhelming odds, asking no favors; now, why should such a fate befall him?

YET there was one thought in the back of his dark, old mind that likely disturbed him greatly. It was always there and he could never avoid it, although he tried many times to veer away from it. That was the occasion, years ago, while he was still a young brave in the tribe of Mangus Coloradus —Red Sleeves, the *God-dammes* called him—when he had scoffed at his chief's efforts to make peace with the white men. His youthful impatience, coupled with an inflexible hatred for those he knew invariably spoke with forked-tongues made him wonder often at the wisdom of the Apache chieftain. And when that peace was never fully realized and Mangus Coloradus finally died attempting to obtain it, all doubts crystallized; there could be no peace with the white people and he was unwilling to accept the idea that the *God-dammes* would have their way despite the Apaches.

That was when the Mimbres tribe, enraged and embittered, turned to him for leadership, and he had led them well. He had thrown havoc across the hills and mesas in swift, bloody retaliation, and all trails were unsafe. He had proven himself a fearless warrior, knowing no measure of mercy or pity, and the numberless bodies bleaching under the sun were grim testimony to his ferocity. First the *Nakai-yes*, the Mexicans from the south had felt the fury of his onslaughts. And then the white-eyes or the *God-dammes*, with their long wagon trains, their mining camps where they dug the yellow iron *pesh-klitso*, the solitary trappers and traders—all feared him and the ruthlessness of his cunning mind. Even the *Yellow-legs*, the soldiers with their long knives, knew what terror meant.

But something was wrong, he knew. All such things had been accomplished and yet here were he and his people, reduced to helpless, suffering shadows and the powerful, feared Apache nation was the victim of its own gods. He licked his dry lips, considering that question that had faced him before; had Mangus Coloradus been right? Had Cochise been right? Was there no stopping the *God-dammes*, and the *Nakai-yes*—no driving them from the country of the Mimbres people? Once he had been sure. Once he had scorned such thoughts; but now there was a doubt.

He remembered now. He remembered the time when he and many of the warriors had accompanied Mangus Coloradus far into the Chiricahua Mountains where Cochise had summoned them for council. It had been cold and disagreeable. He had missed the warmness of the sun. He had wanted to leave the dark canyons and return to the mesas and low hills long before the meeting was over. But it was an important gathering; the presence of many medicine men, *Shamans*, had indicated this, and with the others he had remained there, letting Cochise have his say.

THE chief had spoken first of the war with the *Nakai-yes*. He had told how the Apache people had been able to hold their own against those invaders from the south. Gradually, he had worked up to the coming of the *God-dammes*.

Gokliya had not listened to the wisdom in the words but rather had sought reasons against Cochise's statements. He had watched and listened from the folds of his blanket in stony silence, his mind accepting none of the truths.

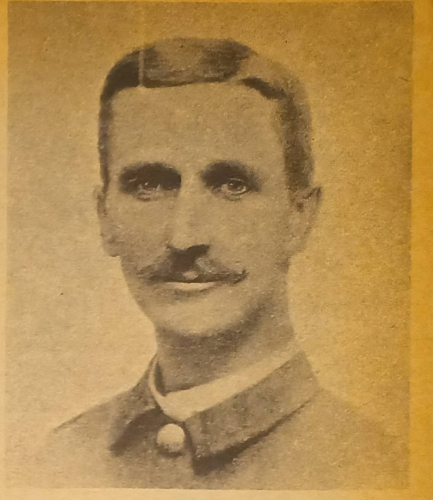
"Our lands have been over-run by the white men," Cochise said. "Their ways are many and confusing and there is no understanding of them but there can be peace—there must be peace. Even though they tell us they are our friends and then turn upon us and betray us. There is no rest for us. They hunt us like we hunt the wild animals. As we get better weapons, they get still better ones. And though we kill many, they kill even more of us and we grow fewer while the white men grow as the blades of grass on the hillsides."

Cochise paused, his sharp eyes seeking out the faces of the warriors circled about the fire. Then he went on: "Since long before our times, the bravery and wisdom of our people has been a known thing. We have always fought for the things we thought ours, but the time has now come when we must consider gravely even that; for by war, we have gained nothing. We have lost much. It would be better to have peace with the white men, to try and understand them and their ways, for soon there will be no Apache race and all will be finished."

The deep and profound silence that fell upon the council was proof of the surprise Cochise had given them. Then, slowly, one by one, they stated their own opinions. Some agreed. Others did not. And those in the latter group took their leave, refusing to consider longer such a cowardly procedure. Among those had been Gokliya.

Looking about his present *campo del*

(Continued on following page)



Lieutenant Charles Gatewood, who arranged the surrender of Gokliya.

Gokliya, famed Apache war chief.

Bitter Sunset

(Continued from preceding page)

muerto, camp of death, Gokliya had reason to wonder; for Mangus Coloradus had gone ahead with his plan and made his peace and now, although he was dead and those who had followed him were living upon a reservation, fenced in like cattle, they had prospered.

Here was defeat, a bitter medicine for Gokliya. His dwindling forces had met and been routed by superior numbers of the blue-clad Long Knives. They lay now in the short hills, hiding like frightened coyotes, while a messenger, Coletto Negro, the last of his scouts, sought information as to the strength and the condition of the soldiers.

Gokliya glanced to the sky again. If there could come rain, only a very little, then perhaps his warriors would take heart and recover courage and he could once more lead them against the Long Knives. But there was no promise of rain from that clear, brilliant blue overhead.

THE sun dropped towards the west. Soon Coletto Negro would return. His mission had been one of dual purpose; to size up the enemy camp and deliver a message to the *nan-tan*, the commanding officer of the Long Knives, requesting that he return to the Apache wickiups with him. There was treachery in the plan for it was Gokliya's intention to hold the *nan-tan* as prisoner if the soldiers fared as badly as the Mimbres people and force an armistice that would allow the Apaches to escape. If the Long Knives did not fare as the Apaches—that would be something else, and Gokliya refused to consider what then would be his actions. At that moment would come the time to decide.

He listened for any sounds that would announce the return of Coletto Negro but there was nothing save the low moaning of his people and the dry clack of insects. He wondered if Coletto Negro had failed, if his weakened condition had prevented him from reaching the Long Knife camp. This he quickly dismissed as not possible; the scout would get through; if he did not return, it would be because of the treachery of the white men.

Thinking of such, the old chief went into a seething rage. That he was considering the same sort of treachery, once the *nan-tan* of the soldiers was in his camp, was a different matter...

Not far away, Lieutenant Gatewood (some say his name was Jerome, others Charles) followed closely upon the heels of the Apache, Coletto Negro. His guide was in a weakened condition. Several times the Indian faltered and stumbled. But they pressed on in the afternoon's fading light. He was old to the ways of the Apache people, this young soldier, and had spent many years among them. Some were his friends, others respected him, but he had no illusions about them. He moved along, ever wary of a trap. But it was worth the risk, he felt, and he had sent word back to his commanding officer, Captain Lawton, as to his plans.

He carried his pistol in his hand, ready, for not again would he be caught napping as he had been once before and now sported a long scar down his left thigh as evidence. The Apaches were hard to figure, always doing the unexpected and for such he was alert and unceasingly on guard. He fell to pondering the message the scout had brought—a message that stated Gokliya and his people were without food and water and that the chief would talk of peace. But far back in Gatewood's mind a bell rang, warning him that all was not so simple as it might seem. It appeared to him to be small reason for surrender. Never before had such minor things as food and water been cause for an Apache capitulation. At such periods they were like wounded grizzlies, back to the wall, at bay and thoroughly dangerous. But after considering, he deemed the risk worth the try and, after all, that was his business, as it was the duty of all soldiers in the 6th U.S. Cavalry to do all possible in bringing about the end of the Indian trouble.

UNDOUBTEDLY, he had his moments of indecision, for he was a brave and intelligent man and he knew he was dealing with one of the wiliest and most ruthless of all the Apaches, this Gokliya. Perhaps he was moving straight to his death and that thought rankled him for it was no way to die. In battle, yes, but not in a trap into which he had walked of his own volition. A man taking up the rifle for the Army naturally assumed his chances; and while death was thereafter a never too-distant partner and every man eventually came face to face with eternity, this being bait in the hands of the Apaches carried little appeal. But it was not over yet—and there was that chance that it was all in good faith.

Ahead he noticed the scout straighten a bit and seemingly take into himself added strength. At once he became alert, watching for some sort of surprise or treachery. None came. They rounded a heavy clump of brush and broke into a small clearing. The soldier checked abruptly, seeing the cluster of wickiups before him. At first glance the camp seemed deserted, but as his eyes probed into the shadows he made out the crouched and lying figures. Looking swiftly around, he realized he was standing almost in the center of a ring of Apache braves.

Long versed in the ways of such people, knowing the workings of their minds, the soldier throttled the fear and surprise that sprang into his throat. He strode slowly towards the hunched form of the man he knew to be Gokliya. The scout had deserted him and stood now behind his chief.

Gatewood lifted his hand, palm outward, in the sign of peace, and faced the old warrior. "My brother called for me. I am here," he said.

"Who are you who speaks my tongue?" Gokliya demanded. He knew full well the identity of Gatewood but such was his way. "I sent word I would speak with the *nan-tan*. You are not the *nan-tan*."

"I am a little *nan-tan*. I come because my white brother speaks not your language. I talk for him."

The chief shrugged and shifted his position, his rifle coming to point straight at the soldier's belly. He studied Gatewood's face for any change of expression, any indication of fear, but there was none.

"It is well. But why are you not afraid? No white man has before entered the camp of Gokliya and lived to speak of it. Do you not fear?"

"You gave your word that the white *nan-tan* could come and go in peace. I trust the word of the chief Gokliya."

The Apache snorted. "What knows the white men of honor? Many times have they given their word, only to break it. The memory of their treachery is great in my mind."

THAT moment was critical and Gatewood knew it. Much rested upon his reply, and he thought carefully for words. He waited until the low muttering about the camp subsided, then spoke, making his voice loud and distinct. "There are among the white people as there are among the Apaches those who speak with the forked tongue. There are those who do not wish the Apache people and the white people to be at peace and forever will they make trouble. Do not blame us for the faults of the few. Believe those of us who would be your friends."

Suddenly there was a commotion behind the chief. A warrior, who had been standing, fell forward, clutching his throat. The man struck against a nearby wickiup and slid quietly to the ground, his mouth and eyes going wide. Back in the darkness a squaw began to wail in a high, quavering voice. Gokliya paused momentarily, seeming to listen. Afterwards he tossed a hand full of branches upon the fire and watched it flare up.

"Why do not the Long Knives attack and kill us?" he asked. "We are upon our backs. We are weak and starving. Now is the time. Were the Apache warriors in such position as your soldiers, they would show no mercy. Do the Long Knives have women's hearts?"

"It is not our wish to kill you and your people, my brother, although to do so would be easy now. As the bear might kill the rabbit. But we are not a cruel people nor are we weak. A man can be strong and brave and not be cruel."

Gokliya shook his head, having no understanding for it. There is no such word, no such emotion, as pity in the Apache make-up; he plays the game of war for keeps, no holds barred, no quarter asked nor given. Pity is but an indication of weakness. He said, "You would make us prisoners. You would take us from our land and fence us in and we would die."

"You are dying now, my brother," Gatewood replied. "Already, while you and your people starve, other Apaches on the reservations grow old with full bellies and are happy."

"Not truth!" the chief exclaimed. "There is no happiness when one lives like cattle! Give me your promise that we can return to our land and there will be peace."

"I can give you no such promise. You must trust the big *nan-tan* Miles. He is truthful and fair and will treat you kindly."

"We will not become as cattle!" Gokliya shrilled again, drawing himself erect. "Such is for the weak and for the squaws. My warriors are fierce and brave!"

Gatewood's reply was low but clear and it reached out and touched every corner of the camp. "Bravery alone cannot feed hungry mouths, my brother."

AT his words the old chief seemed to crumple. His shoulders sagged and he stared into the fire for a long

(Continued on page 42)

Pictures Courtesy The Colorado Magazine, December, 1927, Published by the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado

Hicklin Ranch House on the Greenhorn (1922). Lower, Mrs. Estefana Bent Hicklin from a photo taken in October, 1924. Oval portrait is Alexander Hicklin from a daguerreotype made prior to 1855.

THEY DIDN'T STAY FOR DINNER

Early Coloradan "Zan" Hicklin was a hot-foot specialist when it came to getting rid of bores—especially greenhorn bores!

By THEO ESON

THE EARLY WEST was mostly all scenery. Adventurous visitors and travelers needing bed and board were at the mercy and indulgence of the few far-flung ranches and trading posts established by a hard-fisted, gun-toting gentry who, for reasons best known to themselves, had elected to settle down in the trackless mountains and plains area. Some of the most amusing vignettes from Colorado's adolescent days are concerned with Zan Hicklin, a colorful individual who was farming and raising cattle on his ranch on the Greenhorn River before the gold rush began.

During the early '60s "Mace's Hole," as Hicklin's ranch was known, served as a mail station and forwarding depot for U. S. troops in the Western Territory. But even before that it had come to be generally known as a haven for cross-country travelers.

Old Zan was tall and slender, and despite the fact that he hid behind a magnificent unsanitary brush, was considered quite handsome. Although he could neither read nor write—a handicap about which he was inordinately sensitive and would go to elaborate lengths to disguise—he was an uncanny judge of human nature. And unfortunately (for many of his guests), he possessed a lusty humor, a razor-keen wit, and was an exceedingly clever actor. He could play the clown or the part of a sedate and dignified gentleman at will.

Regarded by many as a half-witted crank, old Zan was clever despite his idiosyncrasies—one of which was an unreasoning dislike for well-dressed, well-mannered people "who put on airs." Zan was likely to charge or overcharge for his services accordingly.

For the most part, he was courteous enough to his guests—but the hapless ones to which he took a fancied dislike always suffered. Moored as they were in the midst of solitude for weeks and months at a time, Hicklin and a partner who wore the anonymous title of Jones, often seized upon the gullibility of their tenderfoot guests to break the monotony of their days.

ON ONE OCCASION two young dandies, weary and hungry as only hours in the saddle could make them, stopped at Mace's Hole and asked to spend the night. Zan looked over them and their fancy gear with disdain but grudgingly agreed to put them up.

Just at dusk the travelers saw Zan's partner Jones ride in from the plains carrying a blanket-wrapped carcass on his saddle.

With a furtive, suspicious manner, which he was careful to have his guests see, Zan rushed out and beckoned Jones around to the back of the cabin. There Hicklin took the carcass—that of a fine fat antelope—and carried it into the back room next to where he had put the young men. Then he began haranguing Jones in a loud stage whisper.

"Why in the devil's name did you shoot an old scraggly and tough Arapahoe buck when you know they're not fit to eat this time of year, and it'll take as much lard to fry it as the poor old Indian is worth. Why in hell didn't you get a Ute, as they're all fat and juicy?"

As planned, the strangers heard every word. In due time supper was announced, and when seated at the rude table, Zan graciously urged them to partake of some of the fine antelope "just that day killed." At great length he extolled it as the sweetest and most delicious of game meats. His pale and nervous guests, however, seemed strangely indifferent to the delicacy.

Old Zan could be fascinatingly polite and agreeable when it suited his purpose. He pretended the deepest concern and cudgeled his brain for an answer, all the while gorging himself on the steak. Suddenly he leaped to his feet and smote his bowed head in abject apology.

"Why, of course, you are Catholics—and this is Friday! You've jest gotta pardon me fer being so insistent."

One of the young men seized eagerly upon the excuse but the other, less quick thinking, doggedly insisted that he wasn't much of a meat eater.

The next morning the guests were gone, leaving evidence of a hasty departure—on foot—during the night.

Days later, two weary, footsore travelers reached the next way station, where they reported their horrifying experience of witnessing a flagrant case of cannibalism. And they were completely confounded and mystified to find their mounts awaiting them in the station's corral.

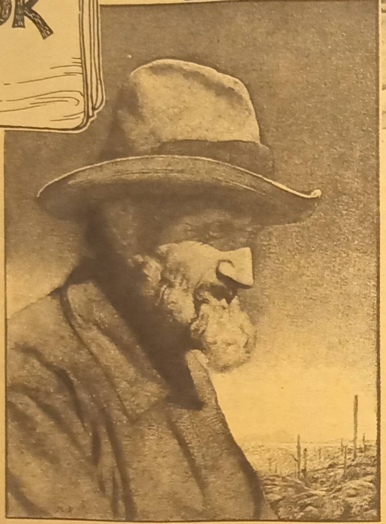
The whispering ruse was employed by Hicklin on another occasion to get rid of an overly fussy guest who had made the mistake of demanding too much service. Zan and Jones gathered in the same back room where Zan hissed loudly, "Wal, it's no use to murder them for their money, because all them nice dressy fellows hardly ever have any, so we might as well let them go."

Then the two of them proceeded to argue heatedly the advisability, both pro and con, for the better part of an hour.

Being of sound mind, the young man slipped away from the ranch as soon as it appeared safe to do so. As Zan watched his stealthy departure he held his sides and roared in unholy glee—not minding at all that the mountain nights were chill with frost and that his erstwhile guest was lightly dressed.

The site of old Zan's ranch, in the southwestern part of Colorado, is now part of the quiet little town of summer cottages known as Beulah. People from Pueblo and vicinity go there today to enjoy the beauty and quiet of the wonderful San Isabel Forest. Zany old Zan's herds used to graze there more than a hundred years ago, and their owner, in those days, kept the Forest anything but peaceful!

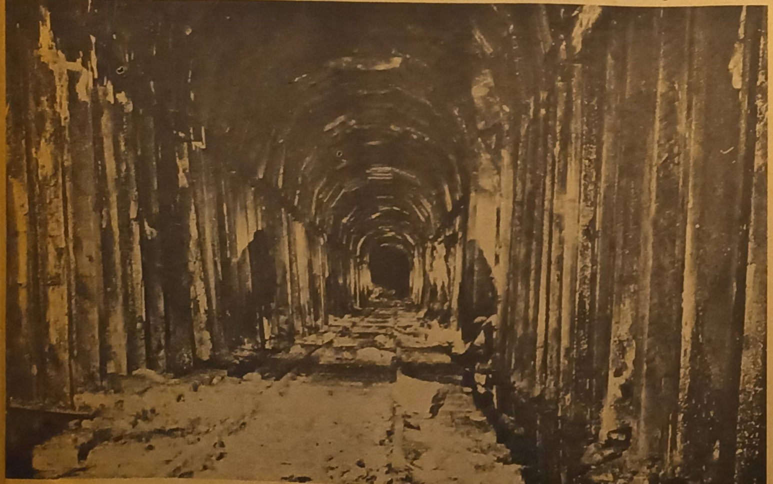
OLD WEST Scrapbook


Les Beitz Collection

Sixty-four years ago, the eminent American illustrator, Maxfield Parrish, painted this intriguing portrait of an old Westerner named Bill Sachs. He was a stage driver and, if his moniker "The Flying Dutchman" is any criterion, he most certainly had some rip-roaring exploits at the reins. Just who was this colorful old gent? Artist Parrish selected Bill as a subject with some degree of purpose, it's certain—however, extensive probing of southwestern reference sources fail to disclose anything in the way of biographical data on Bill Sachs and this obscurity poses a challenge. Anybody know anything about "The Flying Dutchman"?

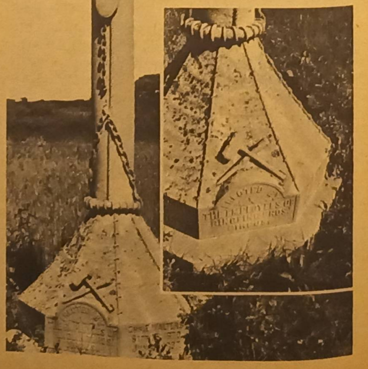
The Alpine Tunnel near Pitkin, Colorado—Gateway to the Gunnison Country—was completed in 1881 and stands as a monument to the railroad pioneers. Driven 1,805 feet through the rugged Continental Divide and lined with redwood arches, it has withstood the rigors of time remarkably well. The tunnel was an invaluable asset in the growth and development of the Gunnison Country. The Denver and South Park Railway shuttled trains over the narrow gauge track until 1910, taking out the valuable minerals, cattle and timber, and bringing in the finished goods of the East. The historic tunnel is one of the many evidences of pioneer determination to conquer the mighty Rocky Mountains and the West of bygone years.

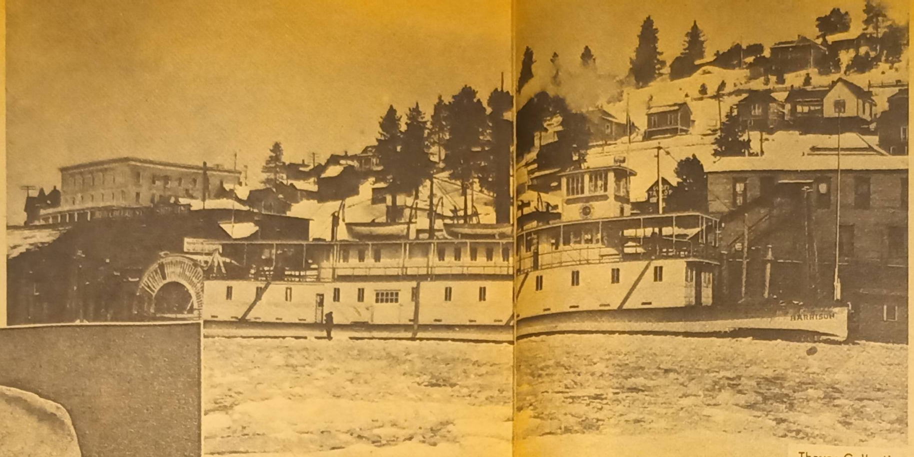
Courtesy Globe Publishing Company, Inc.



The monument shown here is in a little cemetery just south of Wahpeton, North Dakota. It marks the gravesite of two Ringling Brothers Circus employees who, with three others, were killed when lightning shattered the main tent pole as they attempted to raise the big top during a storm on June 10, 1897. Circus folks contributed $500 for erection of this tribute.

Photo Lloyd Byers





Thayer Collection

At left, the steamer *Harrison*, built at Harrison, Idaho, by the Oregon Washington Railway and Navigation Company and operated by that company as a passenger boat between Harrison and Amwaco on Lake Coeur d'Alene. Captain George Reynolds was her skipper during the entire period of her service.

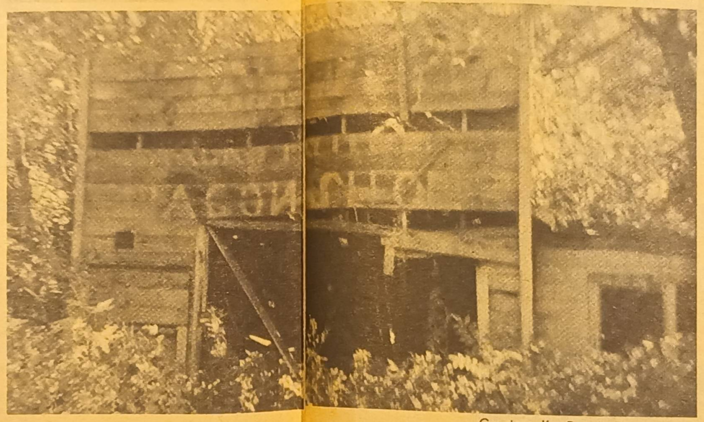
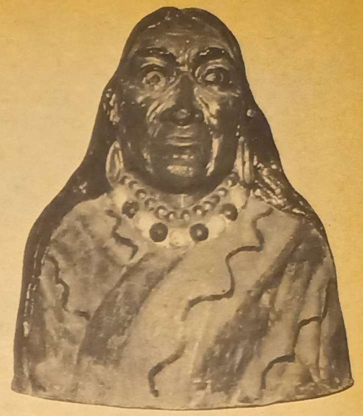
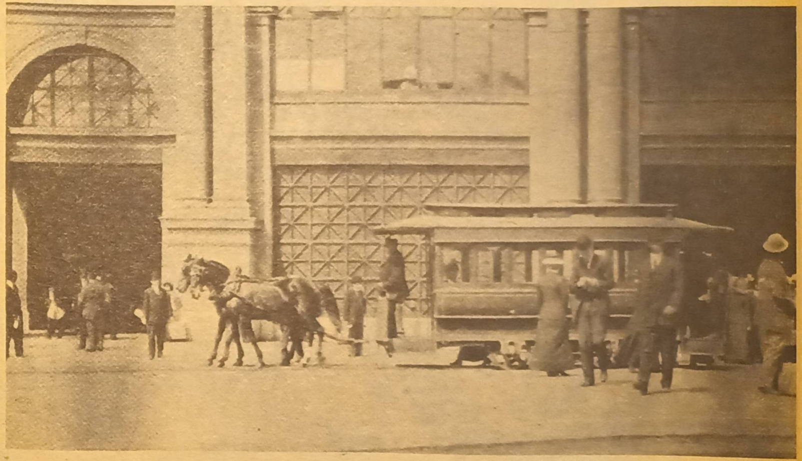
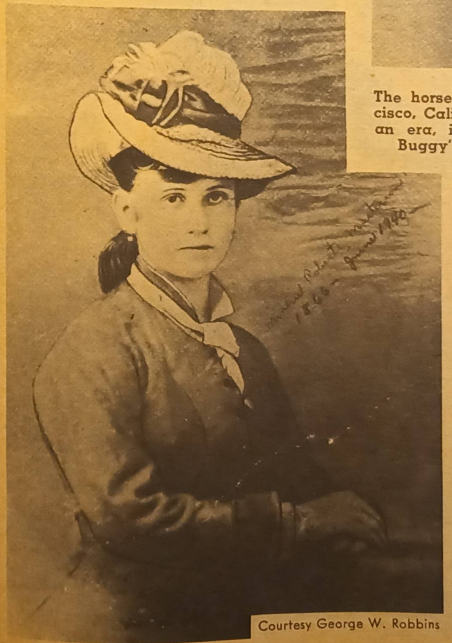

Courtesy Jim Duryea

Photo at left below shows all that remains of the blacksmith and wagon shop at Goodwin, Nebraska, about fifteen miles west of South Sioux City. Buried under the fallen roof is a brick hearth and chimney. The eyes of the Indian at right are spring powered and move from side to side. This sculptured bust was once a store counter display for early-day advertising but the specific nature of the product involved is not known.


Courtesy William C. Young


Courtesy R. C. Wambaugh

The horse-drawn streetcar at Ferry Building, lower Market Street, San Francisco, California, was photographed July 24, 1912. This is possibly the close of an era, insofar as metropolitan transportation is concerned, as the "Gas Buggy" had already become significant at the time this photo was made.

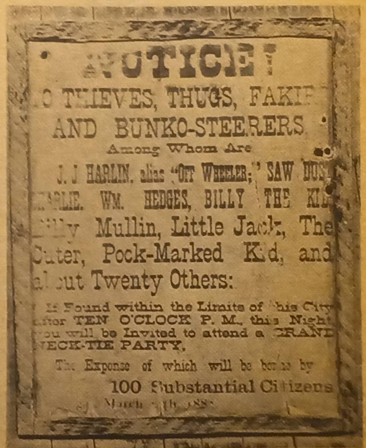


Courtesy George W. Robbins

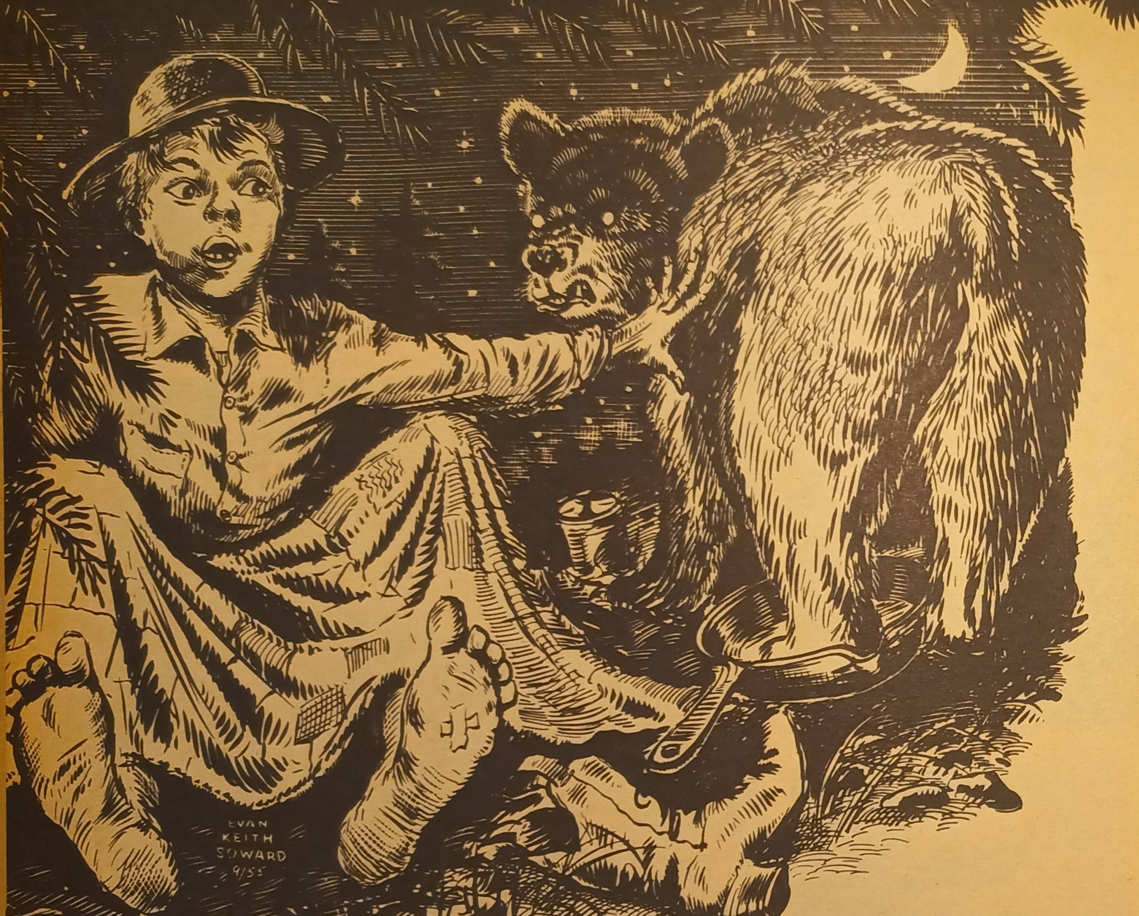
The attractive young lady at left is Minnie Roberts, well known in Dodge City, Kansas, during its heyday. She was the sweetheart of both Bat and Jim Masterson, eventually choosing and marrying Jim. After his death in 1895, she remarried and as Minnie Roberts Bryson resided in Liberal, Kansas.

The poster at right was pasted on the wall of an old saddle room partition in an abandoned barn and found by G. U. (Tom) Linnenkahl near Dalhart, Texas, while he was riding from Montana to El Paso in 1914. Tom sawed the board out and presented the entire plaque to Oliver F. Jordan of Alamogordo, New Mexico, in 1948.

Courtesy Oliver F. Jordan


NOTICE!
O THIEVES, THUGS, FAKIR
AND BUNKO-STEERERS
Among Whom Are
J. J HARLIN, alias "OFF WHEELER;" SAW DUS
ARLIE. WM. HEDGES, BILLY THE KI
lly Mullin, Little Jack, The
uter, Pock-Marked Kid, and
bout Twenty Others:
If Found within the Limits of this City
after TEN O'CLOCK P. M., this Night
you will be Invited to attend a GRAND
NECK-TIE PARTY,
The Expense of which will be borne by
100 Substantial Citizens
March 9th 188

BEARS ARE BIGGER IN THE DARK



The matchless experience of two young cowpokes in a fireless mountain camp

By S. OMAR BARKER

Illustrated by Evans Keith Soward

This article is reprinted from the December, 1955 TRUE WEST. A revised version will be included in the book LITTLE WORLD APART by S. Omar Barker, soon to be released by Doubleday and Company, Inc., Publishers, New York.

I reckon nobody would ever have called me and my brother Marion cowboys. But still, back yonder when we were a couple of buttons, hardly old enough yet to eat with a knife, we *did* look after the hundred or so head of SLB cattle that Pa used to run in the wilderness-wooded Beaver Creek and Hollenger Canyons near the upper Sapello River country of New Mexico. And sometimes we had quite a time of it.

Like the day we went off and forgot to take along any matches. Marion was about fourteen and me twelve. All the smoking we had ever done was *kinnik-kinnik* leaves, out back of the cowshed; so it was not surprising that we got over to the upper *vega* on the Hollenger and were fixing to make camp before we found out what a completely matchless pair of young cow-huntin' knuckleheads we were. At least that's what Marion said I was. And that's what I said *he* was. But when we found out that hot words wouldn't start a campfire, we gave up cussing each other and got busy.

All the grub and camp gear we had brought along was a loaf of Ma's homemade bread, butter, sugar, coffee, a little bucket to boil it in, a chunk of dry salt hog breast (we weren't allowed to say "sowbelly" in those days), a frying pan and a little flour to make gravy with, all rolled up in a couple of old quilts tied on behind our saddles. Maybe we had slickers—I don't remember, but the way sudden summer rains often bust loose in these high New Mexico mountains, we probably did. Anyway, you can't start a fire with a slicker any better than with bear tracks, of which we saw several where the animals had been rooting around in the *vega* for grubworms.

Boy Scouting hadn't been invented yet, or at least we had not heard about it, so Marion and I put in the last hour before dark doing our best to invent it. We got sparks by striking the back of a knife blade on flinty rocks, either into rotten log punk or a wad of cotton torn out of a quilt; but we never could make 'em ketch. We raveled rope for string and tried to gear up a whirling stick, but the warmest we could get it was about like holding your hand on a horny toad's belly.

Holding the muzzle of Marion's .30-30 against a wad of cotton and blazing away scorched the cotton all right, but left no smoulder long enough for us to blow it into a fire. If we'd had pliers along or teeth strong enough to worry the bullet out of a cartridge, shooting the powder into cotton might have worked. As it was, we used up all but five of our cartridges—and still no fire.

Not that it mattered a lot except that we both liked gravy, and we had also figgered to brand any new calves we might find while salting and tallying the cattle the next day. But this wasn't rustler country, and that could wait.

BREAD and butter, with sugar on it, washed down with cold creek water, made up a pretty good supper. My brash-minded brother even ate a chunk of raw sowbelly. I warned him it would give him worms in his gizzard, but Marion claimed he'd rather have worms than a gut with no meat in it.

In those days I was in the habit of writing stuff down in an old copybook that I called "Omar's Favorite Philosophy & Other Facts of Life." As I munched cold bread, I thought of a brief gem of philosophy that I aimed to record from this matchless experience as soon as we got back home.

We staked Fanny and Prince out in the meadow, but made our camp off a couple of hundred yards up a little side canyon under a thick *motte* of blue spruces where we could keep dry if it should come up a rain. If you never saw the inside of a big black bull at midnight—with both eyes shut—you can't even start to imagine how dark it looked to a couple of kids bedding down under those spruces, way off up there in the mountains forty miles from a flagpole, with a couple of hoot owls hoo-hooing their weird witch talk somewhere out there in the still, black timber—and no campfire to keep the boogers away.

Even to a pair of woods-raised roosters like me and Marion, it was so "skeery" that it took us a good ten minutes to get to sleep after we had tugged our boots off and crawled in between our two cotton batting soogans.

I don't know how long we had been aslumber when I woke up with Marion's elbow poking my ribs and an odd aroma in the air.

"Lay still!" he whispered, just a leetle hoarsely. "I smell bear!" "Lay still yourownself!" I told him. "Y-y-you're just tryin' to sc-sc-scare me!"

But my nose knew better. The only bears I had ever smelled before were dead ones that Pa or Charlie or Elliott had killed, but it didn't seem likely that somebody had dragged a dead bear up this little canyon just to let us smell of him. Besides, I could hear a sort of soft snuff-snuffing that didn't hardly sound like Marion. I could also hear Marion groping for the .30-30 alongside of his side of the bed. When I heard him lever in a cartridge, I let out a squall:

"Don't shoot! If you wound him, he'll git us sure as hell!" (That was a word I didn't use when Pa was around, either.)

"Whlooooff!" The snort, if that's what you could call it, came from pitch-black darkness not over ten feet away.

The next instant the yellow blaze of Marion's .30-30 ripped the night wide open—but evidently not the bear, for we heard the softish thump of padded feet on the run, then silence.

"Git!" I yelled, more concerned with great noise than good grammar. "Git plumb away from here!"

I didn't especially crave a reply, but I got one: another snort, this time maybe twenty yards away, then pretty soon two more, each a little different and, so I thought, a little closer.

"Sshwalooff! Shuwawffle!"

The bear didn't tell me how to spell the sounds. But one thing sure, they sure sounded B-I-G.

"He's a-comin' back!" I hollered. (I didn't have a gun myself.) "Shoot in the air and scare him away!"

"L-la-lay still!" Marion cautioned in a whisper that didn't sound a bit more scared than I felt. "Wait till he snorts again and I'll try to git him!"

He didn't say just how he planned to take aim at a snort in the dark, but we waited—seconds, maybe minutes. I was just beginning to start to get my heart back down out of my goozlum when Brother Bruin snorted again, still closer.

Brother Marion banged away twice in quick succession.

THE ensuing silence was comforting at first, then gradually became ominous with uncertainty. Had our visitor gone yonder? Or did we have a dead bear lying out there in the darkness? Or a wounded one that might decide any minute to come and git us?

It was the first time I had ever realized I was part squirrel. All four of my hands and feet plumb ached to climb a tree, but Marion was acting so brave that I was ashamed to do it.

"I reckon he's g-g-gone!" he said right out loud.

Then he began to sing, on the probably sound theory that music hath charms, or at least that no bear would be likely to care much for a good loud adolescent tenor.

Perceiving that the old parlor-organ-and-quartette selection Marion had chosen was most appropriate to the occasion, I swallowed my cotton and joined in:

"Speed away! Speed away, on thine errand of light!
There's a young heart awaiting thy coming tonight!....

We really quavered it. For quite a spell we made the welkin ring with every song we could think of, including the old hymn that starts out:

"The consecrated Cross I'd bear..."

Consecrated and cross-eyed or not, Mr. Bruin seemed to be gone for good, and the first thing we didn't know, we had sung ourselves back to sleep.

The next time I woke up, the night was still sooty black, and whatever had nudged me under the bottom quilt was on the wrong side of the bed to be Marion's elbow. It also smelled stronger. When I instinctively reached out to push it away, my fingers touched coarse, hairy fur!

I won't even try to give a phonetic transcription of the wild squall I let out, but the bear's snort sounded about the same as before. So did the sudden air-slapping report of Marion's rifle, twice in quick succession—our last two cartridges—followed by a brief brushy crash, then silence again.

"Omar," said Marion, with a cussword Pa would have walloped him for, "that so-and-so bear wants this camp worse than we do! And I ain't got no more cartridges!"

In my humble opinion, he was so right. Without further discussion we grabbed up our soogans and got the hell out of there. I won't say we actually skeedaddled, but it would have been an awful poor time for a bear or anything else to get in our road if it didn't want to get run over.

Maybe it was the starlight out in the open meadow, maybe the reassuring nearness of our horses thudding around on their stake ropes—whatever it was that calmed us down, after a while we got ourselves talked into the notion that Marion's last two shots had done the business, and that, come daylight, a couple of mighty proud kid nimrods were going to have a whopping big grizzly to skin up there in that little side canyon.

I reckon it couldn't have been much past midnight when we had got to the *vega*, because after an hour or two we forgot our scare enough to crawl between our quilts and go to sleep again.

Sunshine was already tipping the high ridges when we crawled out and advanced cautiously up Bear Snort Canyon in search of raw meat for breakfast.

We found our abandoned boots and grub sack undisturbed;

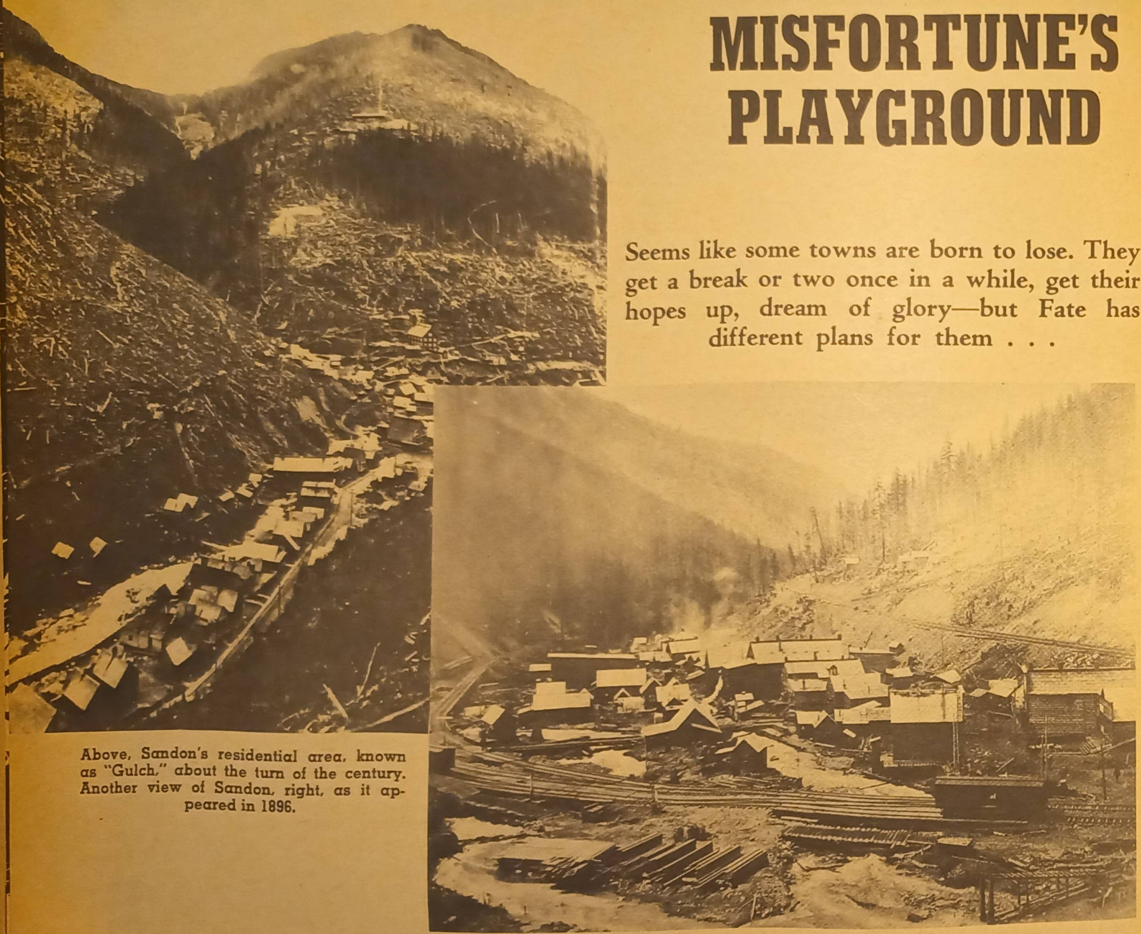
(Continued on page 42)

SANDON, B. C.—
MISFORTUNE'S PLAYGROUND

By
GEORGE PRESTON STEWART

Photos Courtesy Provincial
Archives, Victoria, B. C.

Seems like some towns are born to lose. They get a break or two once in a while, get their hopes up, dream of glory—but Fate has different plans for them . . .



Above, Sandon's residential area, known as "Gulch," about the turn of the century. Another view of Sandon, right, as it appeared in 1896.

THE once thriving mining town of Sandon, British Columbia, Canada, is situated in a deep narrow valley nine miles from New Denver. It can be reached by branching off Highway 6 at New Denver and traveling east. The road is dirt and for the last three miles quite narrow.

The first prospectors to come to Sandon were J. M. Harris, Eri Thompson, and Ike Bernard. This was in 1893. The Kootenai Indians had traveled through there previous to this on hunting and trapping expeditions. Harris and Thompson left the first fall as there was yet no town. Bernard stayed and built himself a log cabin on what was afterward the site of the Sandon House, a hotel boasting twelve rooms, a dining room and a bar.

In 1894 more prospectors came in. Harris was the man responsible for laying out the town. He staked the townsite, and as there had been some rich strikes made he visualized a boom town in a short time. Eli Carpenter (part Indian) and John Sandon (from whom the town derived its name) made the first big discovery. They were prospecting up a draw about two miles south of the townsite, when suddenly Carpenter, who was in the lead, noticed a large piece of float ore (silver-lead). He quickly threw it into the brush so his partner wouldn't see it. The higher he climbed the more numerous the chunks became, and at last he could conceal his secret no longer.

The partners staked the claim, calling it the Payne Mine, and then went over the hill to Kaslo to record it. Sandon sold his interest for $250.00 and a bottle of whiskey and it is not known what Carpenter received but it probably wasn't much more. A. W. McEwen and Associates started to operate the Payne and, it is rumored, made four or five million dollars out of it.

The Freddie Lee Mine was the first shipper. Ore was sacked and transported to Nakusp, a distance of fifty miles, over tortuous mountain trails by pack train. Bruce White discovered a boulder of clean lead lying in a creek south of the town. It was silver-lead and weighed more than thirty tons. He located where it came from and staked what was known as the Slocan Star. J. M. Harris staked the Reco Mine and in one week it yielded ore to the value of $200,000. By 1896 the town really started to boom.

In less than a year Sandon's population jumped from a few dozen to between 1,200 and 1,500. Carpenter Creek flowed through the length of the town with log cribbings on each bank to control its flow. Buildings rose on each side of the creek. In later years the creek was flumed in and heavy planking put on top. This formed the main street, and was subsequently responsible for the ultimate doom of the town.

AS MORE mines came into production, the pressing need for faster transportation facilities prompted the Great Northern Railway to build a narrow gauge line from Kaslo to Sandon. It was called the K. and S. (Kaslo and Slocan). Soon after, the Canadian Pacific Railway built a line from Nakusp to Sandon. There was quite a rivalry between these two lines. On one occasion the K. and S. put a cable around the C.P.R. depot, hooked their locomotive on, and pulled the building off its foundations.

There were twenty-four hotels and saloons, all with a gambling room connected. There were also banks, an opera house, cigar factory, laundries, a brewery, liquor warehouse, soft drink bottling works and every type of store. A couple of draying outfits hauled ore from the mines, either by four-horse teams and wagons and pack trains in summer, or sleighs and rawhide trains in winter. These rawhides were made from a cow hide or, even better, a bull hide. A piece of two-inch plank was shaped, and the front or neck of the hide was nailed securely to it. A clevis was then attached for pulling, and eyelets were cut every so far on each side of the hide. The sacks of ore were laid in and the hide then was laced around them. From one half to three quarters of a ton could be transported in this type conveyance, drawn by one horse.

When a steep stretch would be encountered, a large linked chain called a rough lock was put under each hide and fastened securely on the upper side serving as a brake. Both horses and mules were used in the trains. It was quite a sight to see these outfits coming into town. The horses would be on the run to keep ahead of the hides, and then a mule would appear, sitting on its haunches on the hide, all four feet braced. Rawhide trails were very icy and when the snow built up on each side, resembled a trough. The packers and rawhiders were a hardy breed; they were on the trail every day regardless of the weather.

Miners were working a ten-hour day, and in the fall of 1898, the Western Federation of Miners called a strike for an eight-hour shift. The strike was of long duration but was finally successful. Most of the miners were single men of Sandon and, when the strike was called, they went three or four in a cabin and batched. The mines had all laid in their winter's supply of groceries and meats, and therefore each one had to hire a watchman. These fellows were members of the union and when their fellow workers would come up from town to steal provisions to take to their cabins, the watchmen would be conveniently elsewhere. When the strike was terminated, these boys still had lots of grub left so they gave it to the needy of the town.

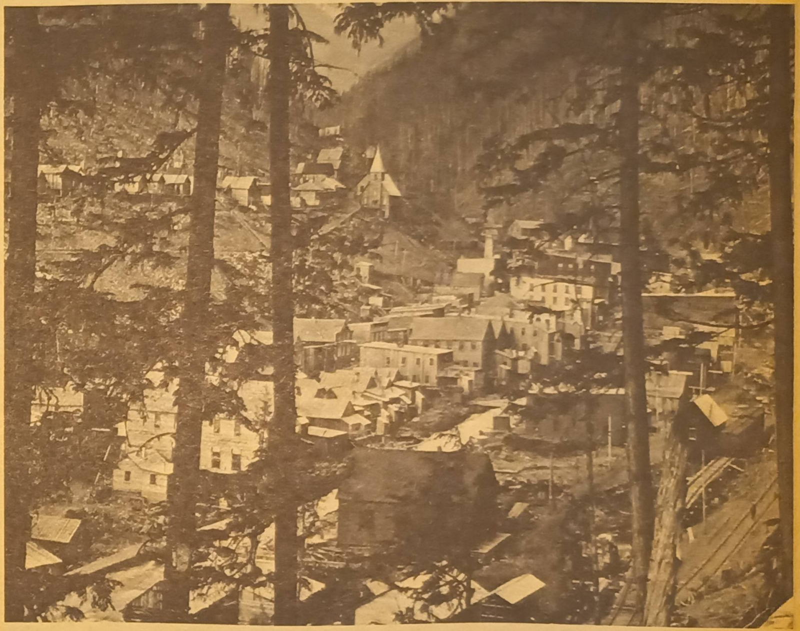
Sandon was incorporated as a city in 1898. Its first mayor was Henry Switzer, and his successor was Robert Cunning, owner and proprietor of the Sandon Hotel. Things went along well until May 4, 1900, when Sandon received its first major setback.

At 1:30 A.M. fire broke out in the Virginia Hall and Opera House, a carelessly thrown cigarette believed to have been the cause. A stock company had been playing there that night—the name of the play was "The Bitter Atonement." By the time the fire was brought under control most of the business section of the town was in ruins, but the residential section remained intact, also the red light district at the lower end of town, which at that time housed 115 ladies of easy virtue.

J. M. Harris lost the Opera House, his Hotel Reco, and other business houses. His Electric Light and Waterworks and a large livery stable escaped the blaze. Harris immediately hired carpenters to convert the stable into a hotel.

Many other businessmen began rebuilding at once, although a discouraged few pulled out. Two sawmills near town were put on three shifts in order to supply the demand for lumber. A brick yard at New Denver worked overtime, too.

Sandon miners donated money and time and built a new Union Hall, which was completed that fall. The union put on a



Bustling, prosperous Sandon in 1898, two years before the disastrous fire, below, which destroyed the town

big dance even though the female population was at a premium—about ten to one.

Sandon boasted a skating rink, curling rink and bowling alley. At one time the hockey team in Sandon held the British Columbia Championship. The night they won the cup, it was filled time after time with champagne, and did the players and their fans ever get lit up!

Another great sport in those days were the rock drilling or double hand hammer contests. Teams of two men were chosen from the bigger mines and they practiced for coming events such as Victoria Day, Dominion Day and Labor Day. My brother has in his possession a silver cup won in Nelson, B.C. on July 2, 1900 by Ross and McLeod of the Slocan Star Mine in Sandon.

In those days there were no machines to drill the rock in the mines; it was all done by hammer and chisel-bitted steel. In the tunnels, or drifts, drilling was mostly done double hand. One man would strike the drill with an eight-pound hammer and his partner would twist the drill to keep the hole round; then they would change places and go through the same procedure again. In stopes where the ore was mined, most of the drilling was done by single-jack miners. They used a four- or five-pound hammer. The steel was held in the left hand and after each blow, the single jacker would twist the steel to keep the hole round by cutting or chipping the rock. The only light used was a candle, each miner being issued a supply when he went on shift.

For a time businesses, churches, and the school were housed in tents, but it wasn't long until new buildings sprang up everywhere, and close together. A veritable fire trap was again in the making.

HARDLY a winter went by without miners being caught and killed in snowslides, either when the men were going from the camps to the tunnel or vice versa. Mr. Powers had a big draying outfit up from Sandon and his stables and bunkhouses were built where they were considered safe. But in the winter of 1902 the snowfall was exceptionally heavy and conditions were just right for snowslides. In April one came down through the green timber, sweeping everything ahead of it. Powers' camp and stables were in its path and they were swept along, too. Mr. Powers' son, Hilliard, and the camp cook were badly hurt but managed to get out alive. Twenty-seven head of horses and mules were lost.

Disaster struck Sandon again in the summer of 1906. A five-year-old boy was playing with matches in a bedroom of his home when a slight breeze blew the lace curtains over the flame of the match. Almost immediately the wall around the window was ignited. The volunteer fire brigade worked valiantly but before the fire was brought under control, eighteen houses were burned to the ground. This took place in the upper end of the town which was known as the "Gulch." These houses were never rebuilt.

Then came the great forest fire of 1910. It started around Kaslo and came up the valley burning out small mining communities such as Retallack and Bear Lake, and then roaring on toward Sandon. The C.P.R. ran in a special train and took all the women and children to New Denver. The men remained behind to battle the fire which came within two miles of town. The mill and buildings of the Payne Mine were destroyed, and it looked grim for Sandon until a heavy rain put an end to the danger.

By this time the boom was pretty well over and some of the mines had closed because their ore reserves had run out. A lot of the miners drifted on to other diggings and as World War I drew nearer, everything became very tight. More mines closed down never to reopen. More people moved out. Only the bigger companies kept working. Sandon was about to be dealt another set-back.

In May, 1920, the miners went on strike for more money and better living conditions in camp. In those days every miner had to pack his blankets on his back. The union was endeavouring to eliminate this state of affairs by forcing the companies to buy bedding and look after the cleanliness of same. More of the mines closed down; their ore reserves were gone and they could not see their way clear to meet the union's demands. A few operated for a short time with non-union labor, but they eventually gave up, also. By January, 1930, the few mines still working were forced to close due to the low prices of silver, lead and zinc.

The price of gold was good and Sandon lost some more men to the gold mines around Ymir and Salmo. Most of the people left in the town were on relief. Sandon was about finished, it seemed. Some of its buildings fell in with the weight of snow. As the years went by, it got down to where a teacher had to be hired who had children of school age, as there were not enough children left for a school.

THEN CAME the war with Japan. Japanese from coastal points were rounded up and sent to camps in the British Columbia interior. Sandon was chosen as one of the the sites for a camp, due to its many empty buildings which, at a minimum cost, could be made habitable.

In March, 1942, Sandon was the scene of great activity. Japanese carpenters, plasterers, plumbers and laborers, under white supervision, began the task of renovating the old town. The first contingent, numbering 350, arrived in Sandon in May, and by fall there was a population between 1,200 and 1,500. When the conflict with Japan was over, these people were moved elsewhere and Sandon once again settled back to peace and quiet.

In June, 1955, Sandon received its final blow. Carpenter Creek, which ran through the center of the town, went on a rampage and demolished the flume. The old hotels and dwellings were undermined and toppled into the raging torrent. Railway tracks and trestles were demolished and parts of the highway washed out. Sandon was finished. Today only four people remain.

Each year I go back to look over the old town which is the scene of so many memories, some pleasant, others sad. I like to get up on the hillside and look down at the town, and let my thoughts go back over the years. Since the flood it is hard to place where many of the buildings once stood. After I have had a few hours of reminiscing, I slowly and sadly go back to my car and prepare to leave.

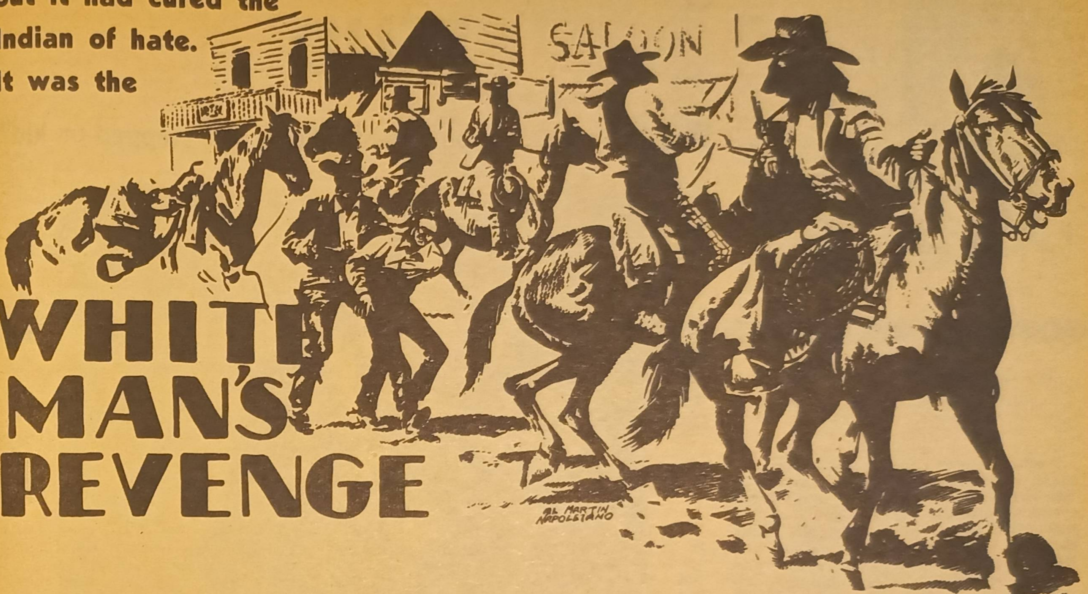
However, a mile below the town I make one more stop—at the cemetery. Unless you know where to look for it, you would never find it, as it is nothing but a dense growth of trees and brush. Some of the headboards are still there marking the graves: Sheppard and McFarlane, who were killed in snowslides; Dave Keer, twenty-four years old, killed by a slab of rock at the Slocan Star Mine; and many other people. But there have been no burials there since 1918, as from that time on the dead have been interred in New Denver.

Pack train on main street of Sandon prior to departure for one of the mines

PITTS BRO'S
GENTS FURNISHING
BOOTS SHOES HATS

The treatment was harsh and terrible, but it had cured the Indian of hate. It was the

WHITE MAN'S REVENGE



Masked riders dragged the bound Indian to the scene of his terrible "lesson."

By ARTHUR J. BURKS

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

COFFEE was my favorite Indian, and I loved to hear him tell the story of Stephen—even though I was so young when I first began hearing the story that I didn't know the meaning of terms such as "getting his neck stretched" and "vigilantes."

And it never occurred to me until years later to wonder why Coffee kept telling that same story, or to wonder about the white ring around his neck—or why he was ashamed of being an Indian. All those things occurred to my mother, though. Still it was quite a spell before she could get Coffee to tell his story—then I knew why he kept wanting to talk about Stephen.

In those days, around 1902, the Indians rode past our Moses Coulee homestead en route to their "Indian Fourth of July"—a potlatch they held at some secret place on Badger Mountain, in Washington state.

My father and mother referred to them all as Siwash Indians. I now believe most of them were Nez Perce. Anyway, they had no sense of property. They took just about what they saw, until Coffee moved into the picture.

There were three grades, or levels, between Grand Coulee, where the big dam now is, and Moses Coulee, where we lived. Once a family named Hellwig lived at the foot of the three grades, called "Three Devils," and a family named Godlove lived at the top. So there was a saying that you "start at Godloves, go down the Three Devils, then to Hellwigs."

Coffee came down the Three Devils every year while our family owned the homestead at the foot of the lowest Devil, an area called Sagebrush Flat. He came to let us know his people would be along soon. He never exactly travelled with them, a fact my parents sometimes mentioned to him. He didn't talk much—but he made it clear he was ashamed of being an Indian.

Then he would tell the story of Stephen.

BACK in 1891 the mining towns of Conconully and Ruby were typical of the time and place—tough as hell with plenty of drinking, shooting, claim jumping, fancy gals, booms, busts and gambling. Indians were fair game. They had been put on reservations, and it was mainly up to two chiefs, Moses and Joseph, to keep them there.

Moses, I found out later, was regarded by our army high brass as a real military genius, greater than Geronimo and all the rest. He almost fought the United States army to a standstill with something like a hundred men. Starvation, not bullets and sabres, whipped him. But he learned his lesson—he stuck to the reservation.

Stephen didn't. He was only sixteen, an Okanogan—proud, straight, a little arrogant. His people surrendered, but Stephen didn't. He wouldn't take anything off a white man—and one white man became irritated because Stephen didn't "heel" properly—in fact, didn't heel at all.

The white man caught hold of the Indian youth, to "teach him a lesson." Stephen killed him. Coffee never said how.

According to the code of the West, Stephen was right. But the code didn't apply to Indians. The sheriff arrested the Indian. Things happened fast then. The Indians on the reservation began dancing the war dance, demanding justice. The kind of justice they got was a lynching. A party of vigilantes swept into the little town of Ruby, locked the sheriff in Stephen's cell, and led the young brave to a hastily-built gibbet not far from the town of Conconully.

There they hanged him.

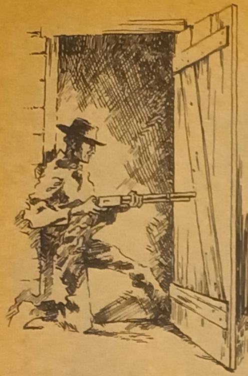
The Indians filed a petition for justice—and the petition has that same quiet dignity of expression so often found in the sayings of these early people.

Nothing happened, except that Coffee kept telling the story.

I liked Coffee mainly because he taught me and my brother a lot of things—how to shoot "rock rats," as he called them, with bows and arrows he made for us, and how to speak a strange brand of Chinook, the *Lingua franca* of the Northwest Indians.

When we couldn't get out to hunt, Coffee would sit inside and say nothing all morning after he had told the story of Stephen. He would sit with his hands covering his high cheekbones—he was ashamed of them. And he would sit scrooched down into his shirt to hide the white mark all the way around his neck.

(Continued on page 42)



The DENTON-TWIGGS FEUD

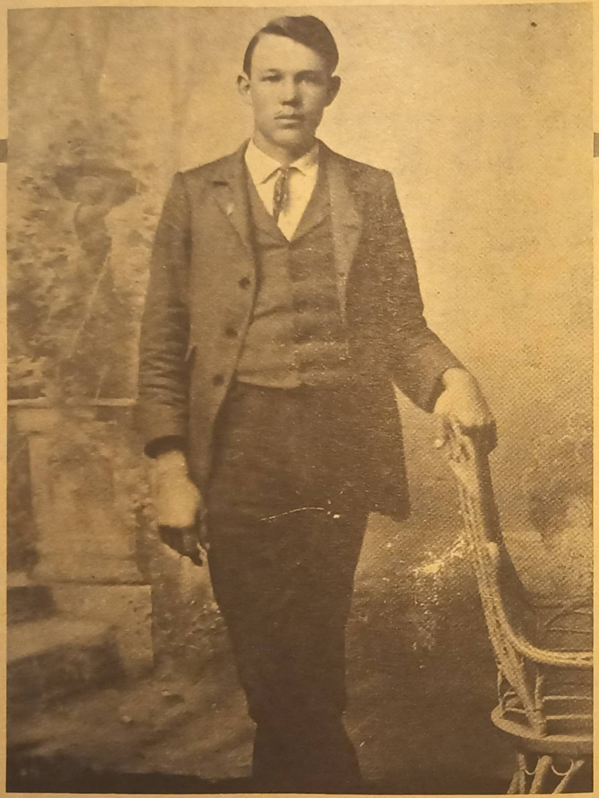
Was Jesse Roper a cold-blooded killer or a stepped-on kid?

By MARY ANN MESSICK

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's note: During the spring and summer of 1892, Gassville, Arkansas, was the scene of one of the worst feuds ever known in the Ozarks—and these old mountains are noted for quarrels. While the fuss was between two families—the Dentons and the Twiggs—no man, woman, boy or girl in the surrounding territory was able to remain neutral for long. In such a temper-charged atmosphere violence was bound to come, and it did—swift, bloody and cruel.

The following account is based on talks with Walter Anglin of Wheeler, Texas, and Jesse Powell of Gassville, two of the less than a couple of dozen people now living who remember the turbulent times. Seventy-four years later their sentiments are still divided. Background information was gleaned from the pages of Francis H. Shiras' "History of Baxter County." published by Shiras Brothers in 1945, and "Folklore of Romantic Arkansas," published by the Round Table of Arkansas Writers and Poets, 1932. Additional information was furnished by J. D. Alley of Mountain Home. Arkansas, whose wife is a grand-daughter of Sheriff Byler and by my father, Herbert A. Messick, whose mother's family—the Mooneys—was caught up tightly in the tragic events. My purpose is not to condemn or condone, but to present the facts as they have been revealed to me.



Walter Anglin a short while after he was hit in the hand by a bullet intended for John Twiggs

IN THE early morning in Gassville, Arkansas. one can trace the course of nearby White River by the silver mist of rising fog gently curving through the Ozark Mountains. Early settlers were quick to recognize the advantages of settling on the high, flat plain—just far enough from the water but near enough for farming the fertile river bottoms and shipping downstream. Even before the Civil War the territory was populated with a responsible class of citizens.

They built a school and named it Mount Pleasant. In 1868 a Baptist church was organized and a couple of years later Squire Coffee started a cotton gin. Other businesses began to spring up and by the time the gay '90s were ushered in, the town could boast of four blacksmith shops, two churches. a school, two doctors' offices. two gins, a hotel and six stores—the largest being the one established by S. E. Denton and P. A. Cox in 1876. Mr. Cox was such a gasser—he never stopped talking—the people soon began to refer to the whole town as "Gassville." The name stuck.

By 1892 Mr. Cox had retired from the store and it was operated by the Denton Brothers, Ing and Lee. Their store was located at the west end of town (where the city hall is now); up the street (east) about a block the Twiggs had a store. Today Main Street is U. S. Highway 62; Main Street then was a dirt road—muddy in spring and dusty in summer.

Both the Twiggs and Denton families owned large cattle ranches outside town and until shortly before the trouble, John Twiggs had been employed by the Dentons as a bill collector. When hard feelings developed between the two families, Twiggs went into competition with his former employers.

IN 1892 Walter Anglin was going on thirteen. He was a student at the Whiteville school about two miles out in the country, but he had begged off that March day—he had spring fever, school was nearly out for the summer vacation anyway, and his father, George Anglin, was coming to Gassville to trade. Although a good friend of the Twiggs family (Joe Twiggs had stayed all night at his house many times), Mr. Anglin continued to trade with the Dentons as he had for many years. Anglin went on down to the store, leaving Walter up the street a little way visiting with friends.

The first warm days of early spring found the Denton-Twiggs quarrel kindled to the point where both felt the need to keep weapons handy, and the whole town had lined up on one side or the other, except for those who played both sides, carrying tales back and forth and stirring up more resentment.

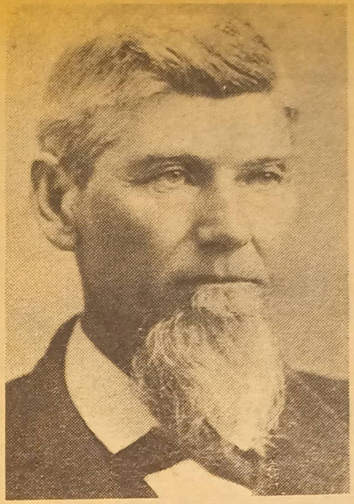
About ten o'clock, Walter saw one of the talebearers enter the Twiggs store. In a few minutes John Twiggs came charging out and hurried up the street. Sensing excitement, Walter ran up the street behind him. Mrs. Ben Sinor came out of her husband's blacksmith shop (located where Jess Powell now lives) and called to Walter not to go to Dentons'—that there was bound to be trouble.

Walter paid her no heed and ran on. Big, handsome John Twiggs, bareheaded and unarmed, was standing in front of the store telling the Dentons, in no uncertain tones, exactly what he thought of them. Inside, Walter could see Ing behind one counter, Lee behind the other, and George Anglin in between. By now a crowd was gathering.

The boy heard a shot, felt a sharp, burning pain as the bullet tore across his fingers, then he lit out running. He circled the store and came back around—holding his left hand over his chest. Blood was spurting from the wounds and somebody cried, "My God, they've shot him in the heart." A man grabbed at him and Walter practically climbed to his shoulders, he was so scared.

The Denton boys, both with pistols, were standing in the door to the store and Lee had a gun in each hand, one smaller than the other. John Twiggs was lying in the street, shot through the head. The crowd watched in fascinated horror as Belle Mooney, the Gassville teacher, ran up from the school. Belle was twenty-four years old, the prettiest and most popular girl in the whole country, and she and John Twiggs had been making wedding plans.

As a small boy helping his father butcher hogs, Walter had learned that a mad animal takes a long time dying. John Twiggs was like that. Although he never regained consciousness, he lived about thirty minutes, moaning and groaning. All that time Belle sat in the muddy street, cradling her sweetheart's head in her lap—his blood spreading out on her white skirt.



Sheriff A. G. Byler whose illustrious career was ended by Jesse Roper's Winchester, June 15, 1892 at the Twiggs Ranch

BOTH DOCTORS were out of town at the time of the shooting. Walter was carried and laid on Uncle Wesley Barnett's porch, just at the east edge of town. About noon he watched John Twiggs' father, his brothers, Joe and Billie, and several friends ride by in a hard gallop. Grim-faced and determined, they rode with their rifles laid across their saddles.

Probably more blood would have been shed that day but for the action of several level-headed men who immediately took Ing and Lee into protective custody. The men completely surrounded Uncle Billy Denton's house and although the Twiggs faction milled around all afternoon, there were no incidents before Sheriff A. G. Byler arrived from Mountain Home, the county seat, about eight miles to the east.

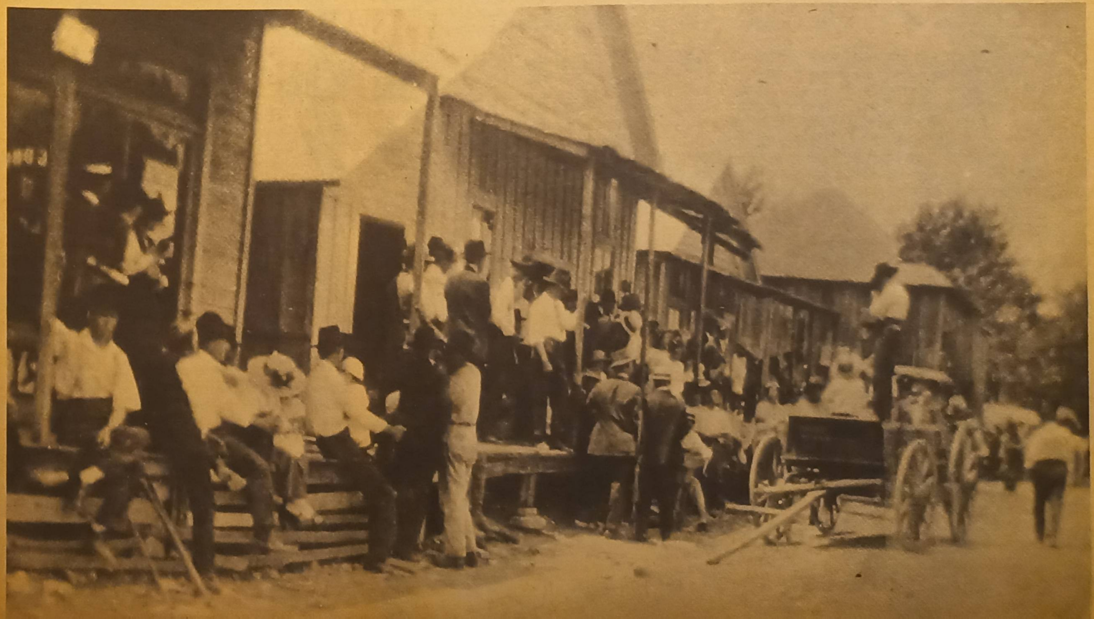
Dr. Ben Denton, Ing and Lee's brother, arrived back in town before Dr. Martin and he went straight to Barnett's and tended Walter's wounds. Although the hand soon healed under Dr. Denton's care, Walter Anglin still bears the scars. The first finger on his left hand never grew properly and the bullet's path can still be traced over the middle, ring and little fingers. Through the years Ing and Lee Denton apologized repeatedly to Mr. Anglin and Walter for hurting the boy.

Many explanations have been offered as to why the quarrel ever started, the most popular ones being trouble over cattle or some disagreement over a bill John Twiggs had collected. The real reason, it seems, was a woman—but her name was never revealed. As men, they might resort to guns to settle an argument; as gentlemen, a woman's name must never be dragged into court. Although the lady involved has been dead for many years, I learned her identity only after promising never to reveal the secret.

About a week after the shooting, the Dentons appeared before a Grand Jury at Mountain Home. George Anglin was one of the witnesses called before the court. He was asked if he saw the bullet strike John Twiggs. He replied that he saw both Dentons fire their pistols—first Lee, then Ing, but he could not say he actually saw the bullet. Since there were no ballistics experts available, who could say which brother fired the fatal shot?

(Continued on page 42)

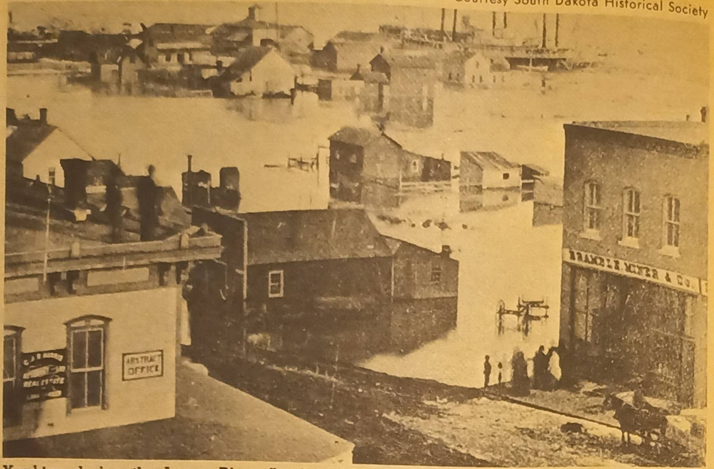
Main Street, Gassville, Arkansas, around the turn of the century. It was here in the street in front of the first store to the right that Belle Mooney tried to comfort her dying sweetheart, John Twiggs, after he was shot from inside Denton's Store.



No place on earth in the 1880s was more lonely than the James River between Huron and Yankton. Ask the ranchers along its banks—or their women. But it was great hunting country when

We Ran the Jim

By F. M. HOVER
as told to
LEOLA LEHMAN


Courtesy South Dakota Historical Society

Yankton during the James River flood which caused the muskrats to leave their dens and seek higher ground on the riverbank.

THE WINTER of '91 I spent in Huron, South Dakota, and the temperature went to forty degrees below zero. Ben Able, an old army scout, and I planned to do some hunting.

In the fall of the year grouse came down from North Dakota, sometimes five or six thousand in a flock. Ben and I hunted in a two-wheeled gig. It would turn on a dime and not tilt over. In a four-wheeled cart the two front wheels can cut under and cause an upset when making a sharp turn.

Ben's Bess was a good little pony for hunting. She was not gun-shy and we could leave her alone while we went after the grouse. When we came back with a bag full of birds, there she would be, grazing just where we had left her. Butch, our bird dog, was a good one. He got out of the gig and jumped the birds; then, when we shot them, brought them to us.

When a flock of grouse was jumped they would fly up, part of them lighting at fifty yards, some more at a hundred, and so on for about a mile. Then we got a good shot at them every fifty yards. We shot so fast our gun barrels got too hot to hold. We would pour water through the barrels from the two-gallon jug we carried. Before we were through with grouse season, our gun barrels were so thin they were sharp.

Ben and I froze the grouse we shot, packed them in barrels marked "poultry," and shipped them to Chicago. It was against the law to ship grouse out of the state so everybody who hunted, shipped them as poultry. They had white meat and were quite a delicacy.

Earlier in the fall Ben and I hunted ducks. There were long, shallow ponds with big patches of rushes growing as high as a man's head. These ponds were from one hundred to two hundred yards wide and from a half-mile to a mile long. They were just low spots where water stood.

When we were hunting, Ben would stand at one end of a pond while I stood at the other. As the flock of ducks came along, following the water, we shot so they would fall clear of the rushes.

We always shot at a mark when hunting birds. Shooting at random, you might hit one and you might not; but if you aim where two birds will cross, you will get one and perhaps two at each shot.

Ben and I loaded our own long brass shells. They were better than the ones we got at the store. When shooting so much we shot with the butt of the gun under our arms. The kick against our shoulders would have been too much. A gun that did not seem to kick at all would make a shoulder sore when shot often.

There were very few trees around that part of the country. None at all on the duck ponds. They just grew in the bend of the Jim River where the seeds washed down from above and lodged in the bend and grew. They were mostly willows, with a few elms and cottonwoods.

MUCH of my spare time that winter was spent making hay twists. There was no wood or coal to burn, so the only thing we had was hay. I would put a pile of that long-stemmed hay in the corner of the room and when I was not busy at something else, I would tie knots in big handfuls. I would pick up as much as my fingers reached around, jerk it straight, then tie a knot. I threw them into a box by the stove. They made a hot fire and burned longer than you might expect. Once that winter, when the temperature went to forty below, the residents commandeered a load of coal the railroad had for its own use. They weighed and paid for all of it but without the consent of the road.

After grouse season I opened a little cafe. There was a dance hall in the back that I rented once in a while. I ran that the rest of the winter. I served hard cider, pork weiners and buns. The dance hall was a popular place with some nationalities who lived around there. The Scandinavians would use it one night, the Irish another, and the Germans another. They all had their favorite songs and dances and everyone seemed to have a good time. I left the door between the dance hall and the cafe open so I could hear the music.

When the ice on the Jim broke, Ben and I carried out the plans we had made at the end of grouse season. He built a houseboat and made ready to run the Jim for muskrat. Ben had been in the Dakotas and Montana since he joined the army at sixteen. He had learned to make boats and rafts for crossings. He was an expert.

The boat Ben made for us cost fifty dollars. It was a good one. The cabin was large enough for all the pelts we could expect to get and for what supplies we needed. There was a steering sweep to guide her, and oars. By the time Ben finished building the boat, the ice broke and we started.

We started from Huron, the Territorial capital. The Jim twisted this way and that all the way down to Yankton. There was a bend at least every half-mile and in each bend there was a grove of willows. And there, among the willows, the muskrats had built their twig homes. High water had driven them out of the riverbanks where they ordinarily lived. We could see the twig houses just above the water. Inside, at the top, there were always two muskrats.

Ben would bring the boat in and I would shoot into the top. Two rats would jump out and be dead by the time they hit the water. Since they were dry, they floated, and when I had shot into all the twig houses we could see in one bend, Ben would steer the boat in close enough for me to pick the muskrats out of the water. That was the customary way of hunting them in that part of the country.

I never did see so many in one place except between Omaha and Hiawatha, Kansas. Along the Missouri River there was a lot of low bog land with thousands of muskrat houses. Once when I went through there, it had snowed, and all the snow was gone except on top of the dens. Each made a dome of snow and was a curiosity to see. I did not hunt there. You never poach on another man's hunting ground and I knew someone would have already staked that spot. Too

settled through there not to have been.

When Ben and I ran the Jim, we got a hundred or more rats a day. We stopped about three o'clock every day and skinned them. We cut hazel branches, broke them over our knees and slipped them inside the skins. They flared out like a tennis racquet. Then we jammed one end of the branch into the ground and left the skin to dry. The fur was turned inside, and the pelt out, so that the sun and wind could draw the moisture.

The first day we left them out two or three hours. For several days after that, we put them out while we ate dinner. By then they were dry enough to pack away with the rest of the pelts. We could put out several hundred in a few minutes. All we had to do was jam the end of the hazel stick into the ground. They looked like a small forest there along the riverbank.

I did the cooking and we usually had duck or geese shot along the way. We had crackers or bread if we had stopped in a town that had a bakery. If we had neither bread nor crackers I made flapjacks or, in an emergency, oatmeal. We always carried a tin box of compressed oats to use when we did not have anything else. If we were hungry, we did not always feel like the Englishman who said oats were for horses and Scotsmen. We found they could even be eaten raw if necessary.

AT NIGHT we often stopped at one of the ranches along the way. Sometimes we took fish with us. We would pull up by a shallow spot, wade in with our hip boots on and catch fish in our hands or shoot them until we had all we wanted. They were mostly red horse and buffalo.

These ranches had sod houses, usually two or three rooms. Some of the houses were plastered; all of them were warm. Surprisingly enough, most of them had an organ.

We were always made welcome. The young people in the families and I would play and sing after supper. Later the men and I played poker for half the night. Those ranchers were the most lonesome people I ever saw and the most hungry for news of the outside. They only went to town a time or two a year, and there was very little mail delivery. They were interested in everything and always wanted us to stay on for a few days but our time was limited.

Things that had happened ten years before were still interesting to them, especially the telephone. They knew there were telephones because they had read about them but they could hardly believe people could hear one another at great distances.

Shorthorned red Durham cattle were raised there. They were fine cattle. You did not see any roping in Dakota like down in Texas, but the ranch girls could ride a bronc like a man. Many a time I saw one of them jerk a bucking horse's head back and hit him with the spurs to prevent his getting his head between his knees and throwing her off. That was first thing in the morning. Once the horses worked a little hell out, they were tame enough for the rest of the day.

A bad spell of weather struck and we stayed at one ranch for several days. They acted like they hated to say goodbye, but we had to keep going. Several days before we reached Yankton we began to notice little blue spots on the pelts of the muskrats. That meant they had been eating green sprouts and their fur was no longer worth taking. The hair fell out of the blue spots. We didn't shoot any more but went right on in to Yankton.

We shipped our furs to Chicago which was the best market out there at that time. Later, St. Louis became a better market. We sold the boat for what it cost us. The first man we offered it to bought it. Then we spent a little time in Yankton. It was quite a place. Beginning as a supply station for the army, it grew into a good-sized town.

Ben and I were in a saloon one evening when a young fellow made a slighting remark about scouts. Ben turned on him and, without a word, flattened him.

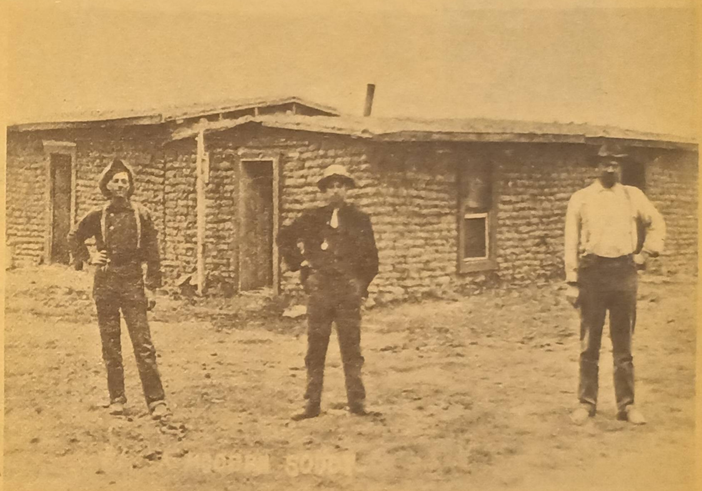
He turned and looked at the others.

"Any friends who feel the same?"

No one said a word. Ben was seventy-two years old but still tough as a whip.

We went back to Huron and hunted wolves for a while, got two dollars a scalp for them. I stayed on until summer. Ben was good company when I could get him started talking. The old Indian scout had some tall tales to tell but I had to draw him out.

I left there to go to Chicago where the first World's Fair was being held. That was the last time I ever saw Ben—but I'll never forget when we ran the Jim.

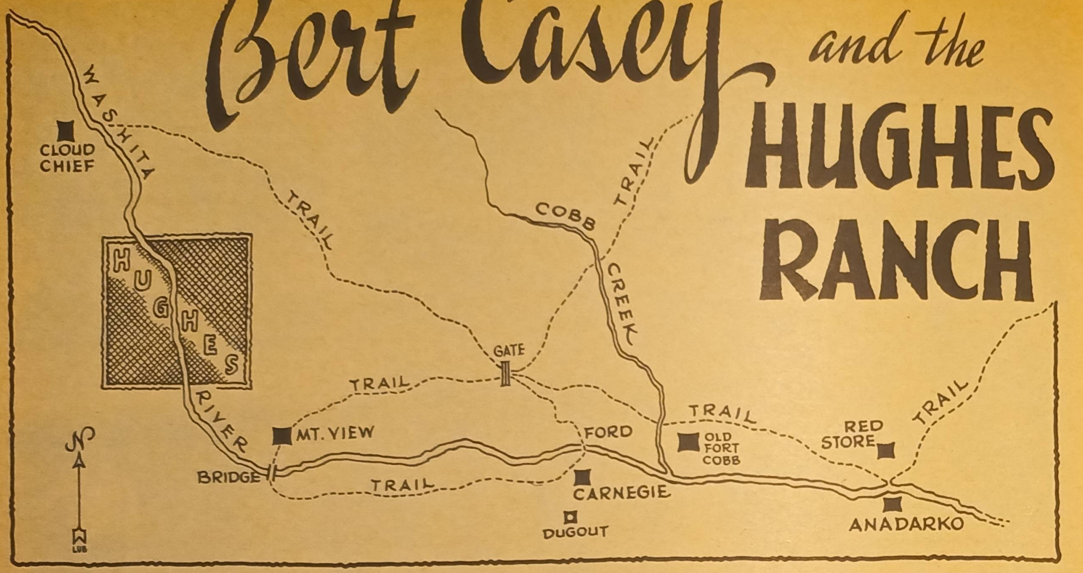

Courtesy Author

A Dakota soddy typical of those on ranches during the time when Hover and Ben Able made their run down the Jim. Cattle trains, like the one shown below, were the means by which they shipped barrels marked "poultry" to Chicago.

Courtesy Lawton E. Osborne,
Dickinson, North Dakota

Bert Casey and the HUGHES RANCH

By NAT M. TAYLOR



Map from sketch by D. R. Shepherd

The whole territory was made to order for the undirected and misdirected, and there were a few places that went a step farther. They became an early-day "home away from home" for the outlaws . . .

RUMORS circulated through the "Big Pasture" in the southwestern part of Oklahoma Territory that Bert Casey wanted to quit killing and turn himself in. "If they'll let me off with ten years in prison for all I've done I'll make a deal," he reportedly told Mat Moore, a rancher who promised to intercede for him. A few days later—November 3, 1902—the ruthless young killer was assassinated by a turncoat confederate with whom he had planned to rob the Glen bank. Local lawmen were too relieved by his death to wonder if he had really intended to reform.

Bert was a member of the big Casey clan, descended from Washington Casey, an Irish immigrant who had settled in the Chickasaw Nation about the time of the Civil War. He had eight sons, all of whom also made their homes in the Territory. Some fantastic stories have been written about the "Casey gang" of outlaws but they are hogwash. The Caseys were big brawling Irishmen but never organized into anything resembling a gang.

The first of the family to run afoul of the law were Washington's sons, Vick and Jim. They had been farming on Mustang Creek in Canadian County; one day two of their neighbors were found dead on their claims, and Chris Madsen, city marshal at El Reno, put the two Caseys before a grand jury. They were promptly indicted on a murder charge.

The brothers made bond and moved to Arapaho in Custer County, defying Madsen and his lawmen to come after them. Then, for reasons unknown, they returned to El Reno to raise a hullaballoo. Madsen was out of town at the time but when he returned and was told they had ridden toward Yukon he phoned the marshal there to intercept and arrest them. In the melee which followed, Jim was captured but Vick, though wounded, escaped. Madsen and a posse picked him up a few days later.

The pair were arraigned on a charge of murder but obtained a change of venue to Oklahoma City. While awaiting trial, Jim Casey, along with a pair of outlaw brothers named Bob and Bill Christian, broke jail. The Christians made their getaway but Jim Casey was trapped and, in the ensuing gun duel, killed a lawman named Milt Jones. A few minutes later Casey was gunned down by one of Jones' deputies. Ironically, Vick stood trial and was acquitted.

DAVE CASEY, another of Washington's sons, apparently led a law-abiding life. But Bert was hell-on-wheels. He left home when he was about fifteen and gained employment on the Hughes Brothers' ranch in the Big Pasture (now Caddo, Kiowa and Washita Counties). There he met and became friendly with some of the Territory's most notorious outlaws.

Ben and Jim Hughes had been in numerous scrapes with the law. (Ben, in fact, had stood before Fort Smith's famous "Hanging Judge," Isaac Parker, but won acquittal from a charge of murdering a deputy marshal by claiming self defense.) Their ranch became a refuge and base of operations for the likes of Hookie Miller, Ben Cravens, Red Buck—and Bert Casey.

Bert was suspected of having a hand in the outlawry going on in the vicinity of Anadarko and Mountain View but no one had been able to pin anything on him until eleven-year-old Jay Beenblossom was murdered.

The boy and his father, Dr. Z. E. Beenblossom, were on their way to Lawton for the August 6, 1901, land drawing. They were from Oklahoma City and had come as far as Rush Springs by train, where the doctor's older son, Herbert, and his nephew, Harry Divbashear, had met them in a buggy. At their camp that night they were approached by three armed horsemen. Divbashear went for his gun but one of the outlaws beat him to the trigger, grazing Divbashear and seriously wounding Jay Beenblossom, who had been standing near him. The boy died that night despite his father's desperate attempt to save him.

Dr. Beenblossom swore he would devote all his time and energy to apprehending the criminals—identified as Bert Casey and Walter Swafford—who had murdered his son. Working with law enforcement officers, he discovered that the pair had fled toward Pottawatomie County, where there was an outlaw refuge halfway between Keokuk and the Corner Saloon. Pottawatomie lawmen immediately formed a posse and trapped Casey and Swafford in an open field. In the gunfight which followed, Swafford was killed and George Stone, one of the possemen, was wounded, but Casey escaped by jumping a high fence and racing for cover.

On his way back to the Hughes Ranch he stole a team of horses from a man named Martin, an old enemy of his (Martin had apparently boasted in public that he would capture Casey). He took the team to Mountain View and told Mat Moore, his friend, what he had done. Moore berated Casey for stealing the horses and traded the young killer a pair from his own pasture, promising to see that Martin's were returned.

Evading the law, Bert teamed with another outlaw and built a dugout on the Swafford farm, his headquarters for a series of robberies at the Washita Bridge near Anadarko. Notified of Casey's whereabouts, Sheriff Frank Smith of Anadarko and two deputies, George Beck and Jim Berger, rode out to arrest them. Smith and Beck crept up to the dugout on foot and called for Casey to come out, but were answered by a blast from Casey's gun. The sheriff collapsed, mortally wounded, and Beck, after a brief exchange with the outlaws, also went down. Berger fled for help and the two criminals escaped while he was gone.

NEWS of the double killing aroused the citizenry of southwest Oklahoma and more pressure was put on the federal officers at Guthrie to either kill or capture Bert Casey and break up the rendezvous at the Hughes Ranch. But the outlaws seemed to have an ironclad system of protection and warning. They had either intimidated or bought off most of the settlers and saloonmen in the area and seemed to know every move the law made.

Finally the authorities decided to send a spy to the ranch. Louis Houston—a brother of Jim Hughes' first wife—was the man they chose. Houston had always been on good terms with the Hughes boys and thought he could gain their confidence. He was commissioned a deputy U.S. marshal, a deputy sheriff, and put on a salary of $500 a month. As planned, the Hughes brothers took him on as a regular hand at $30 a month, plus board, and a detachment of federal deputies gathered incognito in Guthrie to wait for Houston to report Casey's appearance.

Here the lawmen's plans went haywire—one of the deputies got drunk and confided to Smith Brown, a Guthrie saloonkeeper, what Houston was really doing at the Hughes Ranch—and the cat was out of the bag. The outlaws were notified immediately and Louis Houston became a marked man.

On October 19, 1902, Jim Hughes sent Houston after a crippled mule at the Lorenzo Ranch in Washita County. On his way to get the mule Houston "ran into" Bert Casey and Fred Hudson, who said they were on their way to Mountain View and would ride with him.

Hudson and Houston were seen together in Mountain View on October 20. After leaving town, they rejoined Casey and Jim Hughes, who had ridden out to meet them. Reaching Willow Creek they stopped and Houston dismounted to get a drink of water and was immediately roped and bound. He pleaded for his life, saying he never intended to turn Casey in and was just milking the lawmen of their money, but Casey and company paid no attention as they dragged him to a nearby tree and hanged him.

When the body was found still suspended from a tree limb a couple of days later, it was assumed to be that of a cow thief and quite unsympathetically was cut down and buried. Not until the former Mrs. Hughes reported her brother missing was the body exhumed and identified.

Meanwhile Hudson, who had separated from Casey and Hughes after the hanging, was arrested after robbing the Cobb Post Office. He was arraigned before Judge Love in Custer County. Hudson didn't relish the idea of a long prison term so he contacted Marshal Fossett of Guthrie, offering to bring Casey into custody within thirty days if the law would drop charges against him. Fossett agreed and released his prisoner.

Hudson teamed up with Ed Lockett and the pair went to Mountain View to "visit" Casey. Again the Hughes Brothers' secret telegraph was operating and Bert was warned that Hudson had made a deal with Marshal Fossett. Unfortunately, this time Casey didn't listen.

"He was foolin' Fossett to get out of jail," he is reported to have laughed.

MAT MOORE always claimed Casey was serious about his proposition to turn himself in, if he could get off with a ten-year sentence. Despite his many depredations, Casey wasn't getting rich as an outlaw and Moore bought and presented him with a new suit of clothes.

A few days later, November 1, 1902, Casey, Hudson, Lockett and an outlaw named Simms left the Hughes Ranch heavily armed. They planned to rob the Glen (now Cleo Springs) bank, and camped a few miles away while Casey and Simms surveyed the town and planned an escape route. During the time Hudson and Lockett were alone together Hudson expressed concern that someone besides Casey might be killed if they all went through with the robbery. Lockett agreed and the pair decided to wait until morning, get the drop on the unsuspecting outlaws, and kill them.

The four ate breakfast together and arranged their gear, then returned to the campfire to warm their guns to insure their working smoothly during the robbery. By prearrangement Hudson was crouching opposite Casey and Lockett opposite Simms. Hudson nodded and he and Lockett opened fire. Neither Casey nor Simms had a chance to fight back.

Hudson telephoned Fossett to come get the bodies. Bert's relatives came to Guthrie to claim his, and burial took place near El Reno. What became of Simms' body is not known.

Hudson got off with a light sentence, as promised, and further aided Fossett by describing the hanging of Louis Houston, claiming he was forced to accompany the lynchers or be shot. On April 17, 1906, a Caddo County grand jury indicted Ben and Jim Hughes, Hudson and Bert Casey (posthumously) for the Houston murder. Hudson was cleared of his participation and the Hughes brothers, through their lawyer, Moman Pruitt, eventually were acquitted. But their power was broken. Legal fees forced them to sell their ranch and other possessions. After winning his freedom, Jim settled in Mountain View, where he lived out his life in near-poverty, and Ben bought a small farm near Moorewood, in Roger Mills County, where he spent his last days.

Bert Casey, the brutal young desperado, and others like him, had been their ticket to riches. With the country settled by farmers and the reign of outlawry broken, the Hughes brothers had only bitter memories to take with them to the grave.

Ben and Jim Hughes in 1930

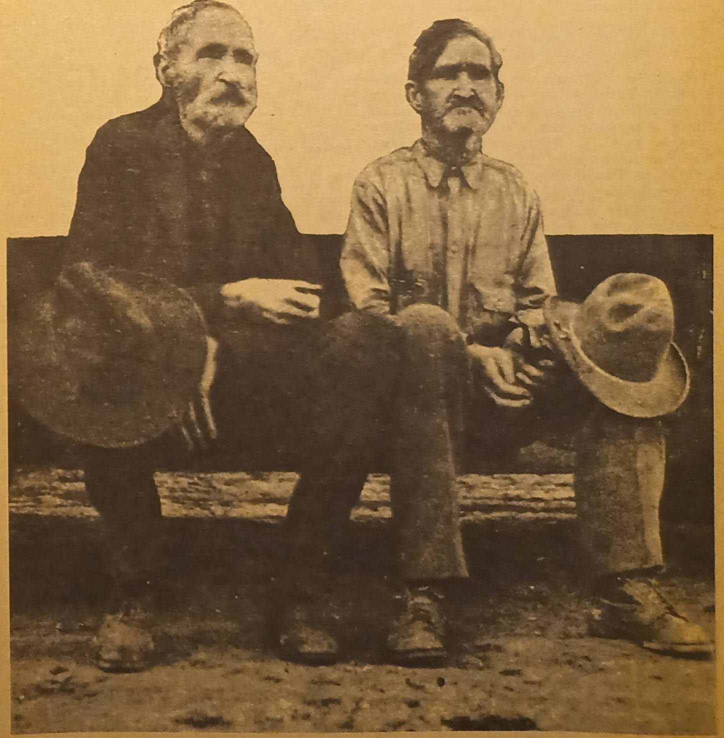


Photo Courtesy Author

Bitter Sunset

(Continued from page 26)

minute. His thoughts must have ranged back over the years, over the many wars and battles he had fought and the terrible destruction he had thrown across the hills and mesas—all for nothing. He was defeated at last. He lifted his eyes towards *Holos*, the sun who had been his friend but like all others had forsaken him now and was dropping beyond the rim of hills in the west. It was sunset, a bitter sunset.

"Enju," he murmured, "it is finished." He got slowly and heavily to his feet, bringing the rifle into the crook of his arm. "It is finished. We shall go to the big *nan-tan* but the Apaches shall not go as dogs. We shall keep our weapons, for we are proud. Let us go."

Lieutenant Gatewood, be it Charles or Jerome, of the Sixth United States Cavalry, looked at the fallen chief and a wave of pity passed through him for this once powerful old warrior. He had been a brave and worthy enemy and he had fought fiercely under the only code he knew, be it ever so opposed and distasteful to the white man's way of thinking. And now it was all over. But he stood there, firelight flickering upon his dark features, defiance still in his black eyes, proud even in defeat.

The impact of that moment was upon Gatewood. The long, frightful campaign was over. The fact's tremendous importance raced through him like a grass fire; the chief the Indians called Gokliya had surrendered; Gokliya the terror of the southwest, the scourger of both the Americans and the Mexicans, who knew him as Geronimo.

White Man's Revenge

(Continued from page 35)

But the minute the other Indians started showing up, Coffee got busy. It seemed to me there were millions of them. I guess there were hundreds—maybe two or three hundred. We'd see the dust cloud first, moving down the First Devil. Hours later the slow-loping ponies would reach Sagebrush Flat. There would be fat, nut-brown-faced old men, wearing black felt hats down to their ears, with long black braids hanging down their backs, tied with bright strings at the ends. There would be fat women in bright shawls handling the *travois*, the dragging tree-limbs that were fastened to the pony and used to carry the family furnishings. There would be running, half-naked children older than my brother and me, and there would be young Indian maidens and staring, sullen braves.

BEFORE Coffee came into the picture and made friends with my parents, the Indians went through our house and homestead like so many locusts, virtually ignoring my father and mother. They would dismount, enter the cabin, take whatever food they could find—I've seen them grab and eat cobs we ourselves had left from roasting ears—help themselves to coffee mother always had on the stove, and carry off everything they could in the way of food.

And watermelons! The Indian didn't live who could get past a watermelon without thumping it to see if it was ripe. If it was, he had to steal it. He simply broke it open and squatted down, probably with some companions forming a circle around the melon with him, then started digging in with dirty fingers, eating noisily.

When they left they didn't say thanks—they didn't pay.

Coffee changed all that. When my parents explained to him that they had to sell their produce to live, he talked to the Indians. And after that they would take hard-earned money and pay for what they got instead of gambling with it at the potlatch.

They always camped overnight in the road just outside our stretch of fence, which separated our homestead from the public dirt road. My brother and I would run to watch them pitch their wickiups—lodge poles erected to form a cone, over which blankets and canvas were thrown, with a smoke-hole at the top. *Travois* poles were used as lodge poles.

Coffee joined them now and then—always coming back to squat in our house. When other Indians were around, he was even more ashamed of being an Indian.

Then one day, when I was old enough to understand all about it, he told us his story.

"I WAS even younger than Stephen," he said, "when I killed a white man. I didn't exactly kill him—or his wife or children—but I was there. I was in bad company—Indian company.

"They got the firewater from white men. We were heading this way, the grown men drinking and shouting. I was afraid, but I wouldn't show it. They laughed at me because I was too young to drink.

"Just before we started into Moses Coulee, we met a white man. His wife and young children were with him. They were quitting Washington, I think, heading back to their old homes in the East. They never got there—our paths crossed at a very bad time for them, especially since they showed that they were afraid of us.

"The man had a rifle, and he grabbed it when we rode out of the tall sagebrush just ahead of their wagon team. He never had a chance to shoot. The grown men in our party had been wanting to show how brave and strong they were, and that they could still handle white men . . ."

Coffee gulped, covered his cheekbones with his hands, and scrooched deeper into his shirt collar.

"We killed the whole family," he said. "We scalped all of them—father, mother, and three children. While the older braves were still drunk and reckless, they hung all five bloody bodies in a tree beside the road.

"Then somebody sobered up enough to realize what we had done, and panic hit us. We took off at our best speed for British Columbia, where brother Indians might give us hiding.

"White men must have passed along within minutes after the massacre, for they were on our trail in a hurry. We did everything we could to shake them off. But word seemed to fly on ahead of us, and out to the sides, and we were caught before we got to British Columbia.

"They took us all the way back to Spokane. We didn't ask what they were going to do with us. We knew. I was scared. The older men were, too. But they hid it better.

"We were tried at Spokane. Then we were all hanged by our necks from the Monroe Street Bridge."

He stopped there, as though that were the end of the story.

Then, slowly, he told the rest of it. The older men were hanged by the neck until they were dead. But when Coffee's turn came, they looped the rope around his neck, lowered him gently, and let him kick and strangle. Then they pulled him up and revived him. They did that three times. Then they said, "Let this be a lesson to you, Siwash."

It was. Coffee never forgot.

Bears Are Bigger in the Dark

(Continued from page 31)

but all we found of the bear was some piddling little tracks where an over-curious, not-over-a-yearling black or cinnamon bear, doubtless innocently interested in the inviting scent of dry salt pork, had also managed to scare the holy tar out of a couple of kids.

That day we tallied and salted Pa's cattle and still rode in home in time for hot biscuits and gravy for supper—and for me to enter two more philosophical axioms in "Omar's Favorite Philosophy & Other Facts of Life," to-wit:

1. No fire, no gravy.
2. Little bears snort big in the dark.

The Denton-Twiggs Feud

(Continued from page 37)

On this technicality the Dentons were released.

The Dentons belonged to the Masonic Lodge. Twiggs sympathizers claimed the Grand Jury were all Masons and were prejudiced. However, John Twiggs was a Mason, too. The fact that the Dentons were on their own property and John Twiggs was not also was taken into consideration.

The Denton boys returned to their store, but things were not the same. They lived in mortal fear of their lives. Any stranger was immediately distrusted—he might be a hired killer. They had the whole face of the bluff at Denton's ferry skinned off so there would be no chance of ambush while they tended their cattle. One night their store was broken into—bolts of calico were unrolled over the counters, soaked in kerosene and set afire. That fire failed to burn, but a later attempt was successful. Twiggs friends claimed the Dentons set the fire themselves to collect insurance; the Dentons, of course, suspected the Twiggs.

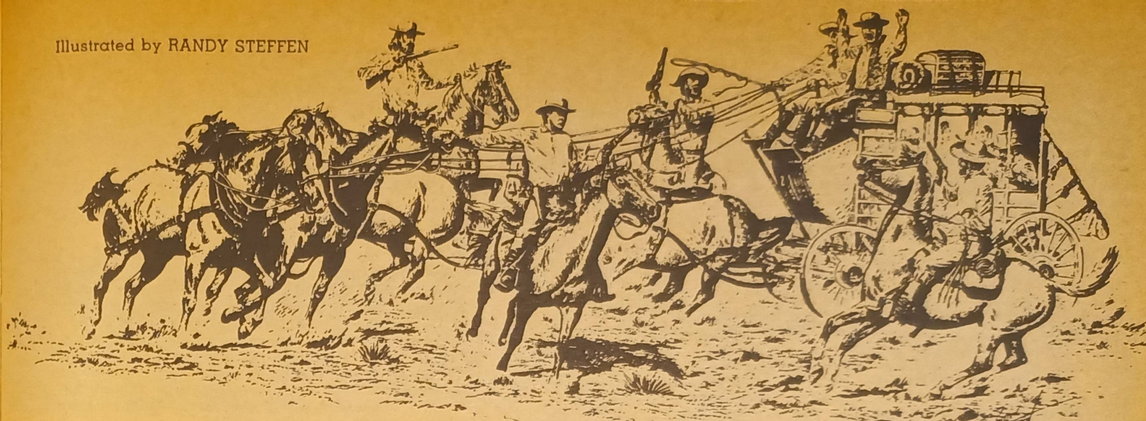
Ing and Lee no longer walked up and down the street openly, but cut in behind Sinor's blacksmith shop, for they knew Joe Twiggs often stood in the door of his store with a gun pointed toward the street.

IN EARLY JUNE, Jesse Roper came to stay at the Twiggs Ranch. An orphan, he was either John and Joe Twiggs' cousin, or their sister's boy. He was about twenty-four and, according to Jesse Powell, Roper was medium size, sandy haired and very good looking. He wore nice clothes, the most outstanding part of his costume being his small-brimmed, black felt hat which he wore with the high crown squashed down in front.

It was later claimed that Roper was a hired gunslinger, already a hardened

(Continued on page 48)

Illustrated by RANDY STEFFEN



"The horses reared, pitched, twisted, whirled, wheeled, ran . . . and cut all sorts of capers. The coach performed so many evolutions that I, in fear of my life, abandoned it, and took to my heels, fully confident that I could make more progress in a straight line, with much less risk of breaking my neck."

Thus a reporter for *The New York Herald* described his ride on

THE LONGEST STAGE ROUTE IN THE WORLD

By M. R. KRYTHE

AT 7:30, on Sunday morning, October 10, 1858, an Overland Mail stagecoach dashed along the streets of San Francisco and drew up at the Plaza. At once the shrill blast of a whistle reported the arrival of the first U.S. mail—two bags—over the new Butterfield route, just 23 days and 20 hours out of St. Louis. This is the longest stagecoach route the world has ever known—the official distance being given as 2757½ miles. En route, the average speed was less than five miles per hour, with the fastest time, seven and a half miles, made on one stretch in California.

The San Franciscans were jubilant as their dream of closer connection with the East seemed to be coming true; and they could hardly believe that the recent dates on the newspapers they received were correct. There was much excitement, which George Hugh Banning describes so well in his SIX HORSES.

When the coach itself, behind six sweating, snorting grays, came rattling through her streets, there were horsemen in advance to clear a path through the surging mob. Flags were draped from crowded windows and flying from congested rooftops; while the driver, proud as Louis Napoleon at the fetes of Cherbourg, nodded a response to the shrieking, whistling riot with all the dignity of a field marshal. Cannon and brass band boomed together, "stovepipes" crushed between tramping boots in a howling stream of color that flooded the plaza. Then a mass meeting jammed the Music Hall in honor of "a new epoch" and "the end of the steamship monopoly."

Up to this time, mail had reached the Pacific Coast mainly via Panama, on Pacific Mail steamers. Communication was slow and very irregular; in fact, six weeks passed before Californians received the glad news that their state had been admitted into the Union on September 9, 1850.

Their first senators, Gwin and Fremont, presented petitions to Congress, asking for better mail facilities and overland passenger service. Although the people of the state urged the construction of a transcontinental railroad, they realized that, at first, they must compromise for a stage line.

In 1857 James Birch was given the contract of carrying mail from the Mississippi, on a 30-day basis, over the Santa Fe Trail, and to California via San Antonio, El Paso, and Fort Yuma. This was called the "Jackass Mail," as its coaches were drawn by mules. From Fort Yuma, the mail was carried on muleback to the western terminus, San Diego. This southern point didn't please the San Franciscans, so they sent more petitions to Washington, D.C. The result was that Congress passed, on March 3, 1857, an important law that permitted the founding of the famous, but short-lived, Butterfield Overland Stage Route.

AS the Southerners were quite predominant at this period, a decidedly southern route was chosen. Postmaster General Aaron V. Brown selected Memphis and St. Louis as the two eastern points of departure. The lines joined at Ft. Smith, Arkansas; from there the route extended through Indian territory, across Texas and New Mexico, to Fort Yuma. At one point the road dipped down into old Mexico, again turned north, and reached Los Angeles by way of Warner's Ranch and El Monte. Northward, the Butterfield stages made their way to San Francisco, through the San Joaquin Valley, touching at Gilroy and San Jose, before reaching the end of the route—San Francisco.

The bill subsidizing the line required that good four-horse stages, suitable for conveying passengers, to be used by the company and that the trip must not take more than twenty-five days. As soon as the route was settled, many wondered who would get the contract for this stupendous project of carrying mail across our wide continent. The lucky man was John Butterfield, who already had proven his executive ability by getting hold of the major stage lines in New York state; also, in 1850, he had organized the American Express Company.

Butterfield and his associates were allowed just one year to make the complicated and necessary preparations. These included building 165 stations, with corrals for the animals; digging wells and planning water supplies for desert spots; sites had to be chosen for fording streams, and some bridges built. Supply bases, with shops for repairing equipment, must be provided; also they bought 1,200 horses and 600 mules along with the necessary food supplies and distributed them at the various stations. Then there was the vital matter of finding 750 capable men—division managers, attendants for

(Continued on page 46)

Rattlesnakes I Have Known

(Continued from page 13)

been branding yearlings all day and came to the wagon about dark. After we had eaten supper and were about to spread our pallets, a rattlesnake set up a buzzing in the midst of us. Flashlights were then unknown. Nobody knew where the snake was. The hands scattered like a covey of quail, each with his bedding, and no sleep was lost.

I have never camped with anybody who took the trouble to coil a hair rope, a *cabestro*, around his pallet to ward off snakes. Some people in some parts of the country believed to an extent in its efficacy, the theory being that a rattlesnake does not like to have his belly tickled by horse hairs and so won't crawl over a hair rope, one of horse tail being more prickly than one of horse mane. The theory was long ago proven invalid. One summer on a story-hunting excursion into New Mexico, I stopped at Vernon to visit Bob More, ornithologist and manager of the widespread Waggoner ranches. He insisted on my taking a hair rope hanging in his office. I delighted in the gift but never used it as a defense against night-crawling rattlesnakes.

People who live with rattlesnakes take them for granted, though they watch out for them. A person used to the ground and snakes doesn't have to poke a stick into every clump of grass or shake every bush to make sure there isn't a rattlesnake there.

ONE TIME I was stalking for deer down a mesquite flat in the Olmos pasture on my uncle Jim Dobie's ranch in LaSalle County. While expecting to see a buck any second, I saw the biggest rattlesnake I had at that time laid eyes on. Not more than six steps away, he was on almost bare ground near a rat's nest in a big clump of prickly pear. I didn't want to shoot him because I didn't want to disturb the game. I moved a little, looking for a dry mesquite stick to hit him with. I couldn't find anything heavy enough. There were no rocks at all in the vicinity. When I moved, he rattled. I hesitated a little while as to whether to leave him and go on hunting or kill him. My hackles rose. I felt that primeval hate. A .30-30 bullet put an end to him. I measured him with my rifle, and he was four inches over six feet long and about as thick through as the lower part of my leg. I didn't see a buck that evening.

Another time on a warm winter day I was riding in the sacahuista—tall salt grass growing in clumps—in the Nueces River valley on the Olmos Ranch. The sun was low. I was riding almost due east when I heard off to the northeast the loudest rattlesnake rattling I recollect having heard. My horse shied, and looking to where the sound was coming from, I saw an enormous rattlesnake reared up fully two feet high between clumps of grass. I guess he was on the prod and wanted to tell any passerby not to come his way. I really wasn't going his way at all when he rattled.

Rattlesnakes are said to have almost no hearing but to be acutely sensitive to motion on the ground. I rode up fairly close to him and pulled a .30-30 out of the scabbard and killed him. He was nearly as big as the snake I killed while stalking for deer.

In no other region where I have been do so many rattlesnakes exist as in the brush country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. One summer while out horseback most of the time I killed an average of three a day for a month, some days less and some days more. More of them were in the shade of bushes on bare ground than anywhere else.

Maybe the nearest I ever was to being bit was on LaMota Ranch, which joined the Olmos. My wife Bertha was with me, and we rode in a car to an earthen tank, where I got out just to look around. I was on top of a wide dam not too far away from the car when I heard a scream. I moved in a hurry. Bertha told me that she'd seen a rattlesnake strike at me and miss, the strike being the fastest action in the animal world she'd ever seen. I'm positive this rattlesnake did not rattle before it struck, or I would have heard it. It struck while or after I was passing it—and was manifestly a poor judge of distance.

Another time I was with my wife on a dude ranch in Medina County. We had ridden out horseback and dismounted to look around. She was walking toward a bird, and just as she got between two oak trees and looked down, became aware of a rattlesnake coiled almost at her feet. It didn't rattle and it didn't strike. Naturally, she got away from it.

I RECOLLECT one particular snake on account of the strong odor it gave off. Along in 1921 while I was managing the Olmos Ranch in LaSalle County, I went to the Piedra Tank to meet a string of steers that the cow outfit was bringing from another pasture. Up on a rise of ground maybe two hundred yards from the tank a goatherder had his camp and brush pens in which the goats were enclosed at night to protect them from coyotes. The camp ground was distinctly smelly, but the smells were not quite so strong down by the tank. I arrived an hour or so before the steers got there and part of the time sat on the ground near the trunk of a long-fallen mesquite tree. While I was sitting there, idle-minded, I was aroused by a strong smell—distinctly different from that made by billygoats or any other kind of goats. I can't say what it was like. It alerted me, and looking about in search of its origin, I saw a big rattlesnake, fully five feet long, not more than four steps away, approaching the other end of the log. He was in slow motion and apparently not alarmed.

The odor I detected was coming from him. I got the rope off my saddle, doubled it and killed him. I had rather kill a rattlesnake with a doubled rope, particularly with a knot tied in it, than with a chunk of wood or a rock. It's more easily wielded. After I struck the snake the odor became heavier—more intense.

In his book The *Sense of Smell*, Roy Bedichek devotes a chapter to the odors that rattlesnakes do, or do not, give off. One rattlesnake hunter describes the smell of a quiet rattlesnake as that of a green watermelon just cut open, but of an angry or aroused rattlesnake as similar to that of a wet dog. Another witness identifies the smell as resembling that of a split cucumber; another as suggesting the smell of a billygoat.

Another one asserts that he never smelled a rattlesnake before he found him and does not believe anybody else could smell a snake before finding it. The most ignorant are always the most positive. If a dog can find a rattlesnake by smelling it out, and some dogs can, I don't see why a keen-nosed human being might not find one through the sense of smell. I am not keen-nosed; I have smoked too many pounds of pipe tobacco. No smoker can be keen-nosed. One time down in the mountains of western Sonora I hunted javelinas with a native *hombre del campo*. He had a couple of worthless dogs and smelled a bunch of five javelinas before the dogs did. He told me later that he had located rattlesnakes by smell. I've smelled several other rattlesnakes, but the one at the Piedra Tank was the only one I ever smelled before I saw or heard it.

Not in belief, but merely following folk superstition, as a boy I hung various dead rattlesnakes up on fences or bushes or left them turned on their backs "to make it rain." We always needed rain.

It used to be thought, perhaps still is, that if a dead rattlesnake is left where it was killed, its mate will come to it. I've kept an eye on quite a few rattlesnakes to see if the mate appeared, but never saw one appear.

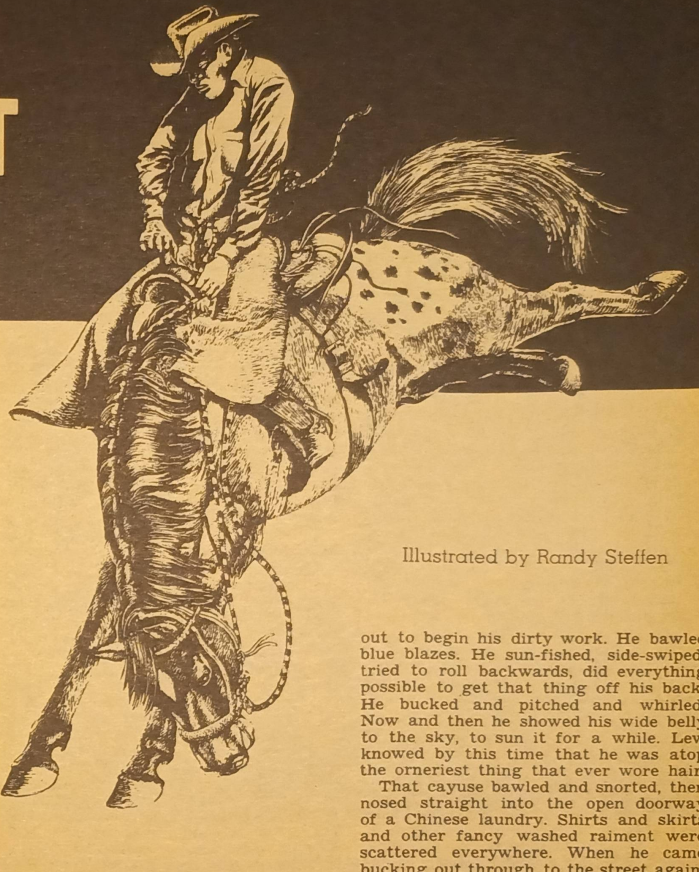
ONE dead rattlesnake in my experience stands out. As a boy I was riding horseback alone out in what we called The Big Pasture of our ranch in Live Oak County. Approaching a fringe of brush, I saw three deer under a clump of live oak trees up an open hill. A doe was jumping up and down, coming down stiff-legged as if hoofing something. I stopped and watched the performance for a minute or more before the deer scented me and dashed away. Then I rode to where the doe had been jumping up and down stiff-legged and saw a rattlesnake dead but still writhing, its hide lacerated in several places. I've always heard that deer sometimes kill rattlesnakes. I saw this. On the other hand, the most deer I've seen in the brush country of southwest Texas have been where rattlesnakes were also most abundant. I doubt if deer kill many rattlesnakes.

Sheep and hogs are credited with killing rattlesnakes. I don't know. One time I saw twelve or fifteen wild turkey gobblers making a great to-do over something on the ground in the brush. I thought it must be a rattlesnake they were after, but when I got there I couldn't find any rattlesnake—dead or alive. The late J. F. Barnes told me that rattlesnakes on his ranch in San Saba County were greatly diminished by hundreds of domestic turkeys that he allowed a man to range on his land.

I'm inclined not to believe many things heard and read about rattlesnakes. Years ago I ran a series of newspaper columns on the subject: "Do Rattlesnakes Swallow Their Young?" Scores of people wrote to inform me of seeing rattlesnakes and other species of snakes swallow little ones. Herpetologists say that the digestive juices down a snake's throat will eat up any flesh swallowed, that after a young snake is born its mother pays no attention whatsoever to it.

Many people see whatever they expect to see, believe what they want to believe. If they are brought up to look for ghosts, they'll see ghosts. If they expect to find a robber, a devil, or a Communist hiding under a bed, they are sure to find him; at least, they will report the finding. The character of a witness is often aired in court. In society and in many newspapers any kind of rumor about any kind of beast and often about innocent people is spread abroad. I'm no longer actively interested in superstitions and rumors about rattlesnakes. Yet any really good story about a rattlesnake is justified.

THE MEANEST CAYUSE



By JOE E. DASH

This horse was a bad'un, but for $22, Lew Stone would mount anything that wore hair.

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

YOU might have heard of wild horses which were killers and hard to top off. This affair happened back in the early 80's, when the longhorn cattle herds were trailed from Texas into this northwest country, and, of course, many bad horses came in with the trail herds.

Lew Stone, considered one of the best bronc twisters in that day, also came in with the trail herds to settle down around this little cowtown of Spokane. Folks said that Lew could ride anything that wore hair and top off the worst killer cayuses ever born. People hereabouts said that no horse, bad or otherwise, ever put Lew to eating gravel. But Lew believed in one thing: that there never was a cayuse that couldn't be rode, or a cowpoke that couldn't be throwed.

One day, Homer Shinn, the man who ran the Black Hawk barn and breaking corrals, brought in a man-killing cayuse from Cabbage Flats, near Pine Creek. This animal was 8 years old before a rope ever touched his broad neck. No rider that ever tried to top him off lasted more'n two jumps. Seemed like this inborn cayuse always had the few extra twists and tricks needed to set a man afoot.

However, everybody in this neck of the woods knew Lew Stone, the bronc twister, and Lew was the man they wanted to see tackle this horse. Folks around this little cowtown were sort of betting people, and anything which spelled dynamite in the raw was a show. And when the town got word that Lew Stone was at the Black Hawk breaking corrals, excitement ran high. They came a-running to the stables to see the fun. But Lew, seeing the crowds, wasn't going to ride this killer horse just for fun.

"Folks," he said, "you all want to see me top off this piece of animal dynamite. Fine, I'll do my best; but what about making up some kind of purse? I'd like to get something out of this besides a broke neck."

Old cowhands, perched on top of the corral poles, stretched themselves and dug deep into their jeans; others, too—storekeepers, clerks and a banker or two—tossed in a dime, a quarter, even a half dollar into a hat. When they counted the proceeds, they found they had collected $22. Lew thought that was all right—he could take a chance on the worst one for that.

But don't get me wrong; Lew knowed what he was up against—the dirtiest, orneriest, hell-for-leather killer-cayuse around. Still the deal was made.

Lew had to ride this animal down the gravel and dirt streets and bring him back to the Black Hawk breaking corrals.

LEW went to work. It didn't take him long to saddle him. This horse had been saddled so often he didn't mind that. He was just waiting for the next act, to see that thing in chaps on his middle.

Then, suddenly, before anyone knew what was happening, Lew was straddle of him, and that hunk of solid dynamite took to the air.

That cayuse went up, sailed around awhile in the sky, and came down stiff-legged on all fours. Then he straightened out to begin his dirty work. He bawled blue blazes. He sun-fished, side-swiped, tried to roll backwards, did everything possible to get that thing off his back. He bucked and pitched and whirled. Now and then he showed his wide belly to the sky, to sun it for a while. Lew knowed by this time that he was atop the orneriest thing that ever wore hair.

That cayuse bawled and snorted, then nosed straight into the open doorway of a Chinese laundry. Shirts and skirts and other fancy washed raiment were scattered everywhere. When he came bucking out through to the street again, people held their breath. They knew they were looking at a chunk of living dynamite.

Then to the sidewalk, and right through the door of another wash-house horse and rider went. When the cayuse came bucking out this time, he had several shirts wound around his front legs. This gave him fits and he went plumb loco.

Suddenly he crashed into Dempsey's general store. The crash of dishes, utensils and tin ware testified that hell broke loose inside the store. Out once more on the gravel and dirt street, he went at it again and headed for the city dump, then to the river's edge.

The crowds whooped and yelled. It was some show! When the maddened bronc was about to sweep into the raging waters, Lew swung out of the saddle. The crowds judged that this was the end of the show, but Lew had another idea; he had to ride that cayuse back to the Black Hawk breaking corrals before he could collect the money.

LEW took after him down the river shore line. The crowd, whooping and yelling, ran with him. And down the Peaceful Valley shore the current tossed the cayuse toward the banks. That hell-

(Continued on page 53)

The Longest Stage Route in the World

(Continued from page 43)

stations, hostelers, drivers, agents, and other personnel. It was a gigantic undertaking; but when the year rolled round, John Butterfield was ready to dispatch two stages, one from the East and the other from the Pacific Coast, on the perilous journey across our country.

The latter reached Tipton, Missouri, 160 miles west of St. Louis, in less than 24 days; at once the mail was placed on a train and taken to the terminus. John Butterfield was there to meet the mail. Excited people carried him on their shoulders to the post office, while bands played, cannon boomed, bells pealed, and shrill fire whistles sounded. President Buchanan sent Butterfield a telegram, congratulating him on his important achievement.

THE first coach from the East stopped in Los Angeles on October 7, 1858, at 2 P.M., after fording the Los Angeles River between Aliso and Macy Streets. It carried only one passenger, a 21-year-old reporter for the *New York Herald*, named Waterman L. Ormsby. In his reports he has given us a fascinating account of that rough journey, in a sturdy coach with three seats, the backs of which could be let down to make a rough bed. He didn't sleep the first three days, as "It took some time to get accustomed to the jolting of the rough road, the rocks, and log bridges."

There were brief stops to change teams; at first he had a basket of food and drink provided by John Butterfield; later the reporter ate some rather "homely" meals at various stations. Luckily on this trip there was no Indian trouble; but often there were delays because of stubborn horses. Ormsby tells that on one occasion:

"The horses reared, pitched, twisted, whirled, wheeled, ran, stood still, and cut up all sorts of capers. The coach performed so many evolutions that I, in fear of my life, abandoned it, and took to my heels, fully confident that I could make more progress in a straight line, with much less risk of breaking my neck."

When this first Butterfield stage was making its way through Arizona and California, the drivers followed trails that had been used before; so it was easier to keep to their schedule. Ormsby declared that the finest horses on the entire trip were used at the western end of the line. When the stage reached Warner's Ranch, the young reporter felt he was really getting back to civilization. During the short stop in Los Angeles, he was impressed by the "fine buildings" and the "thrifty and business-like character of the city"; also he praised the luscious grapes then ripening in the vineyards.

There was some fast driving on the way north, and the reporter was very happy that they got through without any accidents on the rough mountain roads. At Gilroy, San Jose, and San Francisco, Ormsby was flooded with questions about the details of this momentous journey.

After the initial runs, the Butterfield stages continued to run in both directions. This line was a success, in spite of great difficulties, because of the expert leadership of Butterfield and his able assistants. During the first year, the revenue from the mail itself amounted to only $27,000; however, the company had been guaranteed an annual subsidy of $300,000 for semi-monthly service and up to $600,000 on a semi-weekly basis. Naturally there were many complaints about the high cost, but some editors praised the work of the line, and emphasized the fact that the southern route was suitable for all-year-round use. Politicians realized the need for closer communication with California, even though the cost was high. For, on the West Coast, there had been rumors of revolt, with some talk of setting up an independent government, to be called the Pacific Republic.

INDIANS soon began to give the Overland stages trouble; some stations were attacked and the attendants killed, the horses stolen. Sometimes the Apaches held up the stages and demanded the bags of corn which they knew were carried. The Cherokees, amazed at the coaches, called John Butterfield "The Great Father of the Swift Wagon." Weather caused difficulties, too, especially when windstorms raged over the deserts, or heavy rains descended and changed dry river beds to raging torrents. The coaches often had to make their slow way through hub-deep sands.

In spite of such obstacles, the stage line gained in popularity; and, by 1860, was carrying more overland mail than the ocean steamers.

However, the Butterfield coaches were destined to operate only two years, for by March, 1861, seven Southern states had seceded. At once the Postmaster General ordered Route 12578 (the Butterfield line) discontinued; then plans were made to send the mail over a more northerly route. So it was the Civil War that stopped Butterfield's project.

But the romance connected with this great undertaking still continues to appeal to modern imaginations. At some places along the route remains can be seen today, even after almost a century. For example, just outside Fort Smith, Arkansas, a historical marker reminds us that here the two lines from Memphis and St. Louis met.

One of the best preserved mementos of the route is located fourteen miles northwest of Warner's Hot Springs, in Southern California—Oak Grove Station. "Its sturdy adobe walls sheathed with wood, nestling under huge oak trees, have defied the passage of years." When the passengers, weary after traveling over a thousand miles of desert sands, reached here, they found the greenery almost like paradise.

Although the Butterfield Overland Mail line was short-lived, it was one of the most successful and important achievements in our early transportation developments, and John Butterfield's name will always live as that of a man with vision who gave the public the longest stage line in the world.

The Murder of Simeon Turley

(Continued from page 16)

John Albert and a companion had burst from the door and raced for the wicket gate of the corral. It was full of armed men sitting in the shadows so they rushed in firing. In the confusion Albert jumped into the underbrush at the base of the wall in time to see his companion fall. He heard the outcries for mercy turn into screams of pain and anguish as bullets, knives, and lances pierced the body. Albert continued to lie beside the fence in the shadows until the mob, convinced that he had escaped in the first rush, turned to looting the house where they found Turley's caches of hidden gold. This gave Albert a chance to climb over the wall and get away.

The screams and cries of his companions had ceased and he knew they were dead. Albert made his way through the rugged Sangre De Cristo Mountains to a trapper's rendezvous at Greenhorn, near Pueblo, Colorado, where he told his story to stunned friends. Writer George Frederick Ruxton was there and he put this tale of treachery and murder in his book, *Wild Life In The Rocky Mountains.*

Unknown to Albert at the time, two other trappers had escaped the massacre and fled southward to Santa Fe. These three proved to be the only survivors of the battle.

SIMEON TURLEY fought his way through the cordon of screaming Indians to the mountain behind the mill and lost his pursuers in the darkness. Turley hid out in the rocks until daylight revealed a Mexican riding down the road on a horse. He recognized the man as a friend whom he had known for some years, so he stepped out into the road and hailed him. He told the Mexican of the fight and asked for help.

The man seemed reluctant, so Turley offered him his valuable gold watch and all the money he had in his pockets for the horse. The wily Mexican replied that he could not bear to part with his horse, extended the utmost sympathy for Turley's unfortunate plight, and promised to go get help. Instead he rode directly to Turley's Mill, now smouldering ruins, and informed the other Mexicans there of Turley's location. An hour later Simeon Turley lay cold dead, stark naked, and scalped. His body was buried in an unmarked grave somewhere near Arroyo Hondo. Turley's wife escaped unharmed.

The uprising, though successful for the moment, proved to be short-lived for soldiers soon came, and behind them came more mountain men to rebuild the ruined homes and trap fat beaver in the beautiful mountain streams once more.

Turley's Mill lies in ruins now and no man knows the location of his grave. Today when one walks down the winding narrow streets of Taos past reddish colored adobe buildings and Kit Carson's former home, it is hard to imagine the blood and horror that drenched the town a hundred years ago.

"Slick" Clements—Dead Shot

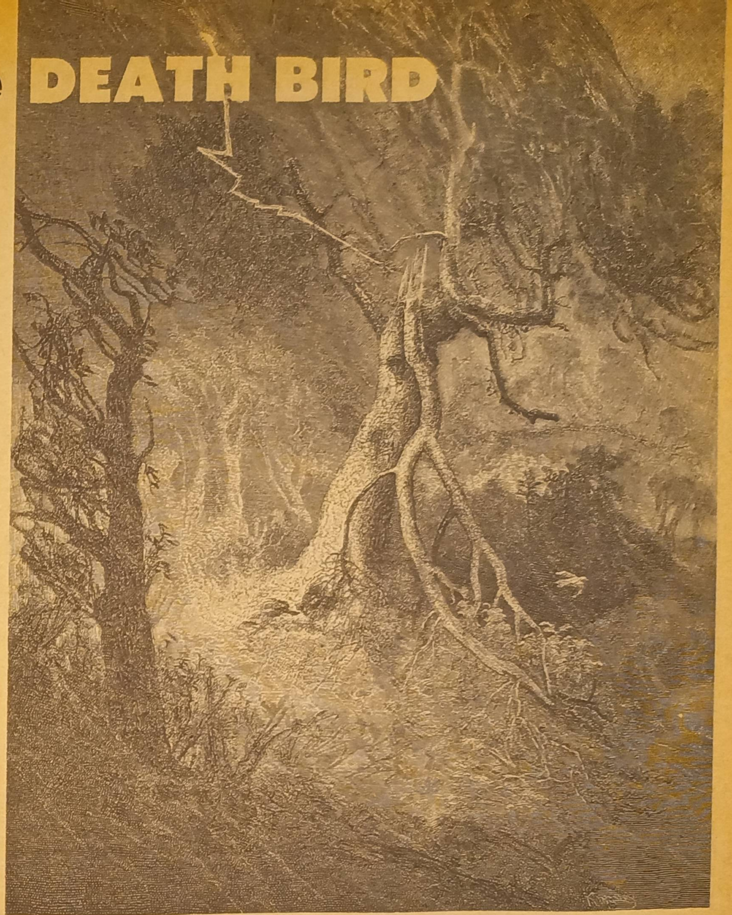
(Continued from page 17)

was a great hunter and could easily supply any size scout with plenty of deer and turkey. I remember once being on a scout with him. It was nearly time to camp for the night when the sergeant in charge noticed three old buck deer right in front of us lying down behind a little live oak thicket. The sergeant halted the command, called Clements and asked if he could kill one of those deer for supper. Clements said he thought he could, dismounted and slipped up within twenty-five yards of them, stepped suddenly out in plain view, and the old bucks jumped up and ran.

Clements killed all three of them before they could get away. If he could slip up right close to a bunch of wild turkeys and flush them, he could kill one or more on the wing with a rifle as

(Continued on page 48)

CRY of the DEATH BIRD



By ISAAC MOTES

Reprinted from Vol. 1, No. 1, FRONTIER TIMES, October, 1923

This is a story that you can believe or not believe. But think back—hasn't something, somewhere along the line, happened to you that didn't quite come under the heading of logic?

ALMOST every western frontiersman of fifty years ago believed thoroughly in the existence of a death bird. This bird was supposed to fly around at night and give warning of impending danger. Especially was it believed to be the protector of officers of the law, and women and children. Many old plainsmen will tell you of cases where the death bird was believed to have saved their lives, and woe to the man who heard its cry and heeded it not. So far as I can learn, this bird has never been seen by eyes of mortal man in the daytime, but it was supposed to be a medium-sized owl with long slender wings, black as midnight, and with an unnaturally large head and beak.

The first time I heard the weird cry of this bird was in 1871 while a Ranger in West Texas. Many Indians still hung upon the Texas frontier and the Rangers were stationed in different sections to protect scattered settlements. In June of this year myself and four other Rangers were stationed at Albany in what is now Shackleford County. Rumors of an Indian raid from the Territory (to which the Comanches had been forcibly removed) suddenly reached our village and as most of our force was at Fort Worth, 100 miles away, it was necessary to send word to them to return at once.

A friendly Indian called Indian Jim was with us. He had a very fast horse and was sent by our lieutenant to Fort Worth to hurry the return of the Rangers. He set off early one morning, intending to ride the 100 miles and return on the third day. But the third day came to an end and still he did not come. We were now thoroughly alarmed. At noon on the fourth day I mounted my horse at the command of our lieutenant and started for Fort Worth to see what had become of Indian Jim and to hurry the Rangers north, while the lieutenant sent other men to Fort Concho—150 miles to the south—to notify some Rangers at that fort.

I traveled all that afternoon, keeping as much as possible in the timber and on the ridges so as to avoid being ambushed. When some fifty miles from Fort Worth and while traveling over flinty, rocky ground, my horse went lame, and I had to travel very cautiously, as it would have been a nasty plight had I been attacked by Indians under these circumstances.

Just before dark, as I was riding along the crest of a ridge, I saw what looked like the bobbing up and down of an Indian's head among the hills to my left—getting only a glimpse of it before it disappeared. This made me anxious to reach the Clear Fork of the Brazos, where the timber would be a protection in case of attack. I continued to scan the hills to my left, but saw nothing more of the supposed Indian, though there might have been a band of them on the north side of the ridge without my knowing it.

Entering the timber of Clear Fork, I felt more secure. It soon grew very dark in those dense woods, and as I feared to travel at night I decided to stay there until daylight. There was no moon and the sky was heavily overcast. Getting well into the timber, I crossed the stream, turned back toward the north and away from the river. After going some 500 yards I veered sharply to the right, and found a narrow valley, with high banks, sheltered by drooping limbs of trees and overhanging vines. Here I staked out my horse and rubbed his leg for a while. Then I took the saddle, blanket, rifle and six-shooter and lay down at the foot of a large post oak with wide spreading branches. The night was warm; the sky became blacker and blacker, and the sound of distant thunder reached my ears at intervals. I drew my slicker over my shoulders and across my rifle and six-shooter and went to sleep.

ABOUT MIDNIGHT, I was awakened by thunder and occasional flashes of lightning. There was a feeling of deep uneasiness in my heart, as though something else had helped to wake me. Almost immediately I heard the hooting of an owl up the river a hundred yards or so. Three times I heard it. At first I paid no heed to it, but the next time I noted it more intently and thought it sounded unnatural. The third time I felt this more strongly. I knew it was a habit of Indians to imitate the hoot of an owl or howl of a wolf as a signal to others of their band when they were creeping upon white men from different directions.

Not more than a minute after I heard the owl the third time I heard another over to the east of me. I lay still, listening for a repetition of the sound, that I might tell if possible whether it were really an owl. The lightning occasionally flamed in zigzags across the black sky. I must have waited half an hour, straining my eyes every time the lightning flashed, when all at once I heard the scream of the death bird overhead. From the sound of its cry it seemed to have been sitting on one of the topmost limbs, and cried as it started to fly away, as I could tell by the long drawn out wailing sound.

(Continued on page 53)

"Slick" Clements—Dead Shot

(Continued from page 46)

easily as most men could kill them on the ground. Of course, this was after the Battalion had discarded the Sharps carbine and was armed with the best gun in the world, the Winchester.

From time to time the best shots in Company D tried Clements, but he beat them all. The nearest approach we had to him as a shot was Ed Sieker, Tom Bird and Jim White. It took Sieker a long time to be convinced that Clements was his master with Winchester or pistol. On one occasion an old German from Fredericksburg came to our camp with a load of fine watermelons. He had hauled them nearly one hundred miles and camped with us to sell them out. After the boys had bought some and were pretty well filled on melons, this German found the balance slow sale.

Some of the Rangers offered to shoot with him for his melons. The German bit, for he was some shot himself. Clements, of course, was selected to shoot against him. Twenty-five cents was staked against a melon. Clements beat him every shot and won the whole load, but after a good laugh all around, the melons were given back to their owner.

W. T. Clements quit Company D and joined Major Jones' Escort at the same time the writer did, and on our trips up and down the line, Clements beat every man in the Batallion, without exception, who could be induced to shoot against him. I remember some of the Rangers saying to Clements, "Of course, you can beat us with that old long barrel Smith & Wesson," and Clements would smile, hand them his pistol, take their Colt's, and beat them just as bad as ever, and let them use his pistol.

All old Rangers who were in the Batallion from 1875 to 1885 will remember "Slick" Clements, as he was generally known. He played the violin well, and was a fine messmate. I have been on scouts with him when he would go to a wild turkey roost at night, select and kill a big fat gobbler, jump on him as soon as he had fallen, pluck the feathers while the turkey was yet warm, bring him into camp, split him down the back, run a stout stick through him, place him before the campfire, roast him slowly for two hours, baste him with bacon grease and turn him from side to side until he was well done and nicely browned. Then with plenty of hot coffee and bread we would sit around our campfire sometimes until near midnight and have a feast fit for a king.

Clements, raised as he had been, was naturally a very healthy man. He was never sick until some twenty years ago when he was stricken with pneumonia and died within twenty-four hours.

In the fall of 1878, Clements and the writer were sent to San Antonio to recover a stolen horse. We were detained in San Antonio three or four days before the horse was delivered to us, and while there visited a shooting gallery. There were twelve little iron blackbird targets. If one knocked down all twelve without a miss, the cartridges did not cost anything. Clements knocked down forty-eight without a miss.

The owner of the gallery said, "Try that bull's-eye." This target was a small one, the black spot in the center was about the size of a lady's thimble. One had to hit it center to ring the bell. Clements stood without moving his position and rang the bell thirty times.

The proprietor looked at him and said, "Hell, I'll have to bar you off or I won't have a cartridge left in the house, or any money."

A little bootblack, who witnessed the shooting, followed us out on the street and as we passed some other bootblacks he pointed to us and said, "There goes those shooting Rangers. They went into old Joe Lang's shootin' gallery, knocked down every target in his place and it didn't cost them a cent!"

The Denton-Twiggs Feud

(Continued from page 42)

criminal with several killings to his credit. The few who still remember him state he was a right nice guy—friendly, with good manners, and popular with the young folks but distrusted by their parents because of his association with the Twiggs. Both Walter Anglin and Jesse Powell believe Roper came to Gassville to help out his uncles in their trouble—that he was not a stranger hired to kill the Dentons. They agree that Roper did feel his folks were getting a dirty deal from the law.

On June 15, 1892, Jesse Roper and several other boys were shooting their pistols in the woods just south of Gassville. Although it was against the law to carry a pistol, several boys did and no officer had ever challenged their right to do so. The style was not to wear a holster but to carry the gun either in the hip pocket or pants cuff. Following this fad, Roper carried his pistol in his pants cuff, fastened with a snap. He was not only a fast draw, but also a sure shot and easily won the competition everytime.

This particular match ended in friendly laughter, and one of the boys invited Roper home with him for dinner. It is generally believed, however, that some of the other boys must have been jealous of Roper's shooting abilities. At any rate, someone went before the Justice of the Peace, Squire L. E. Tucker, and swore out a warrant for Roper's arrest on the charge of carrying a pistol.

While Roper was eating lunch (where Tom Vancil now lives), Deputy Sheriff Tom Combs stepped up on the porch, opened the door and told the young man to consider himself under arrest. Roper was still at the table. He drew his pistol from his pants cuff and had it on the Deputy before Combs could make a move.

"Like hell, I am," Roper laughed. Combs quickly shut the door and left.

Roper leisurely finished the meal, thanked his host and rode out of town. On the way to the Twiggs Ranch he stopped by George Anglin's. Mr. Anglin was out in the yard and for some strange reason he was butchering a hog in hot weather. Jesse stopped and talked with him, never mentioning his trouble at Gassville.

About ten minutes after Roper left, a dozen boys from Gassville, including some who were shooting with him, rode up in a hard gallop. They asked if Anglin had seen Roper. Mr. Anglin told them they could catch him if they kept riding their same direction. Instead, the boys turned and went to Mountain Home for Sheriff Byler.

A. G. BYLER was first elected sheriff in 1873 when Baxter became a county. He served until 1884 when he was elected county representative for three terms. In 1890 he was again elected sheriff. He was a little man in stature, but not in calibre. Well liked by all, his bravery was never questioned.

About four in the afternoon, Sheriff Byler and a posse of twenty men rode into the Twiggs ranch yard. According to J. D. Alley, Sheriff Byler instructed his posse to halt while he dismounted and approached the ranch house alone.

Roper, who had abandoned his pistol, was hiding in an old log smokehouse in the back yard. He stuck his lever action Winchester rifle through a crack in the wall and shot the sheriff twice—clear through. He then flung open the door and came out shooting. He went down on his knees, laid the rifle over his arm and fired at the posse.

Loge Hopper saw Roper aim at him and he stood up in the saddle. The bullet struck his leg, knocking him off his horse. Roper then lit out across the open field and the posse followed, firing at him as he ran. Again Roper went down on his knees and aimed first to one side, then the other—shooting with both his left and right hands. When a cartridge lodged in the rifle, Roper calmly worked the lever back and forth until he cleared the barrel. He fired again, this time killing a horse.

The posse had begun to feel a healthy respect for Roper's Winchester, and fell back. Roper crossed the open field, climbed a split rail fence and disappeared into the woods. As he jumped up on the fence, Jesse Roper took off his hat and waved farewell to the posse.

Wanting no more trouble, the Twiggs family, as soon as possible, moved just across the Missouri line up in the Bayou country of Norfolk River. One night Clayton Mooney led a band of vigilantes to the Twiggs Ranch. Mooney stationed his men behind trees and at daybreak when old man Twiggs and Joe—carrying guns—brought their horses down to water at the spring, the vigilantes opened fire on them. Twiggs fired back, skinning the bark off the trees. The old man was killed and Joe was badly wounded. Mooney brought him back to Mountain Home and jailed him. When Joe Twiggs recovered, he was released on the condition that he never show his face in that part of the country again.

Mooney had no warrant for Twiggs' arrest—and it would have been illegal in Missouri anyway. My grandmother, who was Clayton Mooney's youngest half-sister, claimed he had it in for Twiggs because he thought Joe had wronged another one of his half-sisters.

Clayton had learned how to kill a man at an early age—he was only fourteen when he joined the Confederate Army with his father. After the war, and before they settled down to the business of making a living, he and his father, Major Jesse Mooney, methodically tracked down and killed every bushwhacker who had preyed on innocent women and children. When Clayton told his sister what he had done to her sweetheart, Joe, she cried and cursed him.

He just laughed and said, "Come on home with me, Honey, and I'll have my old lady kill the old rooster for you."

Mrs. Twiggs just couldn't understand why her husband had to be killed. She prayed that the trigger finger of the man who killed her husband would rot off. A couple of weeks later a man at Mountain Home who had been with Mooney's men developed a blood clot in his trigger finger. His hand, then his whole arm, turned black. George Anglin heard about it and said he had to see it for himself. He got on his old gray mule and rode to Mountain Home. About two weeks later that man died. Mrs. Twiggs was not without compassion, however. When Sheriff Byler lay dying in her

(Continued on page 57)

EARLY DAY COW HOSSES

An old-time cowhand rares up to defend the good hosses he rode in his youth

By GEORGE PHILLIPS

Illustration by Lester U. Beitz

SEEMS to be the fashion, nowadays, for some smart-aleck writers to belittle old-time Western cow hands and cow hosses. None of these gents ever straddled a rope hoss or dropped a loop on an ornery cow critter; yet they allow as how they know everything there IS to know about the old West. I don't give a whoop in hell what they say about us old mossy-horn riders, but when they start to runnin' down good hosses that can't talk back . . . well, *amigos*, that's when ol' George goes on the prod!

Regardless of what present-day scribblers think, we old-timers DID have some mighty good hosses. Cuttin' hosses, drive hosses, rope hosses, night hosses . . . boys, I could go on and on. I can remember in the late 70's and early 80's we had some hosses that would make a rider's heart bust with pride. My father, for example, bought two mares four and five years old. They weren't racers nor cuttin' hosses—just plumb good saddle stock. Each stood about 16 hands high, and handsomer animals you'd never hope to find. The best mare father bred to a registered Morgan stallion—at least 'twas *said* he was registered.

The get was a blood bay hoss colt, and if there was any defect about him we never could find it. At four years old he stood 16 hands high and had a running walk that carried a rider over the ground smooth as grease. Hosses at that time were worth just so much a dozen. Every hoss lover wanted that hoss, and my brother who owned him finally allowed a doctor to talk him into selling him. $125 was the price set, and the deal was made in less time than it takes me to tell it.

That same mare was bred to a registered Kentucky jack and the resulting mule colt was the best I ever saw, and I've seen several. That was in the old longhorn days, but a few smart ranchers had already brought in registered jacks and bulls as well as registered cuttin' hosses.

No one will deny that we have A-1 cuttin' hosses today, thoroughbreds and other breeds. But are they as good as our old-time cuttin' hosses? I would like to believe so, but it is impossible. I will mention two mounts to begin with, and I don't think anyone would be ignorant enough to start an argument. No one knew what their breeding was and cared less. A black and a dun, weighed about 850 pounds each. Short-coupled, close-made, small heads and wide between the eyes. Might have had some Arab blood in 'em—I dunno.

Those ponies did not know what it was to go on the drive—they were just used to cut cattle. About nine months of the year they had their morsels of grain twice a day. The boss rode one one day and the other the next, and they carried on for about 20 years. If the old saying is true that "practice makes perfect," the present day cuttin' hosses haven't a chance to measure up to those two. And they were just two cuttin' hosses out of hundreds and hundreds in the big Southwest.

THEN there were our drive hosses. You don't hear much about early-day drive hosses in these modern times. Many of the drives were long ones, maybe a 30 or 35 mile run. The drive leader would start out at a fast trot, and drop off a man here and another yonder, and the farther he went the faster they'd ride. Some of the cattle from yesterday's roundup would be mixed up in today's drive, and they'd be hell-bent tc go to yesterday's roundup ground. That called for a hoss race, and by the time the roundup was throwed together some of those hosses had covered 30 or 40 miles at anywhere from a swift lope to a tight run. Can any of our hosses today stand such runs? No way of telling, but — personally — I doubt it. "Practice makes perfect."

These same rock-bottomed drive hosses would have to keep up with their band when they started in to water 20 to 25 miles away, or when the cowboys started a hoss work. For a colt that couldn't keep up 'twas just too bad. Sometimes that old stud hoss band leader would whirl back and kill the weaklings.

The rope hoss was quiet and unexcitable, plumb full of good sense. He would enter a bunch of cows and calves and just creep along without spookin' a single critter. With a deft flip of the wrist, the rider would have his loop around a calf's neck—and then the rope hoss would be off in a trot to the branding fire. I've heard some folks remark in late years, "Why does the calf roper go into a trot or gallop with the poor little calf on the end of the rope?" They don't realize that if the roper started with his calf to the fire in a walk that before he'd gone 20 steps the calf would be choking and dragging. By going in a trot or lope, the calf will start jumping —and before he knows it the flankers have got him.

There were also the hosses used for heavy work. Big bulls about to be shipped had to be cut out of the herd to have their horns tipped for safety. (That was before we had corrals and chutes.) Usually three men on good hosses did this work. One would pile his loop on the bull's head, then another man would heel him. When they got him down, the third man would get his loop on the brute's forefeet. When the feller with the hacksaw tipped the horns on the upside, the man who had his rope on the forefeet would jump his hoss over the bull's middle and turn him over. Then the man on the ground would slip the rope off the bull's head, then snatch it off the forefeet and make a run for his hoss. You see, Mr. Bull was always fightin' mad when he got up!

Last of all, there were the night hosses—and a book could be written about those hosses and not do them justice. The night hoss was gentle, sure-footed, and could see in the dark. Believe it or not, some of those hosses could see or *feel* what was going on 100 yards away when their riders couldn't see a hand held before them. Maybe a bunch of cattle would be stringing out from the herd. You wouldn't know it, couldn't see them nor hear them. Suddenly you'd feel your pony gather himself, and away you'd go. He wouldn't stop nor check up till he had the last cow brute turned and on its way back into the herd.

Yes, gents, practice makes perfect IF you've got a foundation to build on and a lot of good solid hoss sense to carry you along the way. Men and hosses had guts and savvy back in the old days—and we could do with more of both today.

Colter's Boone

(Continued from page 12)

his way up the left bank, but being ignorant of the tribes could not distinguish one sign from another. He could tread as silently as any of them, and thus could dodge them, leaving little or no trace that he had been there. He kept thanking God that Rebecca was not along.

At the Blacksnake, bordering the Missouri where it was running due south, Boone came upon the trading post of Joseph Robidoux, as Colter had told him he would. Daniel was carrying a piece of bark on the inside of which Colter had carved a message with his hunting knife, and he brought it out and showed it to Joe, and asked if he could decipher it.

"That's to the chief of the Iowas," Robidoux told him. Daniel knew that, but not the message, and the old trader, after studying it awhile, told him, "It says that L'Outre will recognize Boone, killer of his enemies, the Mingos, and treat him fairly."

He handed the bark back to the hunter, and as he had learned that Lisa, whom he hated, was to be visited, he told Daniel that the latter was a great villain, and not to trust him. He corroborated Colter's story that Lisa had married the daughter of the Omaha chief, LeMoine, and had three children by her, unknown to his French wife in St. Louis.

AS DANIEL went on from Robidoux' place, he reflected that there were intrigues in the West, such as he had seen in Kentucky. He had noted with what satisfaction Joe had related Lisa's shortcomings, for Colter had told him the two were deadly enemies, being trading rivals.

Daniel crossed the Missouri and continued up to the Platte. Game was plentiful, especially prairie chickens, and one morning when he broke camp and started out, a great brown bear came out of a clump of willows. It was a cinnamon, or plains grizzly, and he had never seen such a bear, and stood admiring it. He was hardly thirty feet from the animal when it turned and looked at him, dropping some roots it had dug. Daniel knew that no ordinary shot such as used on Kentucky bears would kill such a beast, but he had small choice when the bear dropped to all fours and charged him.

He had dropped to one knee and brought Old Betsy to bear upon the head of the tremendous beast, when suddenly a voice seemed to say to him, "The eye! Daniel, the eye!" When the rifle spoke, the one-ounce ball, backed by a heavy charge of powder, crashed into the brain of the cinnamon. The great staying power of the animal showed as it thrashed about for several minutes before the old hunter could approach it. All the stories he had heard of western bears were now verified.

As he stood reloading his flintlock he knew that at least the spirit of Rebecca was with him. He knew it again that night when he made up his couch on a bed of leaves, for his shoulder pained him with the old deceptive pain until he prayed it away.

One morning from atop a bluff he looked down on the camp of the Iowas. Some of the Indian children saw him, and ran up and escorted him down the hill. The chief, L'Outre, read the bark that Daniel presented and took the hunter into his tepee. When his squaw brought out the peace pipe, Boone knew what Colter and Robidoux had meant. It was almost an exact copy of that used by the Delawares, blood enemies of the Mingos.

Nathan Boone's stone house, after being stuccoed in later years. Boone never lived here, but died here.

The Iowa chief asked him if he had fought the Mingos, and he told him that he had fought all warlike Indians, including the Wyandots and the Shawnees, but that the Mingos were the most fierce.

Boone was struck by the stately mien of the Iowas, whose heads were dressed like those of the Osages, the gigantic Missouri warriors. L'Outre told him that he would send a brave with Daniel to the trader, Lisa, and then asked as to the health of his old friend, Colter.

"He's about to be married," Boone told him.

Boone had seen Indians dance about their dying victims, but had never seen one laugh. L'Outre's face cracked just a trifle when he said that Colter had told him he was going to marry a "gatherer of corn." Boone set him straight as to a corncracker, as they were known—a social outcast. He told him further about how Colter himself was regarded for telling of seeing "boiling waters spouting into the air."

The chief's face turned grim, and he recited the perils that had beset Colter. "The Blackfeet are devils," he said, "but he made fools of them." He assured Daniel that the brave who would guide him to Lisa would go on with him and show him the things of which the old Indian fighter had spoken.

DANIEL BOONE slept in an Iowa tepee that night, a house reserved for important guests, and the chief assigned two guards to him. Everyone was up at daybreak, and the old pioneer ate a breakfast of stewed antelope, served on a wooden platter. After eating he washed his hands and face in a little branch that ran into the river, where the squaws were doing their laundry. When he felt it was time to go, he shook hands with the chief in the tribal fashion of the first three fingers.

The brave assigned to go with him was named Toussant, and was a splendid specimen of a warrior tribe, with two feathers denoting two coups from the hated enemy, the Sioux of the Plains. He carried an English Brown Bess musket which was of a shipment Lisa had received and distributed to friendly tribes two years earlier. For it there were small shot as well as round balls to fit the smooth bore, and Toussant carried it high as he loped along, pleased and surprised that the white hunter kept pace with ease.

It was May, and the great herds of buffaloes from the south had arrived. When the two runners descended from the bluffs to the plain Daniel looked across a sea of tossing manes that he estimated covered a fifty-mile front. He had killed a few bison at salt licks in Kentucky, but they were only half the size of these giants.

Many of the cows had calves from a week to a month old, and just before nightfall Toussant tightened his bow, fitted an arrow, and killed one. They made camp, and by the time they were finished the mother cow had lost her belligerence and moved on with the grazing herd. He told Daniel that white men would have killed the cow to get her out of the way, and the old pioneer was not only surprised at his attitude but at his English, the latter testifying to the efforts of Manuel Lisa.

Boone insisted on preparing supper, and while he did so the Indian asked concerning the Mingo tomahawk carried by the hunter. Daniel handed it over, telling him that it was one of a special lot made up of the best steel by the British for their Indian allies. Simon Girty, the white renegade, had complained that the weapons being received were of inferior grade, and as he had sent the Crown more white scalps than any other chief, this was an appeasement.

While they ate the juicy meat Daniel told Toussant of Girty's having burned hundreds of whites at the stake, including women and children. The Indian couldn't understand it when Boone told him that as far as anyone knew, Girty had never paid for his crimes. Toussant said that traitors among the Iowas were rare, but were always caught.

Boone offered to give him the Mingo tomahawk that he admired so much when they returned from the trip. Boone told him that he would not stop at the village upon his return, because L'Outre might be expecting the present himself, but would travel on southward. He led the brave to believe that he had a great store of such weapons at home, when in reality he had but one, that taken from the body of the Shawnee who had killed Isaac.

The following morning they entered Lisa's trading post. When he had been announced by Toussant, Lisa came forth, his Omaha squaw and two of her children with her. Boone was surprised to see that there wasn't much to distinguish him from any other *voyageur*, several of whom he and his companion had met. Still, he knew he was a storied man of the Far West, and looked him over carefully to see if he could tell what had caused Lisa to become what was known as a "squaw man," when he had a talented and accomplished French wife in St. Louis.

Lisa was cordial. He spoke of Colter as "one of my best agents," and asked when he would return. Boone had to tell him of the corncracker girl.

The trader laughed, and told Boone that several men had been fooled that way, by leaving and getting married to trash. Daniel noted that the squaw was industriously scratching Indian lice, and thought that it would be a marvel if Lisa himself were without them. But he hadn't come here to argue, and simply mentioned that most of the corncrackers were not from Missouri, but from the Illini country along the Wabash. After a couple of hours he and Toussant were loping northward again.

When they camped for the night Daniel summed up something that Lisa had told him, evidently seeking to excuse his own conduct, and propounded the question to Toussant. He had said in effect that men in this West had a different code than those where Daniel Boone hailed from, and that all took Indian women when they found it convenient.

Toussant told Boone the trader lied, and that all white men and all squaws were not alike. He explained that in his tribe when an Indian woman took up with a white man, they usually killed him and punished the woman. As for the Omaha squaw with Lisa, he could not speak for another tribe, but suspected that Lisa was allowed certain breaches of etiquette that others were not.

ONE DAY the travelers turned their steps due west, crossing a shallow river the water of which, at the deepest part, came just above their knees. As they left the river and climbed the west bank a huge bear stepped out from behind a boulder. The animal was as surprised as they and would probably have gone on its way but for the fact that Toussant aimed the Brown Bess and sent a charge into it. He had forgotten, however, to load the gun with a single ball, and the bear went round and round, biting at the charge of small shot, and then attacked. The Iowa quickly strung two arrows one after the other and sent them on their way, but they didn't serve to stop the creature. Boone, feeling that he had majored in such work, knelt quickly and sent a bullet into the snarling grizzly's left eye, and down it went. After it had stopped moving Daniel noticed that the hair was tipped with white. He mentioned it as Toussant was cutting out the claws, and because he had told the warrior about the other bear the Indian explained: "Brown on prairie, gray in mountains."

Daniel ate his first tough bear steaks, and they were like leather. Back home in Kentucky he had killed only young black bears which were as tender as venison.

He had asked for and received from Lisa a few sheets of letter parchment, and by the light of the campfire he set down the happenings of his trip, using a piece of marking keel he had picked up at Cote Sans Dessein. Daniel had kept a tally of days and, adding them up, found that he had been away from home a total of 110. He was now in a high climate and the days were invigorating, but he knew that back on the plains the Indians were baking in mid-July heat.

Toussant strung the grizzly claws on rawhide as fast as he could drill them with the point of his knife; they were already highly polished, and he was well satisfied. As the killer of a grizzly he would be known far and wide as a great hunter.

From this point on they began to meet small hunting parties of Indians. They had passed the grounds of the Sioux with no trouble, and now they met the Crow and Cheyenne. Both tribes were currently friendly to the Iowa, and when Toussant told the sub-chiefs where they were going he received many warnings about the Blackfeet. Then one day from the top of a high ridge he and Boone looked down on the main encampment of the dreaded ones. There were at least 800 tepees, and Toussant after a quick calculation estimated that few were away from the village.

THE TRAVELERS reached the falls of the Yellowstone in a roundabout way. From things the brave said, he gathered that they would soon see the object of their journey. Two days later they stood beneath a huge pine tree, and suddenly Toussant asked Daniel if he could climb the tree. For answer the old hunter removed his powderhorn and other accouterments and while the brave climbed one side he took the other. From a limb above Boone's forty-foot perch the Iowa said, "Look to the west."

Boone did so, and saw vast vapors arising from the great valley. One of the things, mightier than the rest, erupted into the sky, showering silvery drops. Colter had told him to look for this one. Toussant was muttering above him that the spirits of the dead were there, and as Daniel craned his neck to see, he noted the brave was looking at the ground. Toussant had evidently left all the seeing to his companion, having no stomach to witness it again.

When they had climbed down and gathered their implements Toussant said, "Let us go before the Blackfeet come."

Daniel Boone was ready; he had seen that which he had come to see. He knew the Iowa was not afraid of the Blackfeet, but he knew, too, that it was time to return, especially with a whole skin. He wondered which were the warriors in that great encampment who had raced with Colter when the latter ran for his life. He could tell Colter that he had seen them, anyway. A double incentive to be on his way was that he had been advised of a ferocious blizzard on mountain and plain.

When they sighted the first herds of buffaloes on the Upper Platte, Daniel drew from his belt the shiny Mingo tomahawk and handed it to Toussant. He told the brave to keep the blade sharp and doused with whale oil. He said further that it had probably killed a good many whites, both men and women, and that the British had intended it as a scalper, should the owner lose his knife.

The brave was overjoyed, and held the blade up to the sun alongside his bear claws, but Boone told him that what happened to the Mingo trophy must be his own decision. He gave him the three-finger farewell grip, then turned and strode to the south, bearing a little to the west. He wanted to do a little exploring for himself on the way home. He crossed what later would be called the Republican River, then went on to the Kaw and followed it to the Missouri.

Boone had gone to the West up the left bank of the Missouri, but on the way home stuck to the right bank. In camp one night he finished up his notes near a mighty bend in the river (probably Arrow Rock). It was invigorating traveling, for it was October. He passed a place in the autumn hills where a giant oak stood upon the bank. He didn't know it, but some day a pretty little city would stand here bearing his name.

The following day he shot a deer, and spitted his steaks on sharp sticks as of old. He had been using the western hot stone method, but now returned to his Kentucky training, and a homey feeling came over him. Later he took out his parchment and described his feelings. That parchment was a worry; he was always afraid of losing it.

He crossed the mouth of the Osage River, and continued until he crossed the Gasconade, both of these flowing due north into the Missouri from the Indian Country. At the Gasconade he had to leave the riverbank and follow the tops of the bluffs for a spell. One day, after crossing numerous sloughs and creeks, he came to Dundee Reach. This was a long, straight stretch of river, and Colter had told him he lived above it. Daniel felt he was there; he was in heavy timber that had been cleared of brush. He turned out of a forest lane and the cabin was before him. But there was more than that.

A gigantic Osage brave who must have perceived his coming stood before the cabin door. His tomahawk was in his hand and Daniel had cocked his rifle when the warrior slipped the hatchet into his belt and extended his hands in the sign of peace. As he grunted something, a girl suddenly stepped out of the doorway and around him and Daniel said, "I am Daniel Boone. I came to see John Colter."

"Well, sakes alive!" she cried. "Come in, Mr. Boone. Mr. Colter is sick." As the Osage stepped aside, Daniel followed her into the one large room of the cabin.

JOHN COLTER lay on a homemade, four-poster bed, and Daniel's acquaintance with the sick over the years told him that it was his deathbed. He was emaciated to a mere skeleton, and his skin, wherever seen, was of a bright saffron hue.

The girl brought a stool for Daniel, and he drew it up beside hers at the bedside. While Colter looked at them she explained that he had the "yaller jandice," but she thought she could pull him out of it if the Indian, who furnished them meat, stayed with her. She explained that the Osage was an old friend who had been with Colter at Louisville when he left for the West with Lewis and Clark.

"When he heerd Mr. Colter war sick he paddled all the way up from the Green Mountains," she said, meaning the Ozarks. She said the brave's name was Wahazee, but that everyone called him "jist plain ol' Wah Hoss."

Colter's burning eyes were upon Boone, and he wanted to know if the hunter had made the trip. Boone assured him that he was fresh back, that he had seen the hot springs, and had killed two grizzly bears. Colter told the girl, "Git me my war bag."

There were only two objects on the cabin walls. One was a leather bag, and the other was a piece of oval lace in a walnut frame, which Boone recognized. Noting his look, the girl explained that her husband had made the frame, and that the job had required several days. Daniel could see that the frame was artfully constructed.

She got the bag and brought it to the bed. Boone told the girl that Rebecca, who had sent her the lace, was dead, and her wails brought the Osage on the run.

Colter told the Indian to go out to the well and draw a bucket of water, and the brave picked up a square copper bucket and departed. "Get the rag," he told the girl, and she went to secure a cloth she used for mopping his face. It was drying on a limb outside.

When they were gone he confided in Boone that he would die. Colter said that nobody he had ever known had lived as long as he with the jaundice, and that he had been in the bed since July. He also said that the Osage, with whom he had traveled around before going west ten years before, knew his wife's brother, and that when he (Colter) died would take the girl to her home on "yander side o' the Mississippi." It was an old familiar story to Boone; the girls' father and mother had been killed by Indians. "She's a good corncracker; name's Nancy Hooker."

The good corncracker had now soaked the cloth in cool water, and applied it to Colter, at the same time telling him that "Wah Hoss is makin' yer some stew."

He took the cloth from her and told her to get her writing stuff, and she procured another stool and in a short time had laid out on it a piece of sharpened keel, several goose-quill pens and a stone jug full of pokeberry juice.

The old account book of Manuel Lisa that she took out of the war bag was about five by six inches and an inch thick. He had used only one side of the pages and Colter was using the other side. The girl told Boone that he would be "s'prised at all I've writ in hyar. Even made up a pretty pome 'bout Mr. Colter."

Boone thought of his parchment, and brought it out. Colter told him to give it to the girl, and while they were talking she could take it down in the book. The explorer exclaimed aloud when Daniel told him the bear episodes, and asked, "Ye think yer wife wuz thar?"

Boone nodded, and then told his opinion of Lisa. "He's a squaw man, all right," admitted Colter. "The critturs should be kilt."

Nancy remarked that even a corncracker ought to know that much, and Daniel said to her for Colter's benefit, "Ye are not a corncracker; ye are a fine woman." She smiled and put it in the book.

WHEN it was night and the moon was up, the Osage brought in stew in wooden platters. The corncracker already had a huge pot of coffee made, and when the meal was through, the Indian beckoned to Boone. Deep in the timber he had erected a small wickiup, and pointed it out to Daniel. The old hunter laughed at Wahazee's effort at playing host, but told him that he didn't need a roof over his head.

He awoke several times during the night from an old habit of waking to sounds, and each time noted the brave creeping silently about the cabin, now and then dozing with his back against a tree.

Nancy met Boone at the cabin door, and told him that Colter was now sleeping, but that he had hardly gotten a wink all night. She thanked him for coming and told him that "Wah Hoss will set ye acrost the river, in his canoe."

Daniel and the Osage cooked themselves steaks from the deer the Indian had shot the day before, and then went down to the riverbank. The pretty birch canoe reminded Boone of Kentucky, and he thought of the many miles the Osage had paddled it down two rivers to get to his sick friend. When they landed and he got out, he told the Indian, "Colter will die soon," and the latter replied, "Yes, white hunter, and I will take the white squaw to her brother in the Illini country."

Three days later Daniel entered his own wood lot, crossed it, and lifted the latchstring on his cabin door. He was not surprised that there was not a speck of dust or dirt in the house, which had a puncheon floor. He knew that Jemima had been there lately, and probably several times before, although she lived in a different part of the territory. She would never trust her father's well-being to sisters-in-law.

Her husband, Flanders Calloway, was of the Boone tradition, and whatever she wanted done he was always ready to do. She had woven a bright new coverlet for her mother's bed and placed it thereon. The old pioneer hung his rifle on its pegs, doffed his powderhorn, bullet-pouch and knife and hung them beneath it. Then he went out and crossed over to the site of Nathan's stone house. He noted that it was about four-fifths completed, and judged it would take two more years to finish. The men had knocked off work, and were eating their noonday meal.

He felt a strong grip on his shoulder and turned to face Nathan. "Come, Father," said his son. "I want you to see Mother's grave." They walked to the river, the fall leaves rustling underfoot. Daniel saw that a stone had been erected on the site. The mound had been made symmetrical, and colored cottonwood and sycamore leaves were blowing against the faded flowers that Jemima had set out last.

His son said, "I brought an artisan up from St. Louis." Daniel read the inscription:

Rebecca Bryan Boone
Born Jan. 9, 1739, died Mar. 18, 1813
Wife of Daniel Boone
Aged 74 years, 1 month, 11 days.

Nathan pointed toward another similar stone about fifty feet distant at the foot of a giant sycamore tree, and told his father that it had everything chiseled on it but the death date. Daniel told him, "Nobody ever had a son like you. You think of everything." Then he told Nathan how Rebecca had saved his life when the bear charged.

On a night in the latter half of November, far up on the Dundee bluffs, a great man was fighting his last battle. According to what the Osage told later, it must have been like this: At one point Colter reared up in his bed and said, "Nancy, I's sorry I ever called ye a corncracker. Ye heerd whut Dan'l Boone said. Ye air as great a lady as any down in St. Louis. Ye tuk care o' me better'n anybody would. Better call in ol' Wah Hoss now, fer I'm goin'."

The girl eased him down on the pillow and wrung out the cloth with cool water and wiped off his face. "Mr. Colter, ye got them tantrums again. Ye never said sich words afore." She saw the Osage looking in the door, and waved him away. "Jist go ter sleep now."

She sat up all night, and it seemed that daylight would never come. When it did and she heard the brave moving around, she adopted a cheery attitude and told Colter, "We've got ter fix up somethin' different fer ye ter eat terday. Wah Hoss says they's some late apples on the riverbank. I'll make ye a cobbler."

There was no reply. She looked at him, and saw only a death mask in yellow. John Colter was dead.

THE CORNCRACKER girl went to the door and called in Wah Hoss. "Git yer stuff," she said, "Mr. Colter's dead, an' we's a-goin'." The Indian looked at the deceased, grunted, and went out again.

Nancy put on her best skirt, a linsey thing she had woven herself. From beneath the bed she dragged out a pair of brand new cowhide boots, discarding her moccasins and putting them on. Colter had worked for the cobbler for a week for those shoes.

She opened the war bag, took out the account book, wrote a few words in it, put it back, and laid the bag on Colter's chest. There was a rifle on the fireplace mantel and a pistol. She took these and two hunting knives from a drawer. Last she took down the oval frame with the lace in it, and was standing by the door when the Indian returned.

She had too much to carry, and unloaded part of it on the Osage. They went down the hill to the river and at the edge of the settlement told the cobbler of Colter's death. "As ye know, he had yaller jandice," said Nancy.

News traveled slowly in Missouri Territory in 1813, and it was nearly Christmas before Daniel learned of his friend's death. The first thing he thought about was his parchment that he had lent the girl to copy, and he decided then and there that he would never see it again. Nathan received the St. Louis papers, but mail was uncertain. His son pointed out a notice in the *Missouri Gazette* of December 4, the dispatch dated November 26:

"All persons having demands against the estate of John Coulter (variously spelled Colter and Coalter) deceased, will please to exhibit their claims within a year from the date hereof to the undersigned who has obtained letters of administration on the said estate, or they will not be entitled to receive any dividend of the assets in the hands of the administrator; if the said estate should prove insolvent, those who are indebted to the said estate will prove to make immediate payment to the undersigned.—David Richardson, Administrator"

Beneath the notice was: "This John Coulter was a member of the famous Lewis and Clark Expedition. He was born in or near Staunton, Virginia, about 1775, and enlisted with Lewis and Clark at Louisville, Kentucky, Oct. 15, 1803. However, he did not return with the expedition but became a trapper in the Far West, returning to St. Louis in May, 1810.

"He settled on a farm near the present site of Dundee, Franklin County, and was married. The exact date of his death is not known, but according to the above it occurred in November. The cause of death is said to have been jaundice."

"Well, it seems that Mr. Colter will never run another race," said Nathan.

"He was a good man and a great man," Daniel replied, "but it was that race that eventually killed him at a young age."

Even as they spoke, a canoe made its way up the river with Wah Hoss, the Osage brave. Nancy had presented the rifle to him after arriving at her brother's cabin near the present site of Alton, Illinois. He had tarried, and dropped down the river to St. Louis to purchase the much prized flints for the gun, which were difficult to obtain on the frontier. One of the Boone settlement who was running his trot lines on the river talked with Wah Hoss, as he advised Daniel later on.

In 1815 Nathan's stone house was completed. As there was plenty of room, he asked Daniel to move in with him, but the old hunter turned down the offer.

"Son," he told him, "I wouldn't feel at home in no house like that. I'll just stay in my cabin and come and go as I feel like it."

He continued to leave home on hunting trips of weeks and sometimes months, and as late as 1817 Michael Le Mon, one of Manuel Lisa's trappers, saw him near the present site of Kansas City. One biographer stated, "It was said that he had gone at least as far as the Upper Platte, and there were many rumors that he had been as far west as the Rocky Mountains. On one of his times home he wrote to a sister-in-law, "The Lord Jesus Christ has taken care of me for a long time, and when I die I don't think a man of my principles will be lost."

DANIEL was determined not to be "caught" without a coffin, and had made himself one of walnut exactly like the one he had made for Rebecca. It was too narrow, and each time he tried it out it seemed to become tighter. Since "more elbow room" had been one of his lifetime worries, when a friend died he gave the casket to his family, and cast about for another.

Near his cabin grew a large wild cherry tree, more than three feet in diameter, which looked old enough to have been the father or grandfather of the tree George Washington "cut down." Nathan offered him some skilled woodchoppers, but Daniel was more skilled than any of them, and felled it by himself. From the large end he measured seven feet, and took out the log. He said, "I had the length, now I wanted width, and so I went to work with this in mind."

It required a month to complete the coffin by hand, and being of burnished cherry wood, it was a beauty. With a sigh of relief he shoved it under the bed, and struck out for the lead mines to the south. He had used the last of Rebecca's bullets, and he had no lead to mold more.

When Daniel returned he never left home again, although his eyes gleamed whenever he looked at the setting sun. In September, 1820, he complained of pains in his stomach, and Nathan had him brought from the cabin to the stone house, and sent for Jemima, On the 26th she came into the room to feed him a bowl of gruel, and found him sitting up, leaning against his pillow smiling at her, with his eyes wide open. His eyes seemed looking through, or past her, and she, being of the same nature, wondered what he had seen at the last moment. Rebecca? A Far Country? Or maybe both? None would ever know. She berated herself for not having been there. Daniel Boone, the king of the forest, was dead. Had he lived one month longer he would have been eighty-six years of age.

Down in St. Louis another man, a man of the Far West, unloved, struggled with death at practically the same time. Manuel Lisa, protesting against his French wife's ban and adamant stand against his half-breed children, choked to death in apoplectic rage.

Daniel Boone was laid to rest in his beautiful roomy coffin beside his Becky. They lay there within sight of the Missouri River for twenty-five years, and then for some unknown reason were dug up and moved to Kentucky. This is difficult to explain satisfactorily, since the commonwealth that he had built and populated had brought him nothing but suffering, pain, death and lifelong torture for his wife. Fifteen thousand people, few of whom had known him, and few who had ever even heard of him, saw him reinterred at Frankfort.

When the man who had said to Audubon that he "had never been lost but was bewildered once for three days" arrived in Kentucky in 1769 with his band of hunters, they had come over the Warriors' Path. As they stood in the Cumberland Gap looking westward over the vastness Boone had said, "There is the richest country in the whole world." He was speaking then of that which we now call Appalachia.

The Meanest Cayuse

(Continued from page 45)

for-leather bronc finally got a foothold and landed amid some river brush and willows. The reins caught around some weeds. This gave Lew his chance. He grabbed the reins and was in the saddle in the shake of a lamb's tail. The cayuse went at it again, but not as strong as before. Lew fanned him and raked him from neck to flanks until that horse calmed down to a slow Spanish trot. When he rode him into the Black Hawk breaking corrals, he was meek as a kitten, and Lew collected the $22.

Lew admitted later that this horse was the worst thing he had ever rode. But while Lew got the $22, that cayuse made a wreck of the Chinese laundry, the other wash-house and Dempsey's Store. They said the horse destroyed more than $300 worth of dishes, whiskey glasses, utensils and other things.

Lew Stone's folks had come around the horn in a sailing vessel. They were in the Modoc Indian war where Ed Stone, his uncle, got an arrow in his hip. Lew Stone buried three wives, and whether he has any notions of taking on another, I can't say—I haven't seen Lew for some time. He was, beyond any doubt, one of the best bronc twisters the West has ever known.

Cry of the Death Bird

(Continued from page 47)

Immediately after this cry, a flash of lightning filled the whole river bottom with a white blinding light, and I expected every second to receive a shower of arrows in my body from some band of lurking savages, but the light faded and the same intense darkness succeeded.

Hastily placing my blanket and slicker on top of my saddle, so as to look like a man, I made sure that my six-shooter was safely in its belt; then hugging my rifle to my bosom, I rolled noiselessly away from the tree down the slight decline of the valley to the south in the opposite direction from which I had heard the first owl. Whenever a flash of lightning came I stopped and remained perfectly still until darkness came again. In this way I got perhaps 100 feet from the tree; then I stopped, turned my head so as to watch both directions from which I had heard the hooting of the owls, and waited.

Almost before I had stopped rolling I heard a low whinny from my horse. This surprised me, for during the six years I had ridden him I had never known him to do such a thing before. A Ranger's horse seems to know instinctively that it must be quiet when its master is camped at night in dangerous territory. So I strained my eyes harder than ever in that direction, waiting for the next flash of lightning to show me some new danger; but the next flash came and I saw nothing.

A minute after I got into my new position there came a vivid flash and I barely made out some dark object beyond my horse. It was too indistinct to risk a shot at, as the flash of my rifle would disclose my position to the Indians if they were near. I glued my eyes on this object—intending to watch it very closely the next time the lightning came. Then the flash came and simultaneously I heard the sharp twang of a bow string followed by the thud of an arrow as it struck my saddle under the tree.

The next second, before the flash died out, I heard the twang of another bow string, equally strong, somewhat in the direction of the dark object I had noticed out beyond my horse, and immediately the death yell of an Indian just north of the tree under which I had been lying. I heard him groan several times, more and more feebly. Still I saw nothing to shoot at. The fact that one Indian had shot another Indian filled me with wonder.

I was now anxious to get close to my horse, and while debating what was best to do, I again heard a gentle whinny from him, followed by a very low whistle which well nigh brought me to my feet. To no other human being could that whistle belong except to Indian Jim. I gave a low whistle. No answer. I then began to crawl in the direction during periods of darkness and finally reached him where he lay a little distance from my horse, just where I had seen the dark object—for it was really Indian Jim lying there in the bushes, and yet I had been only waiting for the next flash of lightning to shoot him, had the twang of the bowstring not stopped me. After a close handclasp we lay still as death for more than an hour, waiting and watching for signs of hostile Indians. Then in low whispers he told me that he had reached the river late that night and had accidentally selected this place to camp, without knowing I was there. It was the sight of Indian Jim that caused my horse to whinny so unexpectedly. We spent the remainder of the night there in the bushes, fearing to move lest there might be more Indians near.

At daylight we walked in the direction from which we had heard the Indian yell and found a big Comanche with Jim's arrow sticking through his chest from front to back. Examining the dummy I left under the tree, we found the Comanche's arrow had gone clean through the heavy slicker and two folds of blanket and had embedded itself deep into my saddle—a shot that would certainly have killed me if I had not been warned by the death bird in time to move. It was the Comanche who had hooted first, hoping some of his tribe might be near; but instead he had received an answer from Indian Jim.

American Indian Gallery

(Continued from inside back cover)

ble to see so great a man, the latter could not refuse to meet him in Buffalo.

"Tell him," said the sarcastic chief, "that it is very strange he should come so far to see me, and then stop short within seven miles of my residence." The retort was richly merited.

The Count visited him at his wigwam, and then Red Jacket accepted an invitation to dine with the foreign traveler at his lodgings in Buffalo. The young nobleman declared that he considered Red Jacket a greater wonder than the Falls of Niagara. This remark was the more striking, as it was made within view of the great cataract. But it was just. He who made the world, and filled it with wonders, has declared man to be the crowning work of the whole creation.

DURING the war between Great Britain and the United States, which commenced in 1812, Red Jacket was disposed to remain neutral, but was overruled by his tribe, and at last engaged heartily on our side, in consequence of an argument which occurred to his own mind. The lands of his tribe border upon the frontier between the United States and Canada.

"If the British succeed," he said, "they will take our country from us; if the Americans drive them back, they will claim our land by right of conquest."

He fought through the whole war, displayed the most undaunted intrepidity, and completely redeemed his character from the suspicion of that unmanly weakness with which he had been charged in early life. In no instance, however, did he exhibit the ferocity of the savage, or disgrace himself by any act of outrage toward a prisoner or a fallen enemy. Opposed to war, not ambitious of martial fame, and unskilled in military affairs, he went to battle from principle, and met its perils with the spirit of a veteran warrior, even while he shrank from its cruelties with the sensibility of a man and a philosopher.

In the wilderness, far from white men, the Indians might rove in pursuit of game, and remain a distinct people. But the district of land reserved for the Senecas was not as large as the smallest county in New York, and was now surrounded by an ever-growing population impatient to possess their lands and restrict their hunting-grounds.

The deer, the buffalo, and the elk were gone. On Red Jacket's system, his people should have followed them; but he chose to remain, and yet refused to adopt those arts and institutions which alone could preserve his tribe from an early and ignominious extinction.

A gentleman who saw Red Jacket in 1820 describes him as being then apparently sixty years old. He was dressed with much taste, in the Indian costume throughout, but had not a savage look. His form was erect, and not large, and his face noble. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting skirt; with blue leggin's, very neat moccasins, a red jacket, and a girdle of red about his waist. His eye was fine, his forehead lofty and capacious, and his bearing calm and dignified.

Previous to entering into any conversation with our informant, who had been introduced to him under the most favorable auspices, he inquired, "What are you, a gambler (meaning a land speculator), a sheriff, or a black coat?"

Upon ascertaining that the interview was not sought for any specific object other than that of seeing and conversing with himself, he became easy and affable, and delivered his sentiments freely on the subject which had divided his tribe and disturbed himself for many years. He said that "he had not doubt that Christianity was good for white people, but that the red men were a different race, and required a different religion. He believed that Jesus Christ was a good man, and that the whites should all be sent to hell for killing him; but the red men, having no hand in his death, were clear of that crime. The Saviour was not sent to them, the atonement not made for them, nor the Bible given to them, and therefore the Christian religion was not intended for them. If the Great Spirit had intended they should be Christians, He would have made His revelation to them as well as to the whites; and not having made it, it was clearly His will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers."

His views remained unchanged and his mental powers unimpaired, to the last. The only weakness, incident to the degenerate condition of his tribe, into which he permitted himself to fall, was that of intoxication. Like all Indians, he loved ardent spirits, and although his ordinary habits were temperate, he occasionally gave himself up to the dreadful temptation, and spent several days in succession in continual drinking.

For some months previous to his death, time had made such ravages on his constitution as to render him fully sensible of his approaching dissolution. To that event he often adverted, and always in the language of philosophic calmness. He visited successively all his most intimate friends at their cabins, and conversed with them upon the condition of the nation, in the most impressive and affecting manner. He told them that he was passing away, and his counsels would soon be heard no more.

He ran over the history of his people from the most remote period to which his knowledge extended and pointed out, as few could, the wrongs, privations, and loss of character which almost of themselves constituted that history.

"I am about to leave you," said he, "and when I am gone, and my warnings shall be no longer heard or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree, and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety; for I leave none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself. I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come. But my heart fails when I think of my people who are soon to be scattered and forgotten."

In his dying injunctions to those around him, he repeated his wishes respecting his interment: "Bury me," said he, "by the side of my former wife; and let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me be dressed and equipped as my fathers were, that their spirits may rejoice in my coming. Be sure that my grave be not made by a white man; let them not pursue me there!"

He died on the 20th of January, 1830, at his residence near Buffalo. With him fell the spirit of his people. The neighboring missionary, with a disregard for the feelings of the bereaved, and the injunctions of the dead, for which it is difficult to account, assembled his party, took possession of the body, and conveyed it to their meeting-house. The immediate friends of Red Jacket, amazed at the transaction, abandoned the preparations they were making for the funeral rites and followed the body in silence to the place of worship, where a service was performed. Considering the opinions of the deceased, it was as idle as it was indecorous. They were then told from the sacred desk that, if they had anything to say, they had now an opportunity. Incredulity and scorn were pictured on the faces of the Indians, and no reply was made except by a chief called Green Blanket, who briefly remarked, "This house was built for the white man; the friends of Red Jacket cannot be heard in it."

Notwithstanding this touching appeal and the dying injunctions of the Seneca chief, his remains were taken to the grave prepared by the whites, and interred. Some of the Indians followed the corpse, but the more immediate friends of Red Jacket took a last view of their lifeless chief, in the sanctuary of that religion which he had always opposed, and hastened from a scene which overwhelmed them with humiliation and sorrow. Thus early did the foot of the white man trample on the dust of the great chief, in accordance with his own prophetic declaration.

The medal which Red Jacket wore, and which is faithfully copied in the portrait before the reader, he prized above all price. It was a personal present, made in 1792, from General Washington. He was never known to be without it. He had studied and comprehended the character of Washington, and placed upon this gift a value corresponding with his exalted opinion of the donor.

This series on great Indians and their tribes will be continued in the next issue of Old West.

Black Rock Swindle

(Continued from page 19)

bility and ignorance of the prospectors. Perhaps his dream of personal wealth, a dream that had sustained him through a long ocean voyage and hours of study for mastery of English, would be realized here in this wasteland, this sunburned blot on God's green earth.

His eyes followed a surface vein of decomposed basalt, noting the thin layer of iron oxide near the clefts of the solid-looking rocks, and the green, clay earth filling the cavities of the honeycombed portions.

"Vas aboudt dis?" Isenbeck grunted at the bewildered prospectors. The small pebble he tossed hit and emphasized the tint of greenish iron oxide.

Probably Isenbeck was prepared for the loud snicker and ridicule that followed. "Hah!" snorted the Californian. "That ain't nothin' but old volcanic rock!"

"Sil-ver!" contradicted Isenbeck. He repeated the word slowly, distinctly. Not a syllable was marred by imperfection: *"Sil-ver!"* He wanted no misunderstanding on this—his entry into the world of fraud and deceit.

"Volcanic rock!" sneered the skeptic.

The German smiled sadly, sympathetically, at such ignorance. His tongue clucked softly against the roof of his mouth. Then he repeated an earlier statement, "Gold and silber exist in many forms unknown to Americans."

The Californian hesitated. He was no expert on silver—perhaps it did exist in the midst of volcanic debris. Was it possible? Suddenly it dawned on him that to doubt an expert was not good sense.

His mouth closed.

Isenbeck was a shrewd judge of men. He saw the change, the doubt in the Californian's face. If he could fully convince the skeptic, he thought, the rest would follow his lead.

He motioned to the group to follow him. Puzzled, but hopeful, they walked to the greenish-black, jagged ledge of basalt that protruded from the ground.

"Look!" commanded Isenbeck. His hand gestured toward the twisting line of black rock that extended into the distance. The group followed the vein of decomposed basalt for more than a mile. Still there was no end to it.

"Whew-w!" whistled one of the more gullible. The Californian's mind worked furiously. He was not fully convinced that his reasoning was not being overpowered by his silver lust.

"We better have it assayed!" he said, the last particle of resistance crumbling. The other prospectors grinned broadly. They had been convinced from the start!

The expert smiled condescendingly at the visibly excited prospectors. "Assay? It vould do no guud," he said. "To extract this silber will take a special process, known only to a few. I," he patted himself on the chest with his right hand, "know the process!"

Suspicion flared anew in the Californian's mind. Surely this was not so. He voiced his doubt, "I don't reckon I believe that!"

"Ah hah!" grunted shifty Isenbeck. "But it *is* so. The only way to extract silber from this ore is the Freiberg process."

Although the prospectors were ignorant of it, there actually was a Freiberg process, and it was a new process in 1861. It consisted of "the roasting of silver ore with salt to convert the natural sulphide into silver chloride, which may then be recovered by solution in hyposulfite or by amalgamation."

The most common and satisfactory extraction process at the time was the Washoe Method. By this process the ore was crushed dry, then transported to large pans, each with a capacity of 3,000 pounds. Each pan was treated with forty pounds of quicksilver, a pinch of salt and a few ounces of copper filings (or sulphate), then heated with fires placed underneath the pans.

But Isenbeck convinced the prospectors. When he explained, truthfully, that high grade ore worth $200 and up per ton was necessary to cover the high cost of reduction by the Freiberg process, they became really enthusiastic.

"Would an expert consider treating low grade ore with an expensive process?" they asked themselves happily.

When informed that testing and mill equipment was expensive and outside capital was an absolute necessity, the group decided to send representatives to San Francisco and Virginia City, in order to obtain investors for their Black Rock Company.

HOW ISENBECK succeeded in selling the idea that there was vast untapped treasure in isolated Humboldt County is a somewhat time-dimmed mystery. But it is known that, before the Black Rock investor seeker arrived in Virginia City, a letter from a Humboldt County resident was printed in the *Daily Territorial Enterprise.*

Could it have been written with the connivance of Isenbeck? You judge:

"But what about our mines? I shall be candid with you. I shall express an honest opinion, based upon a thorough examination. Humboldt County is the richest mineral region upon God's footstool. Each mountain range is gorged with the precious ores. Humboldt is the true Golconda.

"The other day an assay of mere *croppings* yielded exceeding $4,000 to the ton. . . ."

Sounds like Isenbeck without the accent!

In his book, *Roughing It,* Mark Twain points out that the most valuable and scarce (silver) ore from Gold Hill "yielded from $100 to $400 to the ton; but the reader will perceive . . . that in Humboldt from one fourth to nearly half the mass was silver!"

After another letter from the same source was published, stating ". . . it is incredible. The intestines of our mountains are gorged with precious ore to plethora . . . ," there was a mass prospector migration to the wasteland of Humboldt.

Hundreds of truly rich claims were found and filed upon. Names of new mining towns that had sprung up overnight rode the desert breezes: Unionville, Dun Glen, Star City, Oreano, Hardin, High Rock, and Black Rock. The three latter were in Isenbeck's locale.

Mining districts carried such grand sounding names as Battle Mountain, Buena Vista, Eldorado, Gold Run, Oro Fino, Sierra, Sacramento, and Black Rock.

After a little soul searching, perhaps Isenbeck wished he had sought legitimate treasure. But it is doubtful. Money from gullible Pacific coast investors was rolling into his pockets like a flood-tide. His partners were kept happy by his periodic assay reports of $70 to $400 per ton.

Even Special Commissioner of Mining Statistics, J. Ross Browne, Treasury Department, was euchred into giving a favorable report of the Black Rock mines:

". . . The Black Rock mines are situated in the western part of the county, some forty miles south of the Vicksburg district. The region about there is sterile in the extreme, being almost without any arable or meadow land, and very deficient in wood, grass and water. But that the mines at this place are extensive and valuable is now beyond dispute, though for a long time the peculiar appearance of the ore, in the absence of developments and working tests, rendered this a matter of considerable doubt. Recent crushings of ore, claimed to represent average masses in these mines, have tended to dispel doubts of their richness, if indeed they may not be said to have established for them a high value. The deposits here lie in huge masses rather than arranged in ore channels walled in the ordinary way, and should they be found persistent in depth, must prove valuable, notwithstanding the remoteness of their locality and their unfavorable surroundings."

BY THE TIME Browne's report was printed in late 1868, the bubble had burst. Browne's successor, Rossiter W. Raymond, editor of *American Journal of Mining,* made his report on the Black Rock district during 1869:

". . . As early as 1859 the notice of acute, but ignorant, observers was attracted by a dark-colored rock, occurring in heavy masses in that region, about a hundred miles from Unionville . . . Respectable assayers in the Pacific States, and, to my knowledge, also in New York, flatly contradicted the popular delusion . . . that a new ore of silver had been discovered in the 'black wax' of Humboldt County. But the Black Rock people had an assayer of their own—a man by the name of Isenbeck—who claimed that no one but himself could extract the silver from these peculiar ores. He worked by what he called the Freiberg process, and made use of a peculiar flux. It seems strange that intelligent men could believe such trash. Of course Mr. Isenbeck's contained a compound of silver. Six or seven years passed away in experiments and explorations. The people of the Pacific coast were the victims far more than eastern capitalists. They wanted to keep a good thing to themselves.

"At last, in 1867, Mr. Isenbeck announced he was ready to work the rock on a large scale, and 13 tons were hauled for him from different ledges to Dall's Mill in Washoe County. The result announced $70 to $400 per ton. A renewed excitement was the consequence. A mill was built . . . to be managed by Isenbeck. Two others were put in active preparation. But Mr. Isenbeck could not afford to use his flux on a large scale; and, before operations commenced, he disappeared from the public eye. . . .

". . . My predecessor, unable to visit the district in person, was misled into expressing a favorable opinion of it, although by the time his report was in print the bubble had long been dissipated and the scheme forsaken. It is an unfortunate accident that, after this great fraud had been branded by the public press and public opinion, it should receive its last word of praise in a 'public document'. . . .

"A geologist would have condemned the Black Rock mines in the beginning; every chemist and metallurgist did declare the ores to be worthless; yet, on the word of a single pretender, hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended by men who believed that their black wax contained silver and gold in such a form that no ordinary assay could extract them. It was not for lack of scientific men, but for lack of faith in science, that these victims floundered on to their fate . . . miners in general cannot follow a safer course than to condemn instantly as a swindle any process which is declared to extract more gold and silver from any or every ore than can be extracted by an experienced assayer."

In Clarence King's report of 1867-72, referring to the Black Rock fraud, was the following:

". . . Had the vein, this bed of decomposed basalt, been metal-bearing, it might have been the source of untold wealth, since with a thickness of 40 to 60 feet, it could be traced almost continuously over an extent of thousands of acres. . . ."

The fate of Isenbeck remains unknown. Many thought perhaps he had returned to his homeland across the sea, wealthy. Other reports said he had been seen traveling cross-country toward the east coast.

But there are many possibilities. Perhaps one of the victims of his deceit made sure that he remained in Humboldt County, buried in the black wax.

"He disappeared from the public eye," might well have been his epitaph.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

The Negro Cowboy (Dodd, Mead, $5.00) is by Phillip Durham and Everett L. Jones, members of the English faculty of UCLA. In the prologue and in the epilogue they examine the place of the numerous Negro cowboys in Western fiction. They find it practically non-existent. Not so with the historical narratives having to do with the days of the free range. Bose Ikard was one of Charles Goodnight's most trusted men—J. Evetts Haley tells his story in his great biography of Goodnight. Siringo was grateful for the help given by Negro cowboys on more than one occasion and pays tribute to them in *A Texas Cowboy*, the first autobiography of a range rider. There is a chapter on Nat Love (Deadwood Dick) and one on Bill Pickett, the bulldogger of the 101 Ranch. The Negro mustangers provide interesting reading, particularly the feats of Bob Lemmons as related by J. Frank Dobie and Florence Fenley. Some of the Negro cowboys, like their white *compadres*, turned bad and their stories are told too. There are some fine historical tidbits in this book and the authors deserve a round of applause for writing it. Perhaps it would have accomplished its purpose just as well without the emphasis on the neglect of the Negro cowboys by our Western fiction writers. There is source material in it and this reviewer particularly commends it to the membership of the Western Writers of America. There are illustrations, including two by Frederic Remington, a lengthy bibliography, numerous notes and an index. Worthwhile.

The Cattle Drives of Joseph E. Pleasants from Baja California in 1867 and 1868 (Dawson's Book Shop, $6) was edited by Don Meadows of the Los Angeles Westerners and a long-time Baja California buff. Don, who owns the Pleasants family papers, wrote the brief but informative introduction. William Wolfskill, whose own biography was reviewed in this column not long ago, offered Pleasants a chance to attend the private school he maintained for his own children. Pleasants worked for his room and board at Wolfskill's home while attending school and learning the cattle business. He managed a ranch for Wolfskill later and ranched on his own in the Santa Ana Mountains. The story of the cattle drives was written by Pleasants and is appearing in print for the first time. This is Volume 3 in the Baja California Travel Series and a little gem. It was printed by Grant Dahlstrom at the Castle Press in an edition of 600 copies. There is a frontispiece in color by James Walker and two photos of Pleasants. Delightful.

Jack Grant's *Trail Dust & Gun Smoke* (Vantage, $2.75) is a story of his adventures as a fiddle-footed cowboy that began when his family moved from Texas to Arizona when he was fourteen. This is in no sense an autobiography but his recollections of various interesting episodes in his life—he once helped himself to a small share of Butch Cassidy's loot and sold Butch a horse. Most of the stories are about the Southwest, particularly Arizona.

The Taft Ranch (University of Texas Press, $6.00) is No. 5 in the M. K. Brown Range Life Series. It was written by A. Ray Stephens of the history faculty at Texas A. & M. and there is a spritely introduction by Joe B. Frantz of the history faculty at the University. This is one of the few studies of ranching on the Gulf Coast in Texas, and back of this cattle-raising venture, from almost the very beginning, was the thought of farms and settlement.

When this reviewer first visited the Taft Ranch country more than forty years ago, the process of breaking up the pastures into farms was far along. Dr. Stephens has done a thorough job of research into the business and financial structure of the ranch and just about everything he says is well-documented.

Much of the old Taft Ranch is now farmed and the thriving towns of Sinton, Taft and Gregory are located in old Coleman, Mathis and Fulton pastures. There is but little on the human side of ranch operations in this book—the foreman, the cowboys and the families are largely ignored. Joseph French Green became general manager in 1900 and he is about the only ranch employee that you really get to know in these pages. Illustrations, maps, a bibliography and an index plus numerous notes enhance the volume. Recommended.

WESTERN CHARACTERS

Bible in Pocket, Gun in Hand (Doubleday, $3.95) is a compilation of numerous incidents in frontier religion by Ross Phares. In this book you will meet a remarkable group of preachers but meet them only. The author has devoted his attention to brief humorous or ridiculous episodes in the main, but there are a few in a more serious vein. Entertaining if somewhat frustrating. The notes provide bibliographic sources but it is lacking an index and illustrations.

Outlaws, Heroes and Jokers of the Old Southwest (Southwest Printers, 2035 Arizona Ave., Yuma, Arizona, $2.00) is the first book appearance of a number of human interest stories by Peter Odens. They first appeared in his weekly newspaper column, "Southwest Corner." The thirty-three items are assembled under five major headings: Ghost Towns, The Old Timers, Stories of Adventure, The Indians and Stories of Romance. The locale is California, Nevada and Arizona, and Odens sought out many old-timers in search of material. The range is great—from slapstick to tragedy—and succinctly told. A number of good photos are used to supplement the text.

SOUTHWEST CLASSICS

John Russell Bartlett's *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora and Chihuahua, 1850-1853* (The Rio Grande Press, $32.50) was first issued in 1854. It has long been considered a key narrative in any collection about the Southwest and the first printing was increasingly more difficult to find and more expensive. This two-volume reprint is enhanced by a scholarly introduction by Dr. Odie Faulk, Research Historian of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society. Dr. Faulk pulls no punches in describing Bartlett's failure to properly function as commissioner of the U.S.-Mexican boundary survey. He is just as high in his praise of the value of Bartlett's book—"Perhaps the *Personal Narrative* was one of the most expensive guide books ever written—but it was also one of the best." And so say all the Southwest history buffs. It is good to have this classic available again in such a fine format.

The Conquest of California and New Mexico (Horn & Wallace, $7.50) by James Madison Cutts is a reprint of an important book on the American West, first published in 1847. Cutts, a nephew of President Madison, served for forty-two years in the Treasury. He was a man of intelligence, and in his position had access to the documents and other information which enabled him to write the book. The Mexican War was inevitable. The year of 1846 was the "year of decision" because Mexico, the heir of Spain, claimed California and New Mexico by right of discovery if not of occupancy. The United States recognized no obstacle to the goal of claiming the vast stretch of country between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. Heading the American army was the professional soldier, Col. Stephen W. Kearny, a man of great skill, who led his men through the heat of the Southwest and took New Mexico without firing a single shot. Conquered peoples readily accepted his promises of protection and religious liberty. He moved on to California where his force of 100 men was ambushed near San Diego. He soon joined forces with Fremont. Not far behind Kearny came the Mormon Battalion and the New York volunteers arrived by ship in San Francisco. But the war was over, and the following year, the gold seekers poured in. The book is an interesting account of the country, its geography, and the men who fought and won the war. George P. Hammond of the Bancroft Library at the University of California has written the foreword to this important book of the West.

History of Titus County, Texas (W. M. Morrison, P. O. Box 3777, Waco, Texas, $10) is by Traylor Russell of Mount Pleasant, Texas. Most of the text is devoted to biographical sketches of the pioneer families of the County. A minimum amount of attention is given to rolls of county officials although the Confederate veterans and the Titus County boys who lost their lives in the two World Wars are listed. There are numerous delightful episodes of community and family history scattered through the book. There are some not so delightful murders, a feud, an Indian massacre and race riots. All in all, there is a tremendous amount of information packed between the covers of this book plus some photos and an end sheet map. This is no county history in the usual sense but you will find it more entertaining than a vast majority of those of the traditional type. The edition is limited to 400 copies and they should not last long.

IMPORTANT WESTERN RECOLLECTIONS

David Meriwether, born in Virginia, reared in frontier Kentucky, Indian trader in the unexplored American West, plainsman, and territorial governor of New Mexico from 1853 to 1857, enjoyed a career matched by few others of his time in the first sixty years of the 19th Century. His granddaughter, Miss Belle Williams, when fifteen years of age, recorded from her grandfather's dictation the account of his remarkable life. Meriwether was eighty-six years of age at the time. As Miss Williams stated, "Grandpa" was no ordinary man. Now, after seventy-nine years, her manuscript is the source of *My Life in the Mountains and Plains* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by David Meriwether, edited and with an introduction by Robert A. Griffen. Meriwether's personal narrative is fortified with information and footnotes—results of extensive research by Griffen. While his activities as governor of New Mexico Territory are a matter of record, Meriwether's adventures on the upper Missouri in 1819, in Santa Fe as a Spanish prisoner in 1820, and on the Great Plains during the bitter winter of 1820-21 were unknown. This book is Volume 46 in the American Exploration and Travel Series. Since plainsmen and mountain men seldom left notes, let alone an autobiography, this book is a major contribution to Western Americana.

LINCOLN COUNTY WAR

The Life & Death of John Henry Tunstall (The University of New Mexico Press, $6.) was compiled, annotated and edited by Frederick W. Nolan from the letters and diaries of Tunstall and from other documents pertinent to the Lincoln County War. Fortunately, the family of the murdered young Englishman kept most of his letters, and Nolan has done a fine job of excerpting the parts worthy of publication. Almost half of the text is devoted to Tunstall's life before he arrived in Lincoln County—the family, his boyhood and his work in the family mercantile business in Victoria, British Columbia. Tunstall's distaste for storekeeping is apparent from his letters home, and his decision to seek his fortune as a rancher, preferably as a sheepman, comes as no great surprise. He made a rather careful survey of sheep ranching in California before going to New Mexico and his letters tell of his contacts with some of the most prominent producers of the day. He decided that the price of land in California prohibited making a start there and it was the lure of cheap land that finally led to his settling in New Mexico. Tunstall was an ambitious young man and once in Lincoln County he made, probably with the help of McSween, an amazingly accurate forecast of the fortune that could be made there by fair dealings with the people so long economically dominated by Murphy & Co. So far as this reviewer knows this is by far the most detailed (and documented) account of the Tunstall family's attempts to recover the monies invested in Lincoln County. This is a book about the War in which Billy the Kid has a minor role indeed. In a footnote Nolan makes it clear that the Kid was not mentioned in any of the letters, diaries or papers left by Tunstall. There are some good photos, a bibliography, and an index plus a chronology. This is a major contribution to the annals of Lincoln County.

SMOKY VALLEY HISTORY

Pioneer Swedish-American Culture in Central Kansas (Mrs. Ruth Billdt, Box 96, Lindsborg, Kansas, 67456, $4.00 postpaid) is the first printing in English of the book published in Swedish in 1909. It was written by Mrs. Billdt's father, Dr. Alfred Bergin, pastor of the Bethany Lutheran Church, at the request of the congregation to memorialize its fortieth anniversary. This is important source material for anyone interested in Swedish immigration, Lindsborg, Bethany College and the Smoky Valley. Dr. Bergin, who earned a doctorate at the University of Minnesota, was a fine editor, compiler and on occasion, reporter. He had been the pastor for four years when the book was authorized by the church board and had the complete confidence of the congregation—when he asked the members, they talked or wrote and, of especial importance, they stripped the family albums of photos of the pioneers. This is a well illustrated volume issued with the help of the Smoky Valley Historical Association. An index would be helpful to future historians who desire to use it, but at the issue price it has to be one of the local history bargains of the year.

MULE BACK!

The works of early Western photographers is popular fare these days. *Photographer on an Army Mule* (University of Oklahoma, $6.95) by Maurice Frink with Casey Barthelmess is the most recent book on this subject. Frink, the well-known newspaperman and writer of Boulder, Colorado, teamed up with Casey Barthelmess, rancher of Custer County, Montana to do the story of Christian Barthelmess, Casey's father. Born April 11, 1854 in the town of Klingenberg on the Main River in Bavaria, Christian came to America in 1870 to escape compulsory peacetime military service. After various jobs and successive moves westward, however, he joined the Army in 1876, enlisting in the Sixth Cavalry. Subsequently he served in the Thirteenth, Twenty-second, and Second old-line infantry regiments. He soldiered at Forts Apache (Arizona), Wingate and Bayard (New Mexico), Lewis (Colorado), and Keogh (Montana). In all, he served twenty-six years and seven months. Officially he was a musician, but he soon gained recognition as a photographer. His photographic equipment was meager, and he carried most of it in a haversack. Only in his last years at Fort Keogh did he enjoy the luxury of a studio. Barthelmess married Catherine Dorothea Hanson in Silver City, New Mexico in 1886 and they had eight children. It was said that he loved his family, the army, his camera, and music—perhaps in that order. In addition to his photographs, he is recognized for his writings and for increasing the knowledge about the western Indian. He photographed soldiers, Navaho, Zuni, Apache, Hopi, Northern Cheyenne, and Sioux. Over 100 of his excellent photographs are included in the book and his own writings comprise two of the chapters.

The Denton-Twiggs Feud

(Continued from page 48)

yard she had come out, kneeled over him and said, "You poor old man, don't you want a drink of water?"

SINCE Roper escaped by foot, it was felt that friends hid him out for awhile. He never returned to the Twiggs Ranch for his pistol, horse or clothes. One of Dr. Martin's sons reported seeing Roper in the woods around Gassville the next day after he killed the sheriff, but Martin didn't try to approach him.

Roper was never caught. It was supposed he left the country on foot, crossing over Bald Dave Mountain into Missouri. For many years after his escape, every robbery, murder and stealing was blamed on Jesse Roper. One story in *Folklore of Romantic Arkansas* gives him credit for organizing a gang and pulling off a successful train robbery near Hot Springs, Arkansas, in 1900.

In 1907 Sheriff Eugene Mooney, my great-uncle, was killed on the train at Holdenville, Oklahoma, when his pistol accidentally discharged as he was taking it out of the holster. Mooney was returning from a false tip that Oklahoma authorities were holding Jesse Roper. Leon Mooney succeeded his brother as sheriff and twice he received word that Roper was being held in Oklahoma. Francis Shiras reports in her *History of Baxter County* that Roper committed suicide in 1918 in an Oklahoma jail while awaiting trial on another charge. It was also rumored that Billie Twiggs and his mother hid Roper out on the bayou and that he died of natural causes and was buried secretly by them.

Through the years Sheriff Byler's family received many anonymous tips on where Roper could be found. It is generally believed that Roper did go to Indian Territory. Bill Roper, Jesse's uncle, told Walter Anglin that Jesse had visited him many times in western Oklahoma and that Roper was a law-abiding, useful citizen of a nearby town, living under another name.

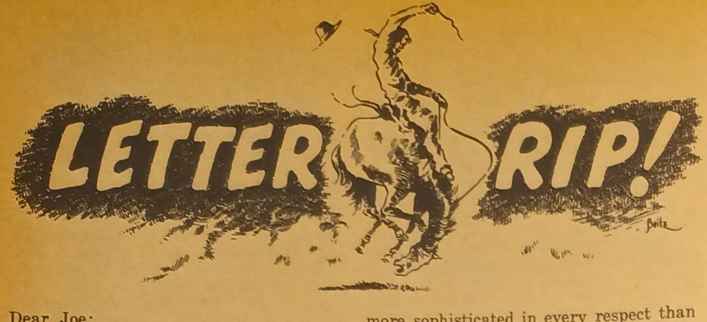
The Twiggs faction severely criticized Sheriff Byler for taking twenty men along to arrest one boy, and they were not silent in their hopes that Roper would never be caught. They claimed seeing such a large armed group ride up was enough to scare anybody into a frenzy of shooting. It was also known that three members of the posse had been in on every "legal" killing in the country.

But at twenty-four, Roper was too old to be termed a "juvenile delinquent" and his admirers conveniently overlooked the fact that he had already drawn on one officer and forcibly resisted arrest.

Slowly the lives of those involved began to return to normal. In 1899 Belle Mooney married Bill Reno, and three years later Walter Anglin married Maude Mooney, her half-niece. In 1914 Ing Denton was admitted to the bar. He later served as Justice of the Peace, school director and road overseer.

But the whole affair was not forgotten for many years. My grandmother kept a queer-looking, black hat she said belonged to Jesse Roper; she also had a keepsake picture of Sheriff Byler. Schoolboys played at Byler and Roper—and which one was the villain and which one was the hero depended on whether his family was for the Dentons or for the Twiggs. Both the sheriff and Roper were honored by local ballad writers and their songs were popularly requested at every play party, square dance and school program for two decades.

LETTER RIP!



Dear Joe:

One of your readers commented about mules: "They are a modern invention; I don't think the Bible alludes to them at all."

You will find mule, and mules, mentioned sixteen times in the Old Testament: Genesis, Chapter 30, Verse 24; 2nd Samuel 13:29, 18:9; I Kings 1:33, 38:44; Psalms 32:9; Zach. 14:15; Genesis 36:24; I Kings 10:25; 2nd Chronicles 9:-24; I Kings 18:5; 2nd Kings 5:17; I Chronicles 12:40; Ezr. 2:66; Neh. 7:68; Est. 8:10; Isaiah 66:20.

I have supplied these references as it takes a good reference book on the Bible to give them. Please print this in your Old West. We like your magazines very much.—Mrs. J. J. Kennon, Route 1, Box 155F, Roswell, New Mexico, 88201.

Dear Sirs:

I have subscribed to both TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES for almost three years. I have also subscribed to OLD WEST from its start. I like them very, very much!

I am interested in the American West and especially in the Indians which I have studied for more than twelve years. I am collecting books, photos, magazines, and Indian handcraft.

In 1963, I received a letter from Mr. Will G. Robinson of South Dakota State Historical Society in which he told me that they were trying to help out a local museum at Mobridge, near where Sitting Bull was born and also killed, and wanted to get together a gallery of Sitting Bull pictures. Mr. Robinson said that I had nine pictures of the chief which they (the society and the museum) didn't have. He wanted me to take a 35mm film of these pictures and send him, which I did. I would like to see more articles on Indians in your magazines.

I wish you good luck in making the great West well known and unforgettable!—Erik Brunström, Södra Kvarngatan 20, Lysekil, Sweden.

Gentlemen:

As for running the original TRUE WEST articles in OLD WEST, let me say that there is nothing you could do that would please us yokels any more, especially we who missed a goodly number of the first TRUE WEST.

You may not know it, but through the channels of OLD WEST, TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, you are disseminating more down-to-earth history to more people than many colleges and universities in the nation. The three great magazines are a sustained account of untold incidents which illustrate the dog-eat-dog incidents akin to human existence in a land where many citizens yet live who actually endured all the dangers and hardships of the Old West in their youth.

Let me say, too, that your magazines are neater, better prepared, and much more sophisticated in every respect than others I have tried. So, just keep them rolling.—J. G. Kelly, Bent Chimney Ranch, Wardville, Oklahoma.

Gentlemen:

Could any of your readers tell me where I could get a copy of the old poster showing Black Bart with his long black beard sitting in a barber chair with a revolver in his lap while the barber shivers with his razor in his hand, and a poster on the wall offers a reward for Black Bart?—Harry P. Bohrer, 82 Westview Terrace, Rochester 20, New York.

Dear Mr. Small:

My husband and I really enjoy reading TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, and OLD WEST. In the two or three years we have received the magazines, I have found several articles mentioning relatives of mine.

In the Fall, 1965 issue of Old West, "Lucky Bill Gets the Noose," the story relates, "Nothing more was ever heard of Martha or her baby." Martha Lamb is my great-grandmother on my father's side of the family. She had a son and named him Will Thorington. Martha later married David Olds and they homesteaded in Round Valley, Inyo County, Bishop, California. She is buried in Bishop.

Will Thorington's son, Cecil, was sheriff of Mono County, California, for twenty years, retiring in 1963. He is still living and has a brother near Fresno.

My father read the story of Lucky Bill and said that as near as he knew the story was true. Keep up the good work.—Alice Smalley, P. O. Box 687, Lone Pine, California 93545.

Dear Pat:

I am wondering if some of your readers could help me. My mother was a half-breed Indian, and I didn't know too much about her people. She came from a small tribe called the Iowa Fox and Sac. She was born at Fontanella, Iowa, September 7, 1889. Her father was a full-blooded Indian. His name, in English, was George Phillips. She told me one time that her grandfather was an Indian Medicine Man. In the Indian language, I don't know what her father's name would be.

I have been interested in the Indian people for years and would love to know more about the Fox and Sac tribe. You never read anything about them.—Mrs. A. Laushman, 8110 South 32nd St., South Omaha, Nebraska 68147.

Dear Sirs:

I refer to the article in the Winter, 1965 issue of OLD WEST by L. Patschke Rhodes, page 44, entitled "Wild Bill Longley."

Many stories have been written of the hanging of Bill Longley, and almost without exception that question of whether Bill died at the end of the hangman's noose that summer day back in 1878 comes up. In the following story I hope I may clarify this question that never seems to be settled.

My father, Willard Milton Martin, was born in 1861, in what was known at that time as Yegua Knobs Settlement. He lived there for more than thirty years and was familiar with all the crimes and outlawry in that country during its dark and bloody history. The Knobs, as the three or four hills are known, are about six miles northeast of McDade. He knew personally almost every man in his own community as well as the Blue Branch and McDade communities. He was frequently called upon to serve on juries in Lee County and thus had the opportunity to make acquaintances with people from the various settlements. He was personally and well acquainted with the lawyers and other public officials.

The goings-on in the area were part of his life and he felt the full impact of crime and lawlessness so rampant during the '70s and '80s. He was acquainted with every man in the McDade fight on Christmas day of 1883, and with the three who were hanged just out from town the preceding night; also he knew the four men who were hanged in the Blue Branch community, having gone to school with some of them.

My father knew Bill Longley and of his violent life of murders before his trial in Giddings, Texas, and he visited Longley while he was in the Giddings jail. He said Bill was a handsome man with black hair and unusually fair complexion. His long stay in jail had bleached his skin so white (which accentuated the contrast with his black hair) that he looked almost like a ghost. Bill was a fiddler and his favorite song, *Gentle Annie*, one of Stephen Foster's compositions, he often sang and played with all the emotion and pathos engendered by his situation. Father was present at Bill's trial when he was convicted and sentenced to die for the murder of Mr. Anderson.

Father was also present on the day of the execution. People had gathered from far and near to see the notorious outlaw executed, as it had been widely advertised. Father stood within fifty feet of the gallows and saw everything that was done and heard every word that was spoken. He was well acquainted with the sheriff, Jim Brown, and with Jim's brothers, Bev and Charlie. Charlie was a deputy sheriff at that time.

When the hour of the execution arrived, Bill was led from the jail out to the scaffold. He and the officers sat down in the shade of a tree and Bill smoked a cigar. After they had been there a short time, Bill said, "What are we waiting for?"

Jim Brown replied, "Well, I just hated to rush you off."

"Let's get through with it," Bill said.

They took him upon the scaffold and Jim asked Longley if he had anything to say.

"Yes," he said. "I hope this will be a warning to the boys of Texas to shun bad company. Of course, I hate to die—we all hate to die—but I have killed men who hated to die as much as I do."

When he had finished speaking, Jim Brown pulled the black cap down over Bill's head, then adjusted the noose about his neck. When all was ready, Jim Brown raised his hatchet high and said, "All ready." The hatchet came down with a hard blow. The trap door flew open and Bill hurtled through in a quick plunge. The weight of his body was so great that one strand of the rope broke, unwound and allowed Bill's toes to touch the ground. He was immediately swung up and left suspended in the air till the doctors pronounced him dead. When Bill was lowered to the ground, Charlie Brown took his face in his hands and turned it clear around to the back to show that the neck was broken. Father said that Bill's neck was twice its natural length.

The story that this was a false hanging was sent to Bill's mother, who at that time lived in California, because her friends did not want her to know the real truth of the tragic end of Bill's life. The fact that the rope, or one strand of it, broke was perhaps the basis of that story, but Father said that Bill was wearing a light shirt that hot day and that it would have been physically impossible for any sort of harness or gear to have been concealed from public view that could have blocked the fall of Bill's body enough to prevent a broken neck.

I was born in 1886, at the base of the First or North Knob. I lived along the frazzled end of those hectic times and I often heard the horrid stories of the thieving and killings that rocked that and surrounding neighborhoods. When friends visited, almost without exception their conversations turned to the tragic events of recent years and never once did I hear any doubts of Bill Longley's demise at the end of the rope that day. I heard so often of the Blue Branch and McDade tragedies that I came almost to feel that I had also lived through them myself.

I heard the name Bill Longley, Jim, Bev and Charlie Brown; of George Milton, Tom Bishop and Willie Griffin; of Haywood, Jack and Az Beatty; of Thad and Felix McLemore and Henry Pfeiffer; of Wade Alsup, Bake Scott, Young Floyd and John Kuyendall so much that I felt as if I were personally acquainted with each one of them. Today my memory stretches back seventy-five years to the frightening times in our neighborhood, when I was afraid to venture out of the house at night. All the participants in those bloody affairs are long since gone to their reward, but there seems to be no end to the memories of them.

I hope what I have written will clear up the question of Bill Longley's death at the end of the rope that day back in 1878.—G. K. Martin, 811 Talbot Street, Taylor, Texas.

Dear Mr. Small:

This isn't going to be a fancy letter because I'm not trying to impress anyone. I only want you to know that I have purchased and read every issue of OLD WEST that you have published and I have found the magazine to be as fine a publication as FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST.

I am grateful for all three of these wonderful magazines, and I certainly wouldn't profess to be able to tell you how to put out your magazines. I am one individual who is completely satisfied to let you go on doing the splendid job you are doing exactly the way you desire, and I will be satisfied and continue to read all three publications.

I have purchased and read all other western magazines similar to yours for quite some time now so I feel I am justified in saying that yours are the absolute finest, the most satisfying and the biggest value on the news racks, magazine racks, etc. In other words, I have purchased and read them all so I feel qualified in saying *yours are the best.*

The reason I haven't subscribed to your publication is that I am able to purchase them in a nearby store in perfect condition so why have them mailed and receive them in such a deplorable condition that one is unable to read them and stash them away.

Many times we do not even receive our mail, as it is returned, or else it is put in another mailbox down the street somewhere and then returned. I have even had this happen to checks that I was badly in need of at the time, so there it is.

Well, keep up the good work for there are many like me whom you are making very happy so just ignore the sour grapes that show up once in a while.—Martin F. Randenberg, 10319 Norris Avenue, Pacoima, California 91331.

Dear Joe:

The cowboy myth grows and grows. It is make-believe running wild. Evidently writers of fiction have avoided painting the cowboy in true character because, in all probability, real cowboy life would be rather drab and lack the excitement to arouse a reader's interest.

The day of the cowboy was well on the way out when I was a boy but it was my good fortune to know personally a number of those hardy men of the long cattle drives. One of these was Emory V. (Dick) Moore who was foreman on several of the drives in the '70s and '80s. Others included Charley Farr, Simon Rummings, Tom Moore, Pete Harper and the Middlemist brothers. After the drives were over these men sought other means of a livelihood. A number of them acquired land along the Big Sandy and the Republician River in Colorado and raised cattle on a small scale, each taking care of his own small herd, usually with little or no help. Some engaged in other employment.

While the cattle drives were in progress the K.P. Ranch was established at Hugo, Colorado, by the Pugsley Brothers and cattle were driven in to stock the open ranges so recently occupied by buffalo herds. Some of the cowboys of the cattle drives, including Dick Moore, worked awhile for the K. P. outfit. The severe winter of '85 and '86 destroyed these range cattle by the thousands and proved beyond doubt that cattle could not survive the blizzards of the plains without shelter, as the buffalo had done. The buffaloes would group up with their heads facing the wind and, protected by the heavy coat of hair on neck and shoulders, weather out the storms successfully. Cattle, on the other hand, would face away from the storm and drift with the wind until they came to some insurmountable obstacle or became exhausted, and then would chill to death in a short time. I was told that 55,000 cattle perished along the north bank of the Arkansas River in the storms of 1886. Dick Moore was still in Pugsley's employ and spent that terrible winter in a camp on the Arikaree with a band of horses. The stories of his experiences on the long drives and in the bleak camp on the Arikaree, to a small boy such as I, were thrilling indeed, yet these stories were entirely devoid of gun fighting and the wild and woolly adventures of legendary cowboys.

My father, William Blake, was among the first settlers to come to the Plains country as the buffalo went out. He stayed for a time with A. H. Cole, a buffalo hunter and plainsman who had a camp on the South Fork of the Republican River, a few miles north of the present town of Seibert. Later my father selected a place to establish a home. I well remember the thousands of bleaching buffalo skeletons which dotted the plains in the '80s and '90s, when as a boy, I roamed over Kit Carson, Elbert and Arapahoe (now Washington) Counties in eastern Colorado.

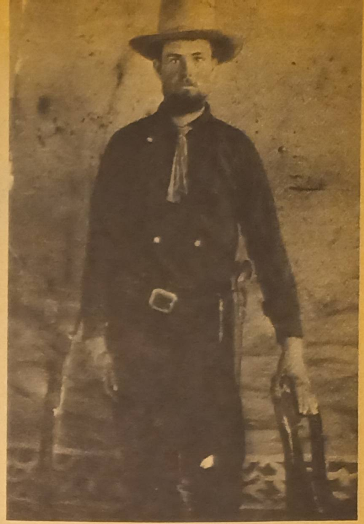


Photo Courtesy Mrs. Ray B. Thurston

Emery Virgil (Dick) Moore from a tintype taken in Las Animas, Colorado, about 1879. This was during the time Dick was ramrodding cattle drives.

My father did some hauling of bones to Haigler, Nebraska, which was the nearest railroad point. The Rock Island Railroad had not yet been built. There was also a market for a well matched set of buffalo horns. They were like ivory when polished, but jet black.

After a few years, the cowboys of the long drives organized "The Colorado Pioneer Cowboys Association." They held meetings from time to time in Denver, where they renewed old acquaintances and held street parades. Dick Moore was president of the association. He had left the employ of the K. P. Ranch in 1890 and moved to Denver. He was town marshal of Elyria for several years and, in 1900 was appointed state brand inspector and held that position for thirty-four years. He died in 1951 at the age of ninety-four. Approached many times by those who sought material for stories of the cattle drives, he always refused to speak of his past. He would say to them, "My experiences would not provide the stories you want. You are looking for blood and thunder, and that was not associated with the life of the cowboy."

At a later date there were some range wars where sheep and cattle interests conflicted and some hired killers came into the picture, but these instances were few and had nothing to do with the work of the old-time cowboys.—Grover C. Blake, 427 N.E. Emerald Drive, Roseburg, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

I read your magazines just as fast as they hit the book stores that sell them. Regarding the Winter edition of OLD WEST, "The Apache Kid—Arizona Terror," I lived in the same little town where the three men and the Apache Kid and his gang, and the Mexican Jesus Avota, stayed the first night out of Globe, when they were taking them to Casa Grande, Arizona, to catch the train for Yuma to the Territorial Prison. Although this happened sixteen years before I was born, I was told all about it in 1930 by the Deputy Sheriff of Mammoth, Arizona. His name was Red Kinsey. Red's father was also a lawman in earlier years at

Ray, Arizona, a few miles farther down the Gila River from where the Apache Kid and his gang killed the two lawmen and wounded Gene Middleton, the driver. Red Kinsey's daddy knew all about the killings as he was in Ray at that time.

The little town on the Gila River, where Sheriff Glen Reynolds, Deputy William "Hunky Dory" Holmes, the eight Indians and the Mexican stayed the first night out of Globe, November 1, 1899, was Winkelman, Arizona.

Red Kinsey said his daddy told him they left Winkelman next morning headed for Casa Grande. They were about fifteen miles from where they stayed all night. The killing happened when the horses gave out going across the dry sand bed of Kipsey Wash, just before they started up the mountain grade. Red showed me just exactly where the killing took place, and he said that Gene Middleton staggered to the little town of Kelvin to report it and Jesus Avota landed at what was known thirty-five years ago as the old J. Z. (John Zallawager) cow ranch. He reported the killing there, which earned him a pardon as the result. Kelvin, Arizona, is about five miles from where the killing happened.

I used to go to school in Winkelman when I was seven years old. Winkelman was wide open then, and plenty tough. There were about eighty-five girls on the line and plenty of gambling houses and open saloons. I've seen several killings there myself.

My first trip to California was in 1912 in a covered wagon. My dad had two covered wagons and two trail wagons, besides a bunch of horses to drive. I rode horseback with my older brother and his pal, Happy Huffman, and drove the herd of loose horses through to Holtville, California, where we sold them. At that time the Yaqui Indians and renegade Mexicans along the border were pretty bad so we had to ride night herd on our horses to keep from losing them.

I was born in a dugout in New Mexico ten miles from Roswell, March 15, 1905. I've seen some pretty scary incidents take place in my time and I've been in a few places I had a hard time wiggling out. Poor old Red Kinsey who told me about the Apache Kid has been dead several years. I had not thought of Red Kinsey until I read the story in OLD WEST.

William Hopson, the author, might have been about ten miles off on the distance from where they stayed all night the first night, or maybe Red Kinsey was off distance a little. Anyway, one of them is a little off on the town or the mileage; but I'm not kicking for a truer story could never be told. Your books are tops and I have found several stories in them that I know about and they are true.—Homer Jim Pitts, Box 541, Elsinore, California.

Dear Sir:

Being an Englishman whose only introduction to the happenings in the West is through the medium of Hollywood westerns and television, my first impressions were therefore false. I have read any book I could get my hands on but the supply of such books in this country is limited, so I was very pleased when I found it was possible to obtain your magazines, and they have given me hours of enjoyment ever since.

During my spare time I run a Wolf Cub Pack (Cub Scouts to you, I think) and now and then I read certain stories from your magazines to them which helps to keep them quiet for 10 to 15 minutes. But I set myself a problem when I started to read "Gold Trails of 1898" from OLD WEST copies No. 2 and No. 3. I thought I was never going to finish it. I had to keep on recapping. Once I thought I should stop reading it to them, but I decided against this course of action, fortunately, otherwise I think I would have been lynched—dying in true western manner with my boots on.

I personally think the magazine OLD WEST is the best of the trio as it gives me the opportunity of reading rare books to which I do not have access. Also, the advertisements in the other magazines sometimes make me want to weep when I see something of interest which I cannot obtain.—N. H. Valette, 51 North Shore Road, Hayling Island, Hampshire, England.

Dear Sir:

I want to let you know of my enthusiasm for the story in your magazine of Fall 1965, which I got around to reading last night. That was about one of the best that I have read—"A Texan Hits the Pampas" by Milt Hinkle.

As a very young street carnival worker, I had lots of opportunity to become acquainted with 101 Wild West Ranch shows along the Gulf Coast and I ate them up! In 1918 in the A.E.F. (Brest, France at this time) a shipload of troops would leave each day en route to the rest camp or on to the front. We in the railhead yards were always on the lookout for units from home passing through, hoping to get a glimpse of a familiar face and asking, "What outfit, buddy?"

Lo and behold, on this day, I read the lettering in large size: "101 Ranch Wild West Shows," on the train slowly pulling out of the yards. Man! I do not recall ever having such a feeling, before or since. It was like being back home.—C. F. Crosbie, 763 Kentucky Street, Mobile, Alabama.

Sirs:

In the Spring issue of OLD WEST there is an article "Secret Sorrows of a Shepherder," author unknown. There is no doubt the speech was written and given by Archer B. Gilfillan, author of the book *Sheep*.

Archie Gilfillan was born at White Earth, Minnesota, the son of a missionary among the Indian tribes. At the age of fourteen his parents moved east where he got most of his education, graduating from the University of Pennsylvania. Soon after, he headed west to homestead in South Dakota and later took up sheepherding.

He died in Deadwood, South Dakota, in 1955. His later years were spent in the newspaper business.—Cather Clanton, Buffalo, South Dakota.

Dear Sirs:

When I was a small boy in 1910 I always loved the woods and outdoors and it has stayed with me up to now. I had an uncle who was farming in the forks of the Kiamichi and the Red River in Oklahoma. I did not like farming so I got a job on a snagboat that was cleaning out the river so large boats could be run up from Fulton, Arkansas.

As soon as this job was over, I hired on with the AMS Shovel and Tool Company who came in to cut ash timber for making spade handles and ball bats. Later I went to work in the hills, buying fur hides and herbs from the Indians. This is when I learned something about the hills around there. I learned that at one time years ago the Spanish were all over that part of the country. Trapping, mining and digging herbs, once in a while you would find an Indian who would tell you something—but to get him to *show* you anything was another story.

There was an old friend of mine who lived down on the Kiamichi River who could read some of the Spanish signs on several of the rocks up there. After hunting for some time we found one of the tunnels the Spanish had dug in the hills a long time ago, so we thought we would outsmart the Indians who were watching that canyon. We got two more fellows to join us and we slipped out there and made camp in a place where we didn't think anyone would see us. We went to work and opened up the cave and found out that it was old. The date carved in the wall of the room was 1666. Another thing that was plain was a big old pistol carved in the wall.

The Spanish did not open up their mines like we do. They would just make a hole big enough to crawl in, but once inside the rooms were large. When they left the cave that we were in, they must have left in a hurry for it looked like several tons of dirt had been left inside the tunnel.

We were just getting ready to start moving the dirt out when about thirty Indians came within 300 feet and hollered to us to get out. We did not want any trouble so we put the harness on the horses just as quick as we could and got going. I don't know whether they knew what we were doing in there or not but one of the boys slipped back up there later and filled the hole up, so no one else would find it.

The Spanish must have been in that section for a long time as the old trails up on level ground were cut over a foot deep in some places. The trails went on up into Missouri, I guess for lead, for when my grandfather came south and bought land in what is now Collin County, Texas, the old Spanish trail went right by his farm from the north to San Antonio, Texas. I was raised up near the old trail and have heard lots of stories about how the Indians and Spanish used to fight. Of course, that was before my time but the old trail was pretty plain.

When I was a small boy I remember when my old uncle plowed up a white rock near the trail. The rock was about twenty inches long and fourteen inches wide, scooped out like a bread tray. It was all full of some kind of writing so my father saddled up his mule and took it to an old Spanish doctor who lived about twenty miles from us. The old doctor looked at the writing for a long time. He told my dad that there was only one thing on the rock that he would be interested in and that was fifty *varas* due north of where this rock was found—where there were six jack-loads of uncoined gold buried. So my uncle who plowed it up would not tell where he found it. Everyone knew that it had to be on the ten acres of ground that he had cleared off to start farming on.

Anyway, I guess the gold is still there awaiting some lucky fellow.

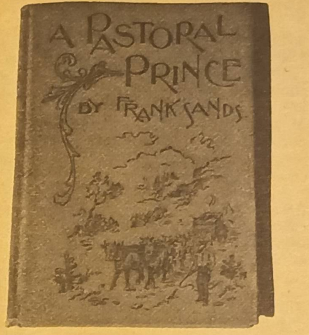
I made a trip back to Oklahoma in 1936 just to see how things looked after so many years. There was one thing we found which proved that the Spanish had lived there a long time ago—a small man-made lake where they raised otter for oil and meat. There were otter still in the lake when we were there in 1915. I went to the place but did not do any digging for some of the same Indians were living in the canyon as when I was up there before. I hope to be able to make another trip back someday for the Indians who were in there in 1936 were a lot friendlier than those who were in there in 1915!—Buck Rains, P. O. Box 963, Lake Isabella, California 93240.

OLD WEST Special! BOOK BONUS!

A PASTORAL PRINCE

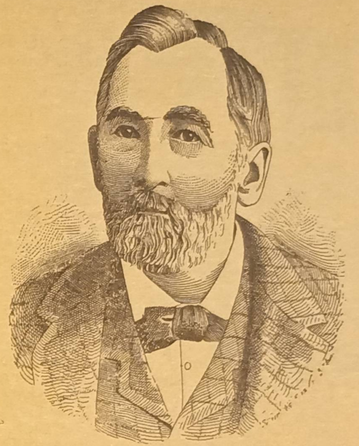
The Story of a California

SHEEP BARON



Cooper made a quick trip from rags to riches. The country was new but the formula was old—"Use the brains God gave you and never back down from a fight."

By FRANK SANDS



Joseph Wright Cooper

JOSEPH WRIGHT COOPER was born on June 4, 1826, near Hopkinsville, Christian County, Kentucky. His father, John Cooper, was from Virginia, and his mother, born Elizabeth Wright, was of a good Kentucky family.

In 1839, when young Cooper was thirteen years of age, his father decided to emigrate. With a number of slaves and other property, he moved to Howard County, Missouri. After a considerable journey, the family reached a desirable place called Rocheport in Boone County, where 640 acres of fine land were purchased on the Monitor River.

Concerning this trip, an interesting story of "what might have been" is related. After crossing the Mississippi River, the party encamped on what is now a populous part of the City of St. Louis. While there, a gentleman met them and was so desirous of purchasing one of the slaves, a Negro named Lewis, that he offered Mr. Cooper 160 acres of the land on which they were then camping in exchange for the slave. The offer was declined, but we cannot refrain from wondering how much that tract of land would be worth if it had been purchased and held by the family until now. Probably fully fifty million dollars would be required to match its value.

The land at Rocheport having been secured, it was soon brought to a high state of cultivation, and the business of farming and stockraising on a large scale prosecuted. These were the years 1839-40, and the affairs of the family were in a heyday of success. But trouble, in the course of time, comes to all, and it came to John Cooper.

In 1846, times were very hard and ill fortune followed ill fortune in quick succession until the good man, in dire financial distress, died of a broken heart, leaving his family without means of support. On winding up the estate, the administrator found there was actually nothing left.

Crops were being sold for a song. At the present time we have no adequate conception of how hard was the struggle for a mere existence. Every kind of produce had to be sold at ruinous rates; nice fat turkeys, dressed and carried to market, only brought twenty cents each; fine spring chickens were sold at thirty-seven and one-half cents per dozen; tobacco was only worth from three-fourths of a cent to two and one-half cents a pound; the corn crop, capable of shelling out fifty bushels to each acre, was sold at $1.37½ per acre. Articles such as we now consider necessities were looked upon as luxuries in those days. The list would include sugar, molasses, coffee, cotton cloth and calico. Such goods then were sold for at least three times the price at which they are now retailed.

To make things worse, labor brought very low prices. When such a condition of affairs exists, everyone is poor. Men worked from sunrise to sunset, and performed fully double the labor that is now required as a day's work. Mr. Cooper says: "My father hired men to swing a cradle in heavy grain, day after day, at eight dollars per month. That was before the age of mechanical invention, by which the heaviest portion of the work is done by machinery. Father hired men to clear up heavily timbered land at five dollars per acre. School teachers were paid fifteen dollars per month and 'boarded around.' The boys and girls attended the county school where the building and furniture combined did not cost one hundred dollars. The seats were made of hewn logs—rather hard to sit upon and quite different from the easy chairs found in the schoolrooms of today. All of our clothing was homemade. Flax was grown, spun and woven for summer wear; and wool was carded, spun and woven for our winter garments. All of the flour and breadstuffs used were ground at a 'sweep mill,' capable of grinding only about a dozen bushels of grain per day."

Young Cooper found himself without any money or income whatsoever with which to support himself, three sisters and a niece. He had a brother, who had just graduated from a medical school but was not yet in practice. Doctors in that part of the world, in those days, were not the "pampered darlings of fortune" as we know them now, when a visit calls down a shower of gold. They had to give some return for their fees, and often—very often—were compelled to accept various commodities as payment in lieu of money.

The young doctor looked long at the situation, took in all its details, and finally said: "Joe, the future looks dreary. I've got this medical education, it is true, but at the present time it is a hindrance instead of an assistance to us. It has cost too much money to allow me to throw it away, and yet it is of no account at this moment in aiding you to earn money to support our family. But I will do all I can."

"Never mind," said Joe, "we will do our best, and that is all anyone can do."

Joe was full of courage, and immediately began to take action. This characteristic has clung to the man all through his life. He set about finding work, and went to Mr. Kelley Wright, an old friend of the family. Mr. Wright had purchased a part of the standing crops on the father's place, and when young Cooper appeared, he said: "Joe,

$75.00 RARE BOOK VALUE! **REPRINTED COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!**

From the first and only edition published at Santa Barbara, California, in 1893 do you wish to work?"

"Yes," was answered, "I've got to earn something in some way, for there is nothing left for us."

"Well," said Mr. Wright, "I can get a stronger man than you for fifteen cents a day; but as you have had pretty hard luck, I will give you twenty cents a day. You must sleep and get breakfast and supper at home."

So the young fellow buckled down to work with a will, and at a price per day that was less than is now paid per hour on our city streets. There was no eight-hour ordinance in existence then. From sunrise to sunset constituted a day's work.

During the next three years the young man worked along as best he could. He rented land and tried farming on a small scale. He raised hogs, taking care to get the finest breed. It was during this period that he saw his first piece of gold, and it happened in this way: By selling a hog at a fancy price he received the sum of $12.50, and among the coins was a five-dollar gold piece. However, boy-like, after feasting his eyes on the beautiful coin for awhile, he had the whole sum changed to picayunes—a small coin of the value of six and one-quarter cents—and then, going to an old elm log, he spread out the money in a long continuous row, where, as he has often confessed, it looked like a bigger sum than he ever saw before or since.

Later on, he sold more of his hogs, though the prices were far from being fancy. Twenty-three fine large animals, driven four miles to market, realized only $71.00. (It may be of interest to remark that the purchaser in the last transaction was old Bill Carson, brother of the famous Kit Carson, so celebrated for his deeds of daring in border warfare and as an Indian scout.)

AS YOUNG Cooper, chilled to the marrow by cold, plodded along his way home after he had made his $12.50 sale, this thought kept arising in his mind: "There must a place where the weather is less severe, where money is more plentiful and easier to get, and life is not so hard to endure." Dreams of that new El Dorado, California, haunted him and, before he reached home, he had a well-developed attack of "California fever."

California was then a *terra incognita* to the world—even to its own inhabitants, very few of whom had much of an idea even of its contour. It is true many Americans had already been tempted to its shores and had sent home glowing accounts of its genial climate. Its capacity as a stockraising and agricultural land was also becoming known in a limited way. This, of course, applies to the upper part of the state. Then in January, 1848, came the news of the great discoveries of gold, followed by the mad rush of people from all over the world. All these facts were known even in the isolated part of the world where young Cooper was grubbing along for a bare living. Men from his own neighborhood had set out and joined hands in the new life on the Pacific Coast.

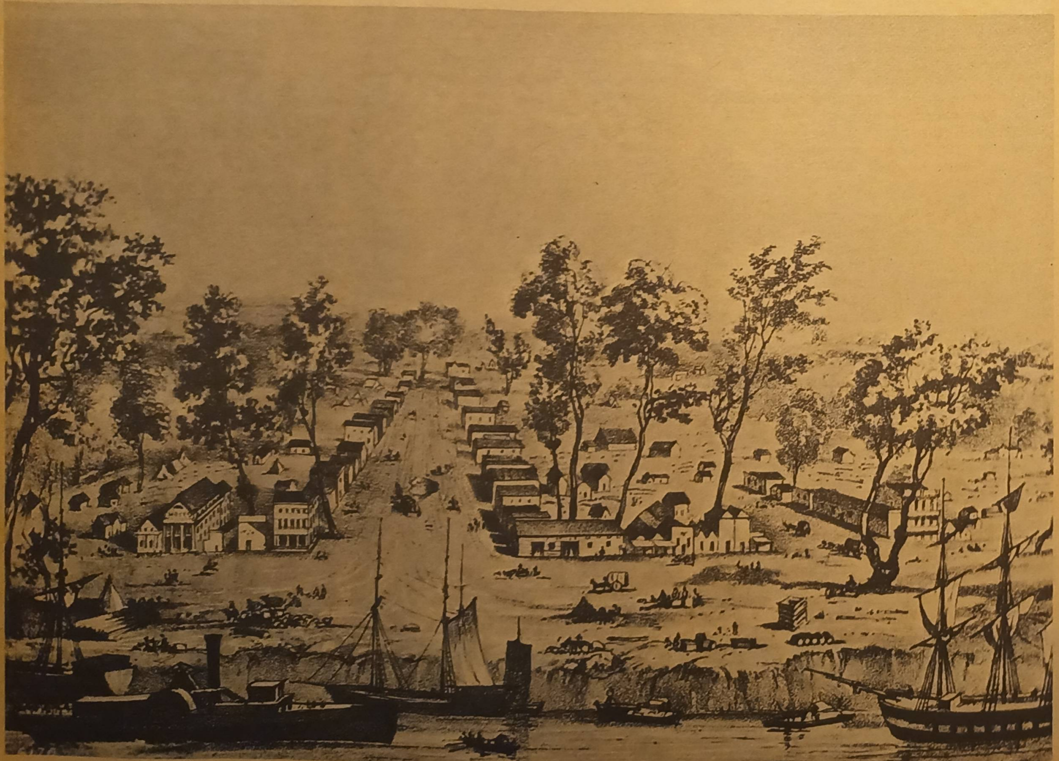
Arriving home, young Cooper ate his frugal supper, and in the evening told his sister Bessie of what he had in mind. This sister acted as his housekeeper and was naturally surprised at the idea, but she made no objections. The subject was discussed thoroughly and resulted, shortly after, in the sister going to Cooper County near the neighborhood where her brother, the young physician, was making some headway in the practice of his profession.

In April, 1850, Mr. Cooper, in company with his brother-in-law, John Pipes, and a number of young men, began their journey to the Golden West. It was a congenial party of good men, and was kept intact until the Sierra Nevada Mountains had been passed. At that point, Mr.Cooper left his companions and went on ahead, arriving in Sacramento on August 26, 1850.

In crossing the Plains our friend saw few or no Indians. At first thought this may seem strange, but a little reflection will show a reason. The enormous number of people who crossed the continent in 1849-50 was a great surprise to the aborigines, who did not know what to make of such remarkable trains of palefaces. It is true, in past years they had seen straggling bands of hunters and trappers, but here were processions of wagons and troops of men that in number seemed interminable. The Indians hardly knew what to make of this, so did nothing, but kept away from the great avenues of travel—and waited. Even the buffaloes had turned aside, and on the overland trip in 1850 our travelers saw only three of the big, shaggy animals.

City of Sacramento, 1850

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles



All of this was changed when Cooper crossed the Plains in 1851, and again in 1858. In those years there were literally millions of buffaloes. As far as the eyes could reach, for days at a time, the Great Plains were covered with the animals feeding or moving in columns of irresistible force. Sometimes the trains would halt and all would engage in a hunt. The men would start out and kill as many of the finest buffaloes as they could approach easily, the carcasses of which were hauled to camp and the meat cut up and dried. The flesh was sweet, of good flavor, and served to lengthen out the food supplies to quite an appreciable extent.

The approach of a herd of buffaloes was always heralded by gangs of wolves, who went on ahead, beside and behind the great procession of cattle. The fierce and voracious little animals would often kill the old or wounded buffaloes, and were even known to open the graves and devour the remains of luckless emigrants who entered the Great Plains only to find death and a nameless grave.

Fremont affirmed that, up to 1836, a person traveling between the Rocky Mountains and the Missouri River never lost sight of buffaloes. In 1867 it was estimated that they outnumbered all the domestic animals in the United States. But as time went on and travel increased, their number grew steadily less. Every emigrant was ambitious to kill at least one animal, and so the entire route, between the two points named, became a sort of Golgotha, a lane of whitened skulls perforated with bullets. Now the animals are exterminated—absolutely wiped from the face of the earth.

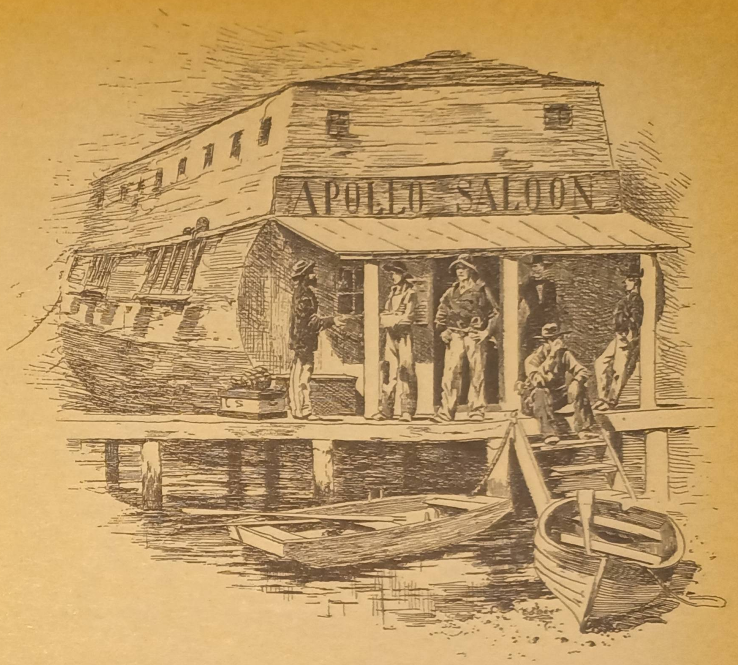
To certain men and women of a sentimental turn of mind the extinction of the buffalo is a deplorable fact, but I cannot entirely agree with such people. The buffalo lived his allotted span, served the purpose for which he was created, and the time had arrived at which he must give way to another dispensation. Eternal progress is the law of the universe. Nothing is at a standstill. Families and species of creatures live, perform their functions and die—never to be reproduced. Even the crust of earth on which we live is constantly changing its contour. The people have changed, are changing and will change—but whether for the better or worse I am not yet positively sure.

ARRIVED IN Sacramento, all was new to the young man, and he went about the place with open mouth and eyes, staring at everything. On one of his rambles he first saw the "thimble game" worked. He had no money, so he could not lose any. He could only look on and watch the others as they came up and dropped their hard-earned "dust." While engaged in this pleasant occupation a tall, well-built miner came along and prepared to stake his big pouch of gold-dust on the game. Our young friend disliked to see the man lose his money on such a sure-thing swindle, so he edged along and finally plucked him by the arm and remarked: "I wouldn't wager anything on such a game, my friend. You will surely lose your money."

The miner looked darkly at the young man for a moment and then curtly said: "Mind your own business and leave me alone."

The pouch of gold-dust was then staked and, of course, lost. The miner looked dazed for a minute, but went off without a word.

Gambling was practiced by nearly everyone in California in those days, and was one of the greatest curses of the times. The vice had been growing in popular favor for a number of years until it became one of the characteristics of the Coast. The reckless miners would work like beavers in the mines, accumulate a good-sized pouch of gold-dust, and then hurry to San Francisco, Sacramento or Stockton, and perhaps spend in a single night money that had cost them weeks or months to accumulate.



Century Magazine, February 1892

Old store-ship *Apollo*, used as a saloon during pioneer days in San Francisco

Great gaming and drinking saloons abounded everywhere in the large towns, and got a very large percentage of the miners' wealth. Stringent resolutions were once passed by the City Council of San Francisco regarding the evil, but at the following meeting the same council rescinded them, and gaming went on with increased zest. Speaking of this matter, one of the writers of the times said: "If those resolutions had been in force when the gold discoveries had enriched the many thousands, the town might have become wealthy in a single night."

After remaining in Sacramento for perhaps a week, young Cooper and a Missourian named John B. Hill started to go to Stockton, where a brother-in-law of the latter, named George Litchlyter, was engaged as a blacksmith. Money was very scarce with the men, and they decided to buy a quantity of food and take it along for their meals, instead of trusting to the boarding houses on the way. So a quantity of bread and bologna sausage was obtained, and they set out on their long walk. Their stomachs, for some reason, rebelled at the food and, after the first lunch, it was buried under a log, and during the remainder of the trip they put out their money in regular meals. Stockton was reached after a weary tramp of three days, and the men were well received by their friend.

The next day the young men went out to see the sights and take a walk. As they went along "gawping at everything," to use Cooper's own words, suddenly they heard a commotion just ahead, and in a moment there appeared eight horsemen riding abreast. They were gamblers out on a lark. The men rode along at full speed, discharging their pistols in the air and hallooing lustily all the while. On they went like a whirlwind until, coming to a saloon a short distance away, they suddenly drew rein and, ducking their heads, three of the men rode directly through the door into the saloon, where they amused themselves by shooting the necks off the bottles on the shelves.

"Say, boy, don't you wish you were home with mother?" asked Cooper of his companion.

DURING Mr. Cooper's stay in and about Stockton in 1850, he knew by sight fifteen or twenty of the most noted gamblers. This was the extent of his acquaintance with the men, as he always aimed to steer clear of such fellows. Among the number were those just mentioned as having ridden into the saloon and shot off the tops of the bottles. The list included, also, such men as the three Owen brothers, the three McNabs, also brothers, Dave Humphrey, Bill Turner, Jim Taylor, and a lot of others. They were all desperadoes who gambled, shot men, drank, caroused, and raised the devil generally. The least provocation would bring a shot on the instant from such men. Often the provocation was far more fancied than real. Decent men had no business with them in any sense.

Mr. Cooper saw Bill Turner shoot in the back and kill Jim Taylor, while the latter stood with one foot on the box, having his boots blacked. This murder was most cowardly and cold-blooded. The perpetrator was arrested, but on trial was acquitted, owing to the skill of Col. Baker, who defended him.

At another time, Mr. Cooper saw Bill Rainey, a Texan, shoot and kill a man named Mazingo in a fandango house, without the least cause. Rainey was arrested and brought into Judge Ware's court to stand preliminary examination, where he sat with a brace of six-shooters and a big bowie knife on his knees in sight of everybody. This man was also acquitted, and in a little while moved to the town of Sonora. There, in company with a disreputable woman, he opened a fandango house. Rainey dealt out the tanglefoot whiskey, and the woman attended to the dancing and the women.

One night some strangers stepped to the bar, and one of them called for refreshments. After drinking, the man threw down what he supposed was sufficient money to pay the bill.

"That's not money enough to settle the score," said Rainey.

"But it is all the money I have," replied the stranger.

Rainey reached over the counter, and beat the man over the head with his revolver.

"That's all right," said the victim. "You shall have your pay," and walked off.

In about fifteen minutes, bang! went the report of a gun, and a bullet crashed through the window into and through Rainey's brain, and thence into a Dutchman's head, killing both men instantly. Some regrets were expressed for the Dutchman's fate, for he was merely a looker-on who happened to be standing just in line of the bullet. But there was not much effort made to discover the men who fired the shot.

Early in the Fifties, a small-sized, weakly-looking man was passing from one part of the mines to another with his blankets on his back. Coming to a saloon—a sort of deadfall, by the way—he entered and threw down his blankets. In the place was a brutish sort of a man, who bullied unmercifully every man who seemed to be physically his inferior.

Being tired, dusty and thirsty, the little man went to the bar, and asked for a drink of whiskey. The bottle and a glass were set out, and the man poured out his drink and was just in the act of lifting the glass to his lips, when the bully reached over, snatched the tumbler and drank its contents himself.

The little man (apparently) took no notice of the act but, looking at the big brute, said very quietly, "Won't you take a drink with me, sir?"

"Why yes, thank you, I will," replied the man, and the glasses were set out and each took his nip.

The stranger threw down the money for three drinks—two for the bully and one for himself—and, while the barkeeper was making change, stepped back and coolly shot the bully dead.

"Why, if that fellow had been let alone he would have hurt somebody," remarked the little fellow as he picked up his blanket and walked away, adding *sotto voce* "but he won't hurt anybody now."

On one occasion, Mr. Cooper was walking along the road in Calaveras County, and saw an Irishman digging a long narrow hole in the ground.

"Why, what in the world are you doing?" asked Cooper.

"Be-jabers," said Pat, "I am digging a hole to plant a thafe in."

It was the truth. A fellow had been caught stealing. The men had hanged him, and now Pat was digging his grave.

While standing in the street in Stockton, in 1852, a friend came running to Cooper and said, "Come quick, Joe, and see some fun!"

Cooper went along with his friend and saw a man with a drawn revolver in his hand, in chase after another who was fleeing for his life. It was not a pleasant sight to Cooper, so he turned away and did not witness the finale, which was a murder. The men had had an altercation over cards and the incident, which ended in murder, followed.

One night, the old Eldorado Saloon in Stockton was full of people. Suddenly a Negro peered in and with no warning discharged his gun into the crowd and ran. Strange to say, no one was injured and nobody ever knew why the man acted as he did. He was afterwards captured and hanged.

A LIFE of idleness was one thing that Cooper's whole soul rebelled against. Loafing was not one of his characteristics and he was uncomfortable and discontented unless at work. He had not come to California to fritter away and waste his time. He came to work and to earn money that he might have something to send home to his sisters.

So, after remaining idle a few days, during which time he saw whatever of interest there was in the town, he said to his friends: "Boys, I am going to see if I can't find something to do to earn a little money."

"Oh, no," said Hill, "there is no hurry. Let's rest a little longer and wait for something to turn up."

But waiting for "someting to turn up" was not in Cooper's line, and waiting any longer he did not propose to do. He knew how to drive an ox-team as well as most men and he decided to try and get a job at the business as soon as possible.

Out into the street he went and asked each person he met the same question: "Say, do you know of anyone who would like to hire a man to drive a team?"

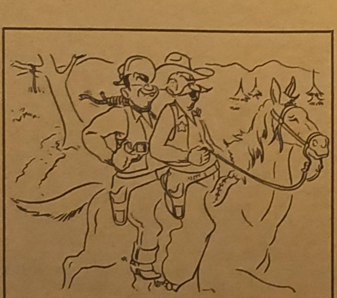
Quite a number of people shook their heads and said, "No," but finally he met a man who said that he did not wish to hire a teamster, but he would like to hire a man to drive a team on shares.

"I guess I am your man," said Cooper.

The team spoken of was made up of three yokes of oxen, the wheelers being of the Spanish breed—wild, yellow fellows, vicious and unruly.

"Don't you get between those oxen," said the owner to Cooper, "for if you do, they will certainly kill you in a jiffy. And don't you unyoke them, for in that case they will run away, and that's the last you will ever see of them."

"Never you fear, my friend," was answered, "I would like to see the team of oxen that I can't handle, or that can get away from me."



"Well! That's the end of 'Slick' Sam!"

There were a lot of foreigners—nine nationalities were represented—who desired to go to a place on the Stanislaus River, known as Jackass Gulch. A bargain was soon made for Cooper to take them there, and early the next morning the start was made. After traveling a day and a half the destination was reached, the men paid their fare, and Cooper began to look up some kind of freight to take back.

As good luck would have it, a similar party of men were there waiting for some kind of conveyance to Stockton, and Cooper was asked to undertake this job. He consented. A price being agreed upon, he had the men pack their baggage on the wagon that night, so as to have an early start the following morning.

Unfortunately, during the night, the oxen strayed away and he had to travel over four miles to capture them; it was late before the homeward trip began. Cooper and his passengers arrived in Stockton after dark the second day. After collecting his money for the trip, he found he had over $400 in his pockets, one-half of which belonged to the owner of the team, and the other half to himself.

Late as it was, he determined to turn in his team and the money to the owner that night. After considerable trouble, the man was awakened and came out, delighted with Cooper's success and honesty.

"Don't you want the team any more?" he eagerly asked.

"Oh, yes," was answered, "this is the best thing I ever struck. I will keep on with the work."

Cooper found his friend Hill asleep in a haystack, but a little effort awakened and brought him out, greedily asking, "Did you make anything, Joe?"

"Yes, yes, a pocketful of money," he answered, showing his wealth.

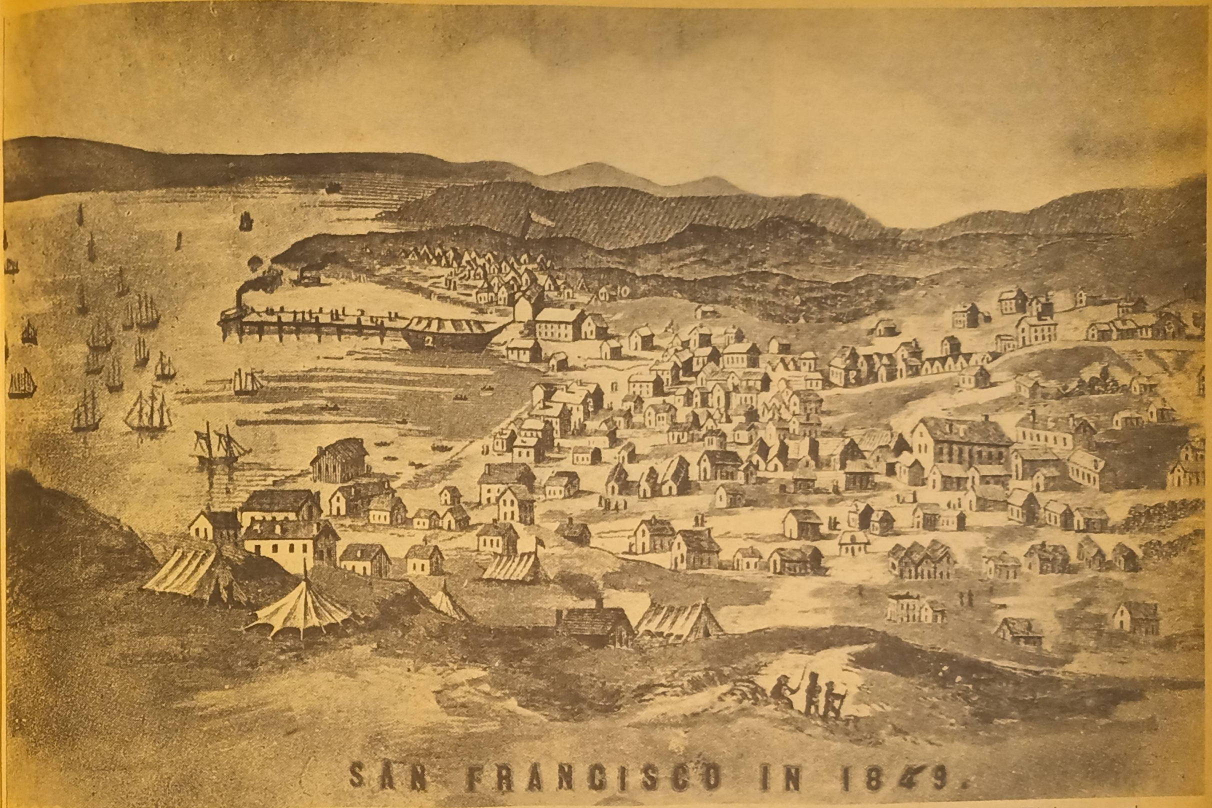
This little incident was of small importance in itself. It is introduced simply to show a strong trait in the man's character. While other men were irresolute and waiting for fortune, Cooper was very apt to strike out for himself, and by so doing added many a dollar to his wealth. While he was absent on this trip, his friend Hill had been loafing about and hadn't earned a single cent to show for his time.

ON THE NEXT trip, made with the same team, Cooper met Martin E. Oldham, who was from Boone County, Missouri. In a later trip, he assisted him in hauling the first quartz mill that went into Mariposa County. It was taken to Agua Fria and there set in operation.

Forty years ago, the teamster and the stage-driver were important men in California—as in other other parts of the world. All goods for the mines had to be transported by wagon, and the business was so great that in numbers the teamsters would have made a small army. Stockton, in those days, was a sort of center and distributing point, and from this fact the town profited in many ways.

Teamsters, about to take a lot of goods from the town to the mines, were in the habit of making up their loads during the latter part of the afternoon, driving into some feed yard and there leaving the load, ready for an early start on the following morning.

During the two years previous to the time of which I am writing, many valuable packages of goods mysteriously disappeared and were not heard of again. This annoyance became so frequent that the loss amounted to a large sum and seriously interfered with the profits of freighting. Of course, the teamster was responsible for every package entrusted to his care.


SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

A wide-awake man named Jenkins was walking one evening about Stockton, and came to a tent on the slough, which he saw was occupied by a Portuguese Negro. Something prompted the man to approach the tent and look in. He did so, and saw a great array of goods. Quick as a flash, the thought came over him that the old Negro was the thief who had been pilfering from the loaded teams. Jenkins ran in, grabbed the old fellow, and started with him down the street.

As he walked on with his prisoner, suddenly he caught a gleam of light from the man's hand and realized that he had a knife. In a moment he tripped the fellow and secured possession of the dangerous weapon, the old thief yelling at the top of his voice. Cooper and his friend Oldham happened to be not far distant and, hearing the cries, ran up and asked the cause.

"This is the old cuss who has been stealing our goods," said Jenkins. "He had a knife and was on the point of cutting me, but by good luck I saw the weapon and wrenched it away. I have a great notion of killing the old rascal."

Cooper and Oldham joined Jenkins and took the Negro down to a bridge about three blocks away, where a big oak tree was standing at that time. In a few minutes a crowd of fully 200 men—mostly teamsters—was gathered.

Suddenly someone cried: "The old sinner has stolen ten thousand dollars' worth of our goods! Let's hang him!"

The suggestion pleased the men and they went at the work with alacrity. They got a rope and strung the fellow up, and then unexpectedly someone dashed up and, cutting the rope, let the victim fall. The men were enraged at the act, and "click, click, click" was heard on all sides, as dozens of revolvers were cocked. It was a terribly critical time, and a desperate affray seemed imminent. Had a single revolver, by any accident, happened to have been discharged, even into the air, blood would have flowed and many a life have been lost. Fortunately nothing of the sort happened.

The men reknotted the rope and were about to hoist the Negro aloft again, when Dr. Ashe, father of Porter Ashe, so well known in California today, made his appearance. He jumped upon something so that he stood above the crowd, and said: "For God's sake, gentlemen, listen to me one single moment. I know this old fellow is a great thief, and beyond doubt deserves to be hung. But, because he is so old, it is far better to hand him over to the officers of the law, who will place him where he cannot steal anymore. I know he deserves scant mercy from us, but let us not soil our hands with hanging so old a man!"

This little speech changed the men's minds and saved the old reprobate's neck. He was brought to trial and duly sentenced to the penitentiary.

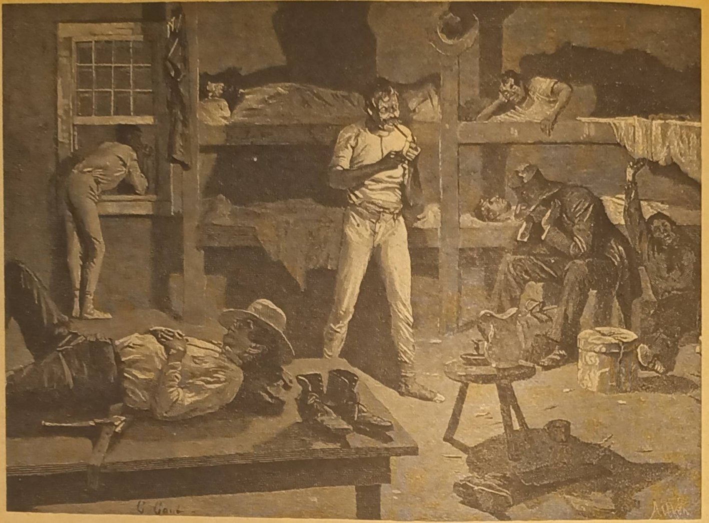
Mr. Cooper says: "I never was among a more dangerous crowd of men or in a more critical situation in my life than when that person jumped up and cut the man down. Had a single pistol cracked, a general fusilade would have followed, and more than one person would have been hurt. Men made short work of a thief in those days."

After this, Cooper gave up the team he had been working on shares, and went to work at a stated salary for a man named George Hope. He drove a team, doing a general freighting business.

IN THE early Fifties, San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton were the three most important cities in the northern part of California. The first named was the grand gateway. through which entered the tens of thousands of immigrants who flocked by sea to the State from all parts of the world. It has been estimated that the year 1849 saw 40,000 people land in San Francisco; the number in 1850 was 36,000; in 1851 there were reported 27,000; in 1852 nearly 67,000 arrived, and in 1853 there were 34,000 newcomers.

San Francisco and Stockton owed their importance to their location, which naturally made them grand centers and distributing points for the numerous mines and mineral regions.

While Stockton can hardly lay claim on our interest to the extent that San Francisco does, still it is undeniable that the city exerted a tremendous influence on the State in earlier years. It was a commercial city of much importance, and



A lodging house interior

Century Magazine, February 1892

the amount of cash business transacted each day aggregated a sum that was simply enormous. There was a multitude of stores, and nearly every class of goods known was represented. The number of females of the better class in the city was rather small, yet those who were there demanded all the different grades of dry goods and millinery that their sisters of today ask for—and receive. There were few homes in Stockton in those days and the greater part of the people lived in tents. What buildings then existed were mostly devoted to business or served as saloons and fandango houses.

Stockton was built on the old Weber grant, lying on a slough which empties into the San Joaquin River. The place lay just at the head of river navigation, and a number of vessels were constantly engaged in carrying freight and passengers between the city and San Francisco. Every pound of merchandise for Stockton came by water. Goods were constantly arriving, and as constantly being sold and sent up to the mines. Business was carried on with a rush, but there was little or no system. Great amounts in gold passed from one merchant to another, yet everything was conducted in a slipshod manner. Some of the merchants transacted tremendous volumes of business, and at such an apparent profit as would make glad even the heart of a plumber of today—yet but few of them made fortunes from their businesses.

Mr. Cooper speaks of the store of Biven & Beranco, situated on Center Street, only a few doors distant from the El Dorado Saloon. He made the place his headquarters while he was in Stockton, and for a time was in the employ of the firm. He says: "Except during the rainy season, we used to sell ten thousand dollars' worth of goods a day for three days of the week—never less than six thousand. The balance of the week would run up the amounts so the totals would reach from thirty to fifty thousand dollars per week. Best of all, we collected the cash. The circulating medium was principally gold-dust, and, in making payment or change, a little would often drop on the floor. Once a week the floors were swept up, and from the dirt we got gold to the value of from five to thirty-five dollars at each sweeping."

This firm, as may be understood from the above, did a tremendous volume of business—yet it got entangled financially and was finally compelled to suspend.

During this period Mr. Cooper became acquainted with Henry A. Crabb—a Tennesseean, and an excellent lawyer—who headed a filibustering expedition of five-score people to Sonora, Mexico, where all the men were captured, and, except Biven, shot by the Mexicans. Crabb and Biven were brothers-in-law, having married the daughters of a Sonora gentleman named Ainsey, by whose advice, it was said, the expedition was undertaken.

STOCKTON at this time was remarkable for the murder of very able men who resided in her midst. Many of them afterwards became famous and were known far beyond the limits of their own city and county.

Among the number was David S. Terry, of the law firm of Perley & Terry. Mr. Cooper says: "To sit in a courtroom and hear Dave Terry conduct a case was as great a pleasure to me as it would be to sit in a theater and see such as man as Booth or Barrett in one of his famous roles. It was music to hear the man talk. As a pleader, Terry was at his best. Let it be known that he was to speak, and there was sure to be an audience. When in the course of a trial which appealed to his feelings, the man's face would become illumined; his eyes would flash, and his voice show an emotion that was contagious. Very few men could stand his blazing eyes at such times."

Judge Terry's troubles, later in life, came very largely from his faithfulness to friends. He was never known to "go back" on one of them. He was a man of peace, and often acted the peacemaker.

In 1852, Mr. Cooper attended a horse race in Stockton. Tom Turk was interested in one of the winning horses. After the race, one of the disappointed owners came blustering around, abusing Turk—but not within his hearing. Terry was a stranger to the man but went up to him and said: "My friend, don't talk that way. You don't know what you are doing. Mr. Turk is a peaceable man and as straight as a string, but if he heard what you have said about him, he would shoot the top of your head off as quickly as he would the shell off a terrapin. You have called him a damned scoundrel and a thief. Now take my advice and go away. I don't want to see an altercation. Turk wouldn't stand such talk as you have made from any living man, God or the devil." The fellow took the advice and went away.

When Terry and his wife appeared in the streets, it made a picture one could not forget. Both were young, high-spirited, and beautiful as the day. They were the handsomest couple in Stockton. Mr. Cooper knew and liked Judge Terry, and considered his death nothing less than a cowardly murder.

He said: "Terry was a brave man, and feared nothing. He was shot down by Nagle, who was a coward. I denounce any man who could do such an act. The idea of a young man shooting down like a dog an unarmed man of seventy! Why didn't he grapple with him, instead of committing the act of a poltroon? I do not entirely approve of every act of Judge Terry, but I know he was a brave, honest, true-hearted man. All of his troubles, that I know of, came from his standing true to his friends. I don't think Terry was ever rightly understood."

REPEATED MENTION has been made of the El Dorado Saloon. The place was, in plain words, a gambling hell of the first water. Every kind of game was played there, and tables, heaped up with great piles of money and gold-dust were all around. It was a celebrated place and nearly everybody went there either to gamble or look on. It was run by John O'Neil who, notwithstanding his business, was a very nice sort of man. He never did any gambling himself, but simply kept the place, and took a percentage from each game.

Outside the saloon, there was practically nothing going on to interest one, so it was the habit of nearly everybody to visit the place during the evenings. It was not necessary to suppose that because a person was in a gambling hell or a fandango house, he was a participant. Indeed, a very large number of the habitues never indulged in any of these dissipations. They visited such places because it was lonely at camp, and there was nothing better to do. The wonder is that anyone in California escaped being a drunkard or a dissipated and worthless man.

While in Stockton, in the Fifties, Mr. Cooper personally knew many of the people. He was acquainted with Dr. Ryer, who died lately, leaving great wealth, and over whose will a sharp legal contest was carried on. He knew Dr. Ireland, yet living, who was a witness in the Ryer will contest. Dr. Ireland was one of the men who went East with Mr. Cooper in the fall of 1855.

Dr. Langdon, Dr. Newcomb and Dr. Cowan were all acquaintances of Mr. Cooper. He was also on terms of intimacy with Dr. Shurtleff, who was appointed to take charge of the Insane Asylum in Stockton, and who lately has been himself adjudged insane.

Mr. Cooper was in the city when John Tabor killed Mansfield, father of the beautiful Josie Mansfield, on account of whom Ed Stokes shot and killed Jim Fiske. Tabor and Mansfield were publishing newspapers in Stockton at the time, and the quarrel originated over a contract for the city printing.

One of the men proposed to the other that but one bid for the work should be put in, and thus get a larger price, after which the proceeds were to be divided—the same thing has happened in Santa Barbara many times. The bid was made and accepted, but the party to whom it was awarded refused to live up to his part of the contract and declined to divide. Newspaper articles of more or less acrimony followed and the result of all was that Tabor shot and killed Mansfield.

Mr. Cooper was acquainted with Judge Ware, before whom the desperado, Bill Rainey, was tried for the brutal murder of Mazingo. He was also acquainted with Judge Schaefer, Judge Cramer, and lawyers Perley and Sam Booker.

John C. Edwards, ex-governor of Missouri, who came to California in 1849 with a good deal of money, and who erected many buildings and owned much property in Stockton, was another acquaintance of Mr. Cooper. Mr. Edwards became financially involved and finally lost all of his property, after which he went to the foothills, took up a claim and there died.

There was Sheriff Taylor, who came to the State with Stevenson's regiment; Wolf & Dallas, the liverymen; V. M. Peyton and W. B. Owens, the merchants. There were E. W. Colt, member of the banking firm of Newell & Co., and brother of the inventor of Colt's revolver, and Sperry & Baldwin, the first of the flouring-mill men. Cooper was also acquainted with Ruggles and Nudd. It is said that Ruggles was the father of the Ruggles brothers, lately hanged in Redding by a mob.

Another man, whom Mr. Cooper knew and liked very much, was Alvin Fisher, who owned a stage line between Stockton and Mariposa. It is said this line was a veritable gold mine to its owners. The stage made daily trips, carrying sixteen passengers each way at sixteen dollars per person. This made $512 per day. No wonder the man grew rich.

Fisher came from Maine and, later, on, sent for a young brother, who duly arrived and acted at first as a bookkeeper, but afterwards was given a proprietary interest in the business. The elder brother took a fancy to a man by the name of Vance, who was at one time mayor of Stockton, elected largely by the influence of Alvin Fisher. Vance repaid his benefactor by destroying his family and breaking his heart, from which he died, out of shame for the disgrace of his wife and daughter.

After Alvin's death it is reported that the brother, whom he had given such a lift in the world, robbed the estate, and finally was himself killed while driving a pair of horses raised by his brother. He was backed upon a railroad track and run over by an incoming train. To many this seemed a just retribution.

Mr. Cooper knew Weber, the owner of the grant on which Stockton is built; also Webster & Barstow, the former of whom lately committed suicide.

IT WAS while Mr. Cooper was in Stockton, that the awful tragedy took place by which William H. Brown lost his life at the hands of a man named Boling. Brown was proprietor of the first express established in what was known as the "Southern Mines," a district which embraced Calaveras, Tuolumne and Mariposa Counties. Mr. Brown was a young man of good habits, much liked and respected by the whole community.

The murderer, Boling, was a trader in Mariposa and, until just before the tragedy, was agent for Brown's express in that town. He started to go to San Francisco to purchase goods, and, on the way between Mariposa and Stockton, stopped at Chinese Camp, where he remained overnight with John Morong, agent for Brown's express at that place. In order to catch the boat for San Francisco, Boling got up very early and started for Stockton, the point from which he was to embark. When agent Morong arose some time later, the key to his safe, which he always placed beneath his pillow at night, was missing. At first the loss simply annoyed him, but later in the day, when people came to the office and clamored for their money in the safe, his suspicion that Boling had taken the key was aroused, and the safe was ordered broken open by a blacksmith. The situation was then clear at once. Boling had opened the safe, taking out gold-dust to the extent of $1,500, relocked the safe, and gone off with key and gold. Brown was immediately notified and caused Boling's arrest. Bail was secured, and the man, on regaining his liberty, sent word to Brown that unless he quashed the action against him, he (Boling) would kill him. To this Brown paid no attention.

On the day of the murder, Brown was standing on what was known as the floating bridge, when Boling came up and shot him dead. The murderer jumped upon his horse, which was being held ready for the purpose, and rode away. As he went, he covered with his revolver anyone he thought was likely to intercept his flight. He passed Mr. Cooper, who had met Calvin O'Neil leading a horse out of town to serve as a relay for the murderer.

Boling mounted the fresh horse and rode on very rapidly for a while, but afterwards slowed down to an easy jog. In his flight, he passed many of the teamsters who, of course, knew nothing of the murder. Officers started after the man and overtook him at Mariposa. He would not allow them to capture him, but swallowing a dose of prussic acid, fell dead in their sight.

IN THOSE EARLY days, Stockton people were very fond of horse racing, and had one of the first race tracks in the State. Once or twice a year there would be a "meet," and some extremely lively races would take place. Of course there were no trotting races. Everything was a dash or a running race. On such occasions, great crowds of people would assemble, just as we see today.

Living on the Calaveras, at this time, was a farmer named Wash Day who owned a sorrel stallion with white face and legs. Farmer Day was very proud of his horse and was willing to wager any amount of money that he could "beat the world" as a runner. One fine morning, a man named Humphreys came along. He said he was from Ohio, and had assisted in driving a band of sheep across the plains. Humphreys pretended to be very hard up and, in order to raise money, offered to sell a small bay mare, a scrubby little animal that most men would not have given $25 for. But things are not always what they seem. Humphreys knew his mare and his offering to sell was a mere bluff, for actually he would have refused $10,000 for the homely little beast.

The first move was to get acquainted with a well-known sporting man named Tom Ireland, who then lived in Stockton. The two at once proceeded to arrange a neat little affair, by which the "talent" was to be "let down" quite hard. Ireland arranged a race between Day's stallion and Humphrey's mare. The race came off and the mare won by a mere trifle.

The result of the race angered Day, and he started to arrange another match, wagering upon the result everything he had in the world—his ready money, farm, and even his pet stallion. Before the horses started there was a little dispute as to position, or some minor point.

"Well, let it go," said Day. "I will win your money anyway."

"Y-a-a-s," said Humphrey, in his assumed nasal twang, "y-a-a-s, let it go, and in ten minutes I will own your darned old scrub of a horse and everything else you have in the world."

Humphreys was playing the people for all they were worth. He would walk around without any coat, a dirty handkerchief about his neck and a dilapidated plug hat tilted on one side of his head—giving the impression that he was but halfwitted or very green.

The race came off and the earth seemed actually to fly from beneath the horses' feet. The mare came in the winner and poor foolish Day was a ruined man. After the above incident, Humphreys got up a deal with a man by the name of Dallas, of the firm of Wolf & Dallas, who was something of a sporting man. Humphreys took Dallas' horse to San Francisco, and made a match with a Spaniard for a large sum of money. Before the race, he managed to get Dallas' boy introduced to the Spaniard who hired him to ride his horse at the race. Of course, the poor Spaniard, knowing nothing of the man's rascality, had to stand by and see his horse beaten and his money lost. Humphreys returned to Stockton and by some of his peculiar methods managed to ruin Dallas later on. Humphreys was one of the most dastardly horsemen ever seen in Stockton.

In those early days, what people lacked and felt the need of most was amusement. Men who worked hard required some kind of relaxation to make the tedium of steady work less severe. Beyond doubt, it is to this want more than to any other one thing that we must ascribe the lawlessness, the excesses and the lack of decorum in the years we are noting. To keep humanity within bounds, we must furnish amusement, entertainment and change. No people better understand this than the French.

The people of Stockton in the Fifties had, perhaps semi-annually, horse racing, and every day and night of the year the gambling hells and fandangoes. There is one more amusement to add to the list—the most exciting if, in many minds, the most brutal. Now and then there would be a bear-and-bull fight.

Grizzly bears were very numerous all over California in those times, and men, from long practice, became extremely proficient in the use of the lariat or *la reata*. When it was decided to have such a fight, well-mounted men, with their trusty lariats of rawhide neatly coiled upon their saddle pommels, would sally forth on their search.

Usually it was no lengthy space ere Bruin would be discovered. A lariat would whiz through the air, circle about his head and, dropping over his neck, be hauled out. Another lariat from the opposite side would fall over the same place and yet another would probably be cast around his hind leg. The animal was thus completely within the toils and could be driven or led in any direction.

ON THE DAY of the fight, the bull and the bear would be driven to the grounds where the contest was to take place. One end of a chain, fifteen or twenty feet long, was attached to one of the bear's hind legs, and the other end to one of the bull's forelegs. The two champions were then in position, facing each other and ready for combat.

If neither of the animals made an attack upon the other, the men would prod them until they became enraged, and then the fight would immediately begin and continue until one or the other or both animals were overcome. The encounter was most exciting for, when once begun, there would be no faking on either side.

It may be worth mentioning that the spectators' sympathies were invariably with the bull. If he showed particular strength or prowess, the air was rent with plaudits; but if the bear seemed to have the better of the fight, the people were silent. However, the latter phase happened only rarely. A bull was usually Bruin's superior. At best, such an encounter, though exciting, was a degrading and brutal sport.

At one of these fights a multitude of men, in order to have a particularly nice position from which to view the sport, climbed among the branches of a large oak tree in a field nearby. During the combat, the bear got pressed rather closely and, noting the tree, ran to it and began to climb the trunk. He crept up until he had dragged the bull's leg off the ground. It seemed to the people in the tree as if the bear was coming up and would bring the bull with him. This was a denouement on which they had not calculated, and at once they began to jump off their perches to the ground by the score, looking for all the world like a flock of blackbirds shot from a tree.

There was an animal, well known as the "Ridley bull," who gained quite some notoriety as a bear-fighter. On different occasions Mr. Cooper saw him fight no less than six bears—successful in every encounter. This bull was well up in his business and took no unnecessary chances. He would invariably await the attack, in which he would give the bear a brush on the snout, and then rush at him with his horns. Such a charge was usually disastrous to the opponent.

One time an old gentleman named Dunbar had a bear-and-bull fight. The morning following the combat, the bear was lying upon the ground near the grandstand, and the old gentleman said to his son: "Take the pole and prod him so that I can see how lame he is."

The boy did as he was bidden, but Bruin refused to get up.

"Give me the pole. I will rouse him," said Dunbar, who thereupon gave the animal a savage prodding.

The day before, the chain which secured the bear had been broken and the links mended with rawhide. During the night the bear had gnawed the hide through and was practically free. This fact was unknown to Dunbar who, as has been said, gave the bear a furious punching. The bear rose up and attacked the man, toppling him over, bruising and mangling him in a terrible manner. So severe were his injuries that the man died the following evening. During his suffering he would first pray for a moment and then curse.

Instances could be related of fights when the bear got loose during the combat and made for the spectators. A general scramble then took place, but no serious disaster has been recorded.

Mr. Cooper always had a very warm feeling in favor of Stockton. It was in that city that he gained his first dollar after coming to the State of California, and in truth paved the way for his becoming interested in the business which gave him his wealth.

THE BUSINESS of teaming was continued until the approach of winter when, much against his better judgment, Cooper allowed himself to be over-persuaded to give up his business and go into the mines, where "gold could be taken out by the bucketful."

With a number of others, he purchased an outfit and a stock of such goods as miners usually desired, the intention being to trade a little as well as mine. For this purpose they purchased whiskey, syrups, cards and other articles in demand at such places.

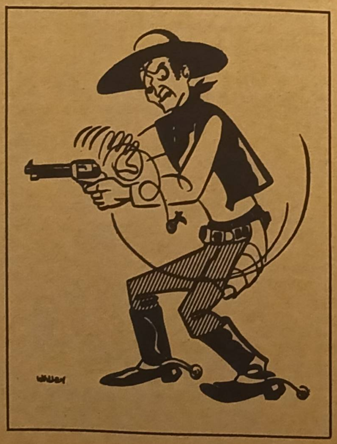
The party went to the second crossing of the Calaveras River, where the work of building a log house began. The men cut down trees, and Cooper, in his capacity of teamster, hauled them to the desired spot. After this, the men began to put them in place while Cooper took his team to Stockton, turned it over to its owner, settled accounts and then walked back to camp.

Now began an entirely new experience in the life of our young man. Mining for gold in California gives a smack of the romantic to readers, but I assure them there is very little romance in it. It is true the men were their own masters, subject to no one's orders, but at best the life of a gold miner is both hard and irksome.

The men immediately began "cradling," but luck was against them. For two months the gold panned out averaged only four bits per day (fifty cents), while it cost them six bits (seventy-five cents) to live. It was then decided to try their luck a few miles away, at a different place called San Andreas. Here fortune was rather more kindly, but none of her devotees got rich out of that camp.

It was while in the latter camp that young Cooper had his first opportunity to see the rude workings of justice in those days. An old Chileno had become involved in some trouble with a young Mexican. The affair seemingly had blown over—indeed most of the men had forgotten all about the matter. But it was not forgotten by the Chileno.

One day, while both men and a lot of the miners were in a saloon, the Mexican invited the crowd to step to the bar and drink. He turned to the Chileno and courteously said: "Will you not have something, too?"



"Yes," was answered, "I will have something," and immediately ran up behind the young man and stabbed him to death.

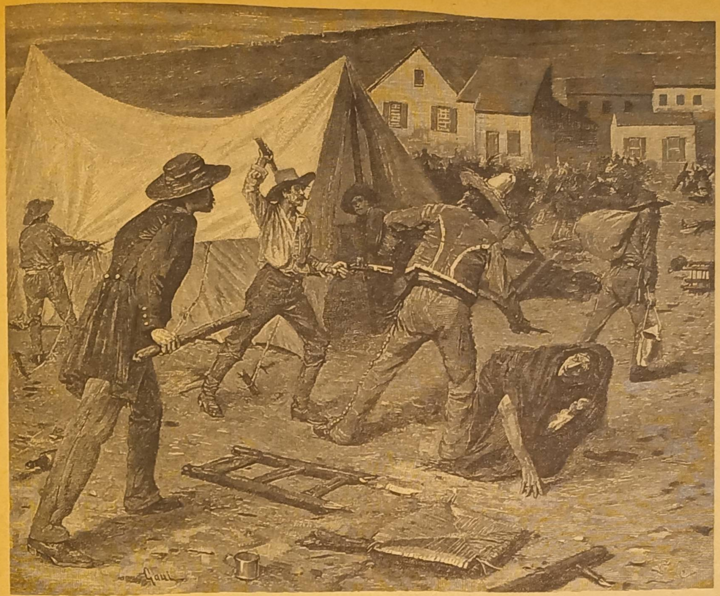
The red-handed murderer was at once taken in hand by the miners present who proposed, then and there, to mete out the penalty of the law for his offense; but the civil officers appearing, persuaded the men to hand the prisoner over to the proper authorities and promised that he should be tried immediately and receive his just due. This looked all right. The man was duly arraigned and the trial began.

In some way the report got abroad that the prisoner had about $12,000 in gold in his possession, and for this it was likely that he would be allowed to escape. The miners had but little confidence in the judge and determined that he should not set the murderer free nor allow him to evade the penalty of his crime. They delegated one of their number to attend the trial and carefully watch the proceedings. If there seemed any reasonable ground for suspecting that justice would not be done, the delegate was to give the men notice instantly.

The trial proceeded, and it soon became evident to the man watching the case that all was not as it should be and that it was the intention of the Court to allow the prisoner to evade his just deserts. Word was at once sent to camp, the alarm given, and men came running up in a hurry. They overpowered the officers of the court, got possession of the murderer and offered to turn him over to the Mexicans to be dealt with according to their custom. This the Mexicans refused, saying they wished the murderer executed according to the American way. No more time was wasted.

An impromptu court was organized with "Judge Lynch" presiding. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. He was pinioned, placed upon a horse and brought beneath a stately tree, from a limb of which dangled a noose. When it had been adjusted about the man's neck, the horse was lashed into a run, leaving the murderer suspended in the air. Thus was justice meted out in those days—rather austere but necessary. The executive of such a redhanded murderer in this summary manner did more toward keeping the lawless people within bounds than all the enactments ever placed on the statute books.

DURING the years 1849, '50, and '51, San Francisco in particular and all of the upper portion of the State of California in general was overrun by a class of desperate men known as the "Sydney Coves." They largely came from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, to which places they had been transported by shiploads from England on account of crimes committed. California presented a very broad scope for their iniquitous work, and great numbers of ticket-of-leave men and old convicts, who had served out their sentences, came to this State and at once began to execute villainies and crimes that in magnitude and violence greatly exceeded those for which they had been originally sentenced.



Century Magazine, February 1892

"Hounds" attacking Chileans

As a writer of the times had said: "Callous in conscience, they feared nothing but the gallows. They had little reason to dread in merciful, gentle, careless California, where prosecutors and witnesses were few, or too busy to attend the call of justice; where jurors, not knowing the law and eager to be at money-making again were apt to take hasty charges from the bench as their sole rule of conduct; where judges, chosen by popular election, were either grossly ignorant of the law or too timid or careless, corrupt or incapable, to measure out the full punishment of crime; and where the laws themselves had not been methodically laid down, and the forms of procedure of legal tribunals digested into a plain unerring system. Those Sydney Coves, therefore, were comparatively safe in their attacks upon society and during 1849, 1850 and 1851 went on with their nefarious work unchecked, and reaped a great harvest."

These men hesitated at committing no crime, and burglaries, midnight assaults, larcenies, incendiarism and murders were of hourly occurrence. The revolver, slingshot, and bowie knife were used whenever resistance was offered, and matters settled by them summarily, the perpetrators being left unmolested. It was largely from such men's actions that the demand for protection became so loud that the Vigilance Committee was necessitated. Numbers of the Coves were hanged and others driven from the country.

A little incident happened in 1850, when Mr. Cooper was in the mines on the Calaveras, which shows how these lawless men made themselves obnoxious to all law-abiding citizens.

One night a couple of hard-looking men arrived at the cabin occupied by Cooper and his party, and asked permission to come in and get warm. Their request was granted, and the men entered and sat down by the fire. They were suspicious-looking men, but did nothing that warranted more than close watching. In about twenty minutes, they got up, said they were warmed and would go.

Just afterward, somebody called out, "Help, boys! Help, boys!"

Cooper and his friends rushed out and found the cries came from a neighbor named Tom Agnew, a South Carolinian, and a very resolute man. They went over to where Agnew was engaged in a tussle with one of the very men who had just been in the cabin. The other fellow had run off.

"What's the matter, Tom?" was asked.

"Why, these fellows have been stealing from me. I've caught this one and want to tie him up to this tree."

"What do you propose to do with him?" was asked.

"I want first to tie him up to this tree, and then lick hell out of him. Help me!"

In a jiffy the fellow was tied by the arms to the big pine tree, and Agnew, taking a bight of rope, began to lay it on with a will. As he struck, the fellow would dodge around the tree, showing perfectly well that "he had been there before." The men stopped his dodging and Agnew gave him as pretty a whipping as any thief ever had in his life, after which he was cut loose and allowed to go free, the miners warning him to make himself scarce in those parts.

The men went into the cabin and while there, a few minutes afterward, they heard a call: "Jim, Oh, Jim!"

It was the other rascal who had made his escape. They decided to catch him and give him the same dose of medicine they had given his mate. The call came from a hollow down which they began to scramble. When nearly within reach of the fellow, the leader of the party, a man by the name of Lester, saw the gleam of light cast by a star on some polished object.

"Look out, boys," he called, "the fellow has a knife!" He then said to the culprit, "Throw down that knife, and get down on your belly, or I will put some cold lead through your head."

The rascal did exactly as he was commanded and the men captured him. Sure enough, he had a knife—a long double-edged, pointed weapon, the blade of which was over eight inches long. The fellow was quickly tied up to a tree and the rope's end applied with assiduity until his captors were tired, after which he, too, was turned loose and ordered to "make tracks." Strange as it may seem, the fellow again called at the cabin during the night and asked to be let in so that he could warm himself. He was refused, but he stood about the chimney, built on the outer side of the wall, a good part of the night trying to keep warm, as was seen by his footprints the next morning.

DURING the winter of 1850, while Cooper was at the mines in San Andreas, there was a man in camp by the name of Jim Lowry—a big strapping fellow, with the form of a Hercules, and as incapable of fear or of any base or cowardly act as he was of any ill-nature. He was one of those big, clever fellows that men like and feel comfortable with when they are around. Jim, however, had a temper of his own, and would not stand the least attempt at imposition on himself or any of his friends. He was a very determined man, and when "riled" would sail in for all he was worth.

One day a stranger from another camp came in to where the men were at work and, after a little, got into a quarrel with Jim and used such insolent talk that the big fellow became highly incensed. Taking hold of the stranger Jim gave him a thorough whipping and sent him away.

About two weeks afterward, while Jim was absent, another stranger came along and asked to see "that man Lowry," who had whipped his friend.

Mr. Cooper and a man named Cain were the only ones in camp, and when the stranger said he wanted to see if Lowry could whip him as he had whipped his friend, Cooper said: "Now, my friend, I would not bother around here, if I were you. You will only get a fight on your hands, and Lowry will certainly whip you."

"That is just what I want to see if he can do," replied the man.

"Well," said Cooper, "your friend brought the fight on himself, and you would have done just what Lowry did, had you been in his place. Lowry is a good-natured man but, if you insult him, he is a bad one to encounter. I would go away and let the matter drop. You don't want a fight with such a man."

"Yes, by G-d! That is just what I do want and will have, if I can fall in with Lowry."

The fellow went off and Cooper and Cain decided they would not tell Lowry anything of the matter. But later, for some reason, Cain thought better of his promise, and told Lowry the whole story.

Not many days after this, while Cooper was busy at work on his claim, he heard Lowry call out: "Joe! Oh, Joe! Come here!"

Cooper went over to where he was, and there saw a stranger standing by.

"Joe," said Lowry, "is this the fellow who said he was hunting me, and would whip me the first time he caught sight of me?"

"Yes," answered Cooper, advancing. "He does not deny it, does he?" at the same time putting on a very fierce look and bluffing tremendously, but being in reality very much afraid.

The fellow looked from one man to the other as if to see which of them it would be safer to attack and attempt to whip. Apparently he decided on Lowry, for he looked at him defiantly and acknowledged that he did say it.

As he said this, Lowry let fly his fist and gave the man as thorough a "licking" as ever he had in his life. There was actually no fight in the fellow. After his drubbing he went off and sued Lowry, whom it cost about $300 to settle the matter. It was rather an expensive brawl, even to the victor.

Lowry, as has been said, was a very peaceable, pleasant, companionable man, good-hearted and true, but he would not stand any nonsense from anyone. He had left a sweetheart in Missouri, and in 1852 he decided to return home and marry her. With one companion and two or three pack mules, he started off to cross the Plains. One night, while in camp in the neighborhood of the Humboldt River, the mules began to act strangely, and Lowry went out to see what was the matter. Not far away he saw a dark object, and was on his way to view it more closely, when zip! went an arrow through his arm. Jim didn't wait even to pull it out. He knew that it came from an Indian, and that was enough. He ran ahead, shot the skulking savage, and then, returning to camp, pulled out the arrow.

Jim arrived safely home, married the girl he loved, and lived happily and prosperously. Mr. Cooper had the pleasure of visiting him some years after. Lowry came from a very nice family, much respected in the part of Missouri in which they lived.

ABOUT the first of March, 1851, David Pipes, who had been administrator of the estate of Mr. Cooper's father, came into camp to see the young man. That evening they had a long conversation, the result of which was that by sunrise of the next morning both men had decided to leave the mines and return to their homes in Missouri. This decision reached, Mr. Cooper at once proceeded to wind up his affairs, and set out forthwith for the East. He succeeded in obtaining a return of some of the money he had advanced in the undertaking, and with this the men started for San Francisco.

We all know San Francisco as she looks today. We are all familiar with her palatial hotels, business blocks and beautiful homes; we know of the enormous aggregate of business transacted within her limits each year; we read and admire her splendid newspapers—the *Argonaut*, the *Call*, the *Chronicle*, the *Examiner* and the *Report*—much doubting if any city in the land can show their superior. We recall the long list of men whose efforts have been so successful in making the city the great metropolis it is. Nearly everyone is familiar with these facts. But the San Francisco of 1835-53—all are not familiar with that.

Originally called Yerba Buena, up to 1835 the town had neither name nor existence. In the year mentioned Captain W. A. Richardson erected the first house there and made it his residence. His business was the management of two small schooners—one belonging to the Mission of San Francisco, and the other to the Mission of Santa Clara. These vessels were employed in collecting hides, tallow and other products of the country from the various missions and farms and putting them aboard the sea-going vessels in the bay.

In 1839 the English surveying ships, *Sulphur* and *Starling* arrived, and in 1841 the first American war vessel, the sloop *San Luis*, cast anchor in the bay. Afterwards came the *Vincennes* on a surveying expedition. In 1842 arrived the *Yorktown*, the *Cyane* and the *Dale*—all of the American Navy. The French sloop-of-war *Brilliant* followed soon after. From then on other vessels followed each other in ever-increasing frequency.

A few houses were built and the population gradually increased. In 1844 there were about a dozen houses, but by midsummer in 1846 the number had increased to over fifty with a population of two hundred and fifty. In July of that year, Captain Montgomery of the sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* hoisted the American flag in the plaza, and from that time on, the city grew steadily and rapidly.

As has been said, the place had been known as Yerba Buena, but on January 30, 1847, an ordinance was enacted ordering that from that date, in all official correspondence, the town be known as San Francisco.

I shall not have space in which to speak of the troubles with Mexico and the final transfer, as the outcome of the war, of the whole domain of California to the United States. Suffice it to say that all was satisfactorily arranged and, soon after, California took her place as one of the great Sisterhood of States.

DURING the winter of 1848, gold was discovered on the American River, a feeder of the Sacramento, at a place known as Sutter's Mill. News of the discovery spread with wonderful rapidity, and from all over the world the most remarkable immigration that modern history records immediately began.

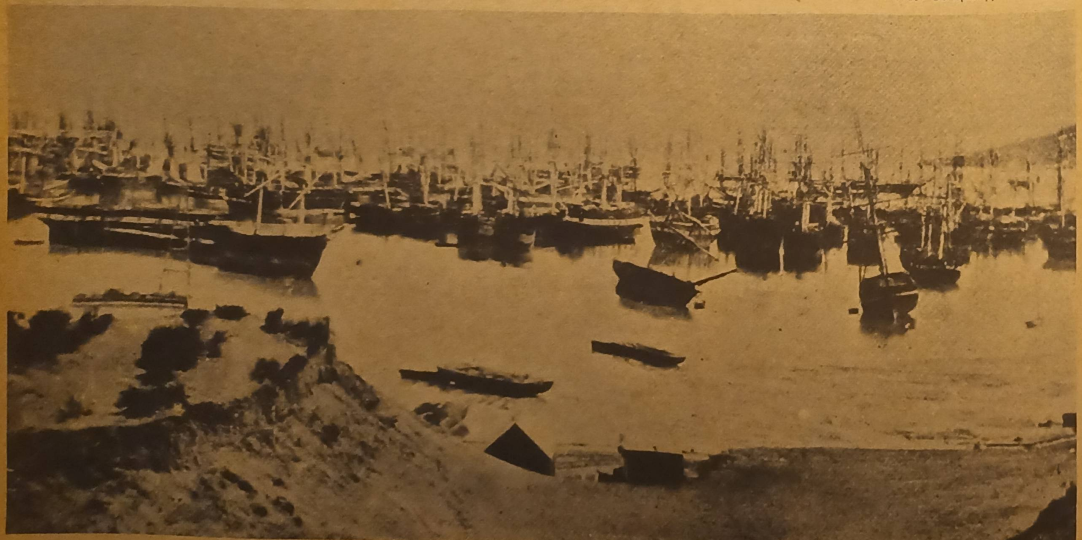
When the tidings reached San Francisco, the town was practically abandoned, as far as American or European inhabitants were concerned. For what man there was not to be tempted to try his fortunes, when Governor Mason affirmed that, "All that was required to realize a fortune was a pick, a shovel, and a pan. Many had even picked the gold from the crevices of the rocks in pieces of from one to six ounces."

"Within a few days after the first discovery," reported a writer of the period, "upward of 1,200 people were on the spot working away with spades, shovels, knives, sticks, wooden bowls, cradles and all manner of implements, many of them of the rudest and most primitive fashion, excavating, riddling and washing earth for the precious particles it contained. Over all California, the excitement was prodigious. Spanish, American, and foreigners were all alike affected. The husband left his wife, the father his family, the people tore themselves from the most pressing duties at home, men deserted their masters, and these followed their servants—all hurried to Sutter's Mill.

"Some withstood the temptation for a short time, but very soon nearly the whole male population of the country, unable to resist the evidences of their senses, when specimens of the newly found gold were exhibited before their dilated eyes, became suddenly infected with the maddened whirl of the 'yellow fever' and rushed off at a tangent, helter-skelter to gather the riches. Towns were depopulated; ships in harbor deserted; all kinds of business went to the dogs; whole settled parts of the country were suddenly deprived of their inhabitants, or women and children alone formed the population, though even of these, many flocked to the placers and the diggings to see and be seen, to make money somehow and as surely spend it."

View of San Francisco Harbor in 1850. Crews deserted these ships in a mad scramble for riches at the mines.

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles



Of course this tremendous excitement had its effect on San Francisco—probably far more than on any other town in the country. In June 1847, there were 459 people, of whom 321 were males and 138 were females. More than one-half of the total number were in the prime of life—between the ages of twenty and forty years. There were twelve between the ages of fifty and sixty, and two between the ages of sixty and seventy years. The white population numbered 247 males and 128 females; Indians 26; Sandwich Islanders 39; Negroes 9. Of the population, 228 were born in the United States, besides representatives from Canada, Chile, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Ireland, Malta, New Holland, New Zealand, Peru, Poland, Russia, Sandwich Islands, Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland, West Indies— truly as cosmopolitan a people as ever the sun shone upon.

After the discovery of gold, the crowds of immigrants were greater than ever, and, of course, San Francisco found a large number settled within her limits, and so became a city, indeed. In 1849, it is stated that the population was fully 25,000, though it was continually changing. Immigrants were arriving and departing for the mines continually, and at the same time a constant stream of miners, who had been lucky, were arriving in the city to spend their gains, recruit their health, or follow some new pursuit there.

IT MUST be remembered that San Francisco had no home in the usual sense of the word at this time. Houses could hardly be found. Only the great gambling saloons, the hotels, restaurants, and a few public buildings and stores made any pretention to elegance. The streets were muddy, crooked, uneven, and, in the dark, dangerous. Everyone who went out in the evening took a lantern—if one was to be had.

It has been said that "Every immigrant who landed at San Francisco became a new man in his own estimation, and was prepared to undertake anything or any piece of business whatsoever." Very few were following the business to which they had been bred. Doctors and dentists became draymen, barbers, or shoe-blacks; merchants became laborers and laborers became merchants; lawyers became butchers, waiters in restaurants, teamsters—even honest men, sometimes. It was an area of topsy-turvy, of jostling, profanity, of chaos, speculation, of hurry and confusion. But somehow all became orderly and the city thrived and grew.

It was the golden moment for the laborer. Wages were the highest in all history. Carpenters, who were getting twelve dollars per day, struck for sixteen; ordinary labor brought one dollar an hour. Everybody was thriving and making and spending money, though it cost an almost princely income to live. Rents were enormous—$3,000 per month in advance being charged for a single store of small size and constructed of rough board.

On the corner of Washington Street was the "Parker House" which paid its owners $120,000 per year in rent. The second story of this building was rented by gamblers who paid $5,000 per month. A canvas tent of moderate size, which stood near the Parker House, was occupied by the El Dorado, a gambling saloon. This paid in rents $40,000 per annum.

It cost three dollars for admission to the pit of the circus, while a private box cost fifty-five. Good board cost eight dollars per day, or thirty dollars per week. The most ordinary board cost twenty dollars per week. Flour sold at forty dollars per barrel; potatoes and brown sugar thirty-seven and one-half cents per pound; cheese fifty cents, and a loaf of bread, such as is now sold in Santa Barbara for five cents, would have cost fifty cents in '49. Heavy boots cost from thirty to forty dollars per pair, and a really good pair commanded fully one hundred dollars.

It cost twenty dollars per dozen pieces —large and small—to get clothes washed. Those prices were in San Francisco. In the mines, the prices were from four to five times as great. Eggs were sold at one, two and even three dollars each; inferior sugar, tea and coffee at four dollars a pound; picks and shovels ranged from five to fifteen dollars each; laudanum cost one dollar a drop; a pill or purge ten dollars each; spirits sold at from ten to forty dollars a quart.

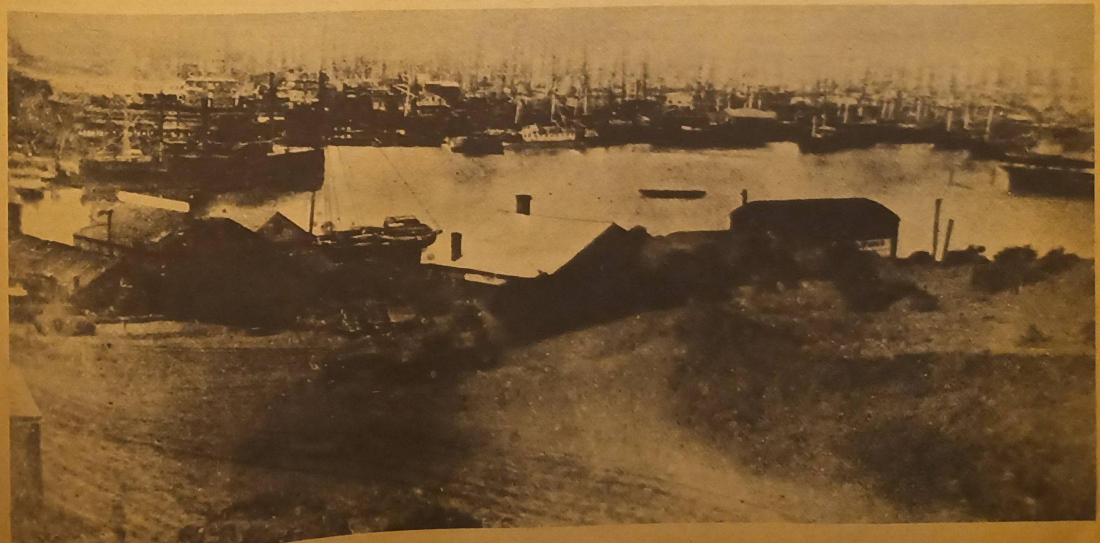
Notwithstanding those prices, everybody made money, and could have become rich. There was a continuous flow of gold from the mines, and millions of pure gold, in lumps and dust, reached San Francisco each month. Probably there never was a city that had such an amount of gold in circulation as had San Francisco in 1848-49-50-51. It was a city of from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants—the people nearly all adult males, strong in person, clever, bold, sanguine, restless and reckless. Such a people had to have amusement—if not good, then bad.

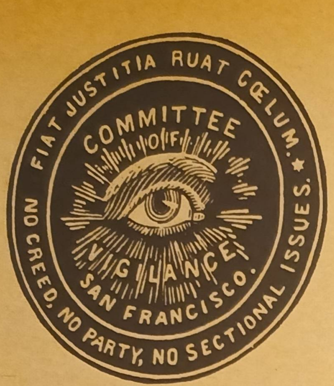
Perhaps what would have struck the stranger in San Francisco as the most remarkable characteristic of the city was the prevalence of gambling. It was the grand occupation of most of the people. Let me quote from a writer of the day—one who was on the ground and wrote only of what he himself saw: "Gambling saloons, glittering like fairy palaces, studded nearly all sides of the plaza and every street in the neighborhood. As if intoxicating drinks, from the splendid bar they each contained, were not sufficient to gild the scene, music added its loudest, if not its sweetest, charms; and all was mad, feverish mirth, where fortunes were lost and won upon the green cloth in the twinkling of an eye. All classes gambled in those days, from the starched, whiteneck-clothed professor of religion to the veriest black rascal that earned a dollar from blacking boots.

"Nobody had leisure to think even for a moment of his occupation, and how it was viewed in Christian lands. The

Another view of crewless vessels which choked San Francisco Harbor during the Gold Rush

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles





Seal of the Vigilance Committee

heated brain was never allowed to get cool while a bit of coin or dust was left. These saloons, therefore, were crowded night and day by impatient revelers who could never satiate themselves with excitement, nor get rid too soon of their golden heaps."

Monte, rondo, rouge-et-noir, vingt-un, faro and roulette were the games mostly played. In the more attractive saloons beautiful and well-dressed women dealt out the cards or turned the roulette wheels.

As another writer said: "To make a fortune in the turning of a card was delightful—the mingled hope and fear of eventual success was a charming excitement. For the moment, men felt as great as conquerors may be supposed to feel; they maneuvered on the green cloth—the field of their operations—thinking their own skill was playing the game, when chance alone gave the result. At the end of a long evening's campaign of mingled victories and defeats—petty skirmishes—they would either draw off their forces to renew the game next day, or hazard their all, thousands of dollars perhaps, on the issue of one great battle, and a moment afterward leave the table richer or poorer by a moderate fortune."

Gambling, then, became a regular business, and those who followed it were really among the richest, most talented and influential citizens of the town.

Hand in hand with gambling and drinking went duels, robberies, murders and gross licentiousness, until the place was dangerous at all hours of the night. Murders were daily occurrences. Indeed, within a few months over one hundred murders took place, and not one of the red-handed perpetrators was ever brought to justice. This state of affairs could not last—everyone was in terror of his life. Then the people took the matter in their own hands, and the celebrated "Vigilance Committee" was organized. This was in the year 1851.

Probably there is no part of the history of San Francisco that has received so much attention as was bestowed on the period of the active work of the Vigilance Committee. It called forth applause, wonder, scorn and indignation. But the work went on. It was a necessity born of the times—one of those strange uprisings of the people by which crime is made to give place to order and peace. Something had to be done to strike terror to the hearts of the cutthroats, blacklegs, and other lawless characters that filled the city. Crime had to be checked by terrible expiations.

The "committee" was made up of some of San Francisco's leading and most respected citizens, and the work began at once. The worst desperadoes were hanged, others lashed and branded, and a great number ordered to leave the country. By such prompt methods the city was made clean, its people law-abiding and prosperous.

Later on, streets were laid out more carefully, and on a more liberal scale. Many of them were graded and good sidewalks were built. New and finer buildings were built, schools established, and other evidences of solid prosperity became visible.

The golden stream from the mines grew steadily larger and larger, making money both plentiful and easy to get. It is estimated that the gold product of 1848 was $3,000,000; that of 1849, $25,000,000; that of 1850, $40,000,000; and that of 1851, $60,000,000.

To give an idea of how great was the commerce of San Francisco at this period, on October 31, 1851, there were 451 vessels of all classes lying at anchor in the harbor. During that year 27,000 immigrants had arrived by sea.

THIS WAS the city in which Mr. Cooper and his friend, David Pipes, arrrived early in March, 1851. They remained in San Francisco about three days, after which passage was secured for New York on a steamer by way of Panama. Passenger traffic by steamer was tremendous in that year, and every vessel started with at least double the number of passengers she should have taken. On this trip the ship had 800, and a steerage ticket cost $275 in gold.

The vessel put to sea, and very soon nearly every one of the passengers was suffering from seasickness. Cooper was both sick and so worried that he could neither sleep, nor eat his meals. This state of affairs continued until the ship was near Panama when, one night, as he lay awake, he then and there decided that he had made a mistake in going home. It was absurd, he reasoned, to leave a land where money was plentiful and return to a place where poverty, hard work and cold winters ruled. But since he had undertaken the trip, he would finish it, and then make all haste possible and get back again to California.

After this decision had been made he went to sleep, and the next day he felt better. With appetite regained, his cheerfulness and self-reliance returned. There was no more indecision in his mind after that.

In due time the men arrived at Panama, where they landed and were compelled to walk to the Chagres River. At a place called Gorgona, about fifteen of the party chartered a small boat and hired a lot of natives to pole them down the river in their *bongos* or dug-outs to Chagres, where they embarked on the steamer *Prometheus* for New York.

Mr. Cooper reached home on May 2, 1851, and found his brother and sisters well and considerably surprised to see him. To their protests about his return, he said: "I am sowing a few of my wild oats. I shall return to California, and I promise you that I will yet turn out well. I will do nothing to disgrace you. Bear patiently with me a little longer."

His brother, the doctor, came to see him, and to his inquiry as to what he intended to do, Cooper replied that he intended to purchase a pony and again start overland for California. He proposed to go on to the State line and trust to finding someone who was driving stock across the Plains, who would give him employment.

On the 13th day of May, 1851, Cooper, having purchased his pony, started for Booneville, sixteen miles away. He arrived there that evening, and was recommended to a party headed by Peters & McMahon, who were gathering up a band of sheep which they proposed to drive across the Plains to California.

Cooper met the men and engaged to work for them at eight dollars per month, payment to be made when the party reached California. The promise was made that the trip should be accomplished during that year. After making this agreement Mr. Cooper went at once to the rendezvous where preparations were being made for the march. Stock was purchased and teams were made ready for the long, wearisome journey.

In a few days all preparations were completed and the train started out with 12,000 sheep. In the train were three wagons drawn by teams of oxen. There were twenty-two men in the ranks, and twenty-five horses and mules were taken along. A Negro named John, a Missourian named Holmes, and Mr. Cooper drove the teams, did the cooking, etc. Holmes was a blacksmith and took along a portable forge, with which he shod the animals, as required, and did other necessary jobs in his line.

This is believed to have been the first band of sheep ever driven from the Eastern States across the Plains to California. The Department of Agriculture at Washington in its special report of the sheep industry of the United States concedes the credit as I have stated.

THE FIRST NIGHT out Mr. Cooper stood guard after midnight. When he was called, he found the night pitch dark and the animals in great fright, running about in confusion. Nothing could be seen except during the frequent flashes of lightning. Cooper began to collect the sheep, but soon found that he alone would not be able to accomplish anything. He went to McMahon, the proprietor, and said he could do nothing unaided.

"What do you think had better be done?" inquired McMahon.

"Why," said Cooper, "I think I had better go to bed."

"All right," was the answer, and Cooper turned in and slept until daylight.

The next morning the sky was clear, and the sheep, huddled in small bunches, were found close by, all right. The train then took up the line of march by the northern route, passing Forts Kearney and Laramie on the way.

Nothing of importance happened for about ten days. The roads were yielding and wet, and many of the sheep began to have soft feet, making the march tedious in the extreme. Later on, the road grew hard, and the sheep became so lame that hundreds of them were unable to walk along at all. The march was very slow and the prospects became more and more unlikely that the train would reach California that year.

Mr. Cooper spoke of it to the proprietors, who admitted that it seemed impossible to make the trip in the time intended. Under these circumstances, Mr. Cooper in company with a lawyer named Hiram Mills from Wisconsin, and the blacksmith Holmes, bade the train goodbye at Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater, and started for California on the 27th day of August. This meant a lonely journey of 1,300 miles to Sacramento City. The party set out with a canteen of water apiece and a small quantity of provisions.

During the first day out, our party met a cavalcade of 1,100 Crow Indians, going to Fort Laramie to make a treaty with our Government. The Indians were friendly, and only greeted Cooper's party with the usual, "How, how."

This day the party traveled twenty-five miles to Ice Springs, where they expected to obtain water, but found that the ice had receded and there was no water to be had except by digging, which required spades, and there was not a spade to be had.

The men were suffering terribly from thirst, but there was no alternative except to push on over twelve weary miles through the dry sandy road to Sweetwater. We need not recall the fatigues of that dismal journey. Worn out by the march, suffering terribly from thirst, it seemed as if they could not go on. But it was "go on or die" with them. One of the party (Mills) gave up and lay down, telling his friends to push ahead and if they found water to return for him. However, he put forth his will and followed.

Arriving at the stream, the men actually threw themselves into the water and reveled in its sweet purity. The next day the journey was resumed. Soon after this, our travelers were overtaken by a party of three men, who were likewise on the way to California. Among the newcomers was a man named Shoemaker, a nice Vermonter, and a young fellow named John Smith—"the most disagreeable person I ever met," said Cooper. The two parties joined forces for protection, and journeyed on to Salt Lake City, where they remained fifteen days. During this time Mr. Cooper heard Brigham Young deliver a lecture (mostly made up of abuse of American people).

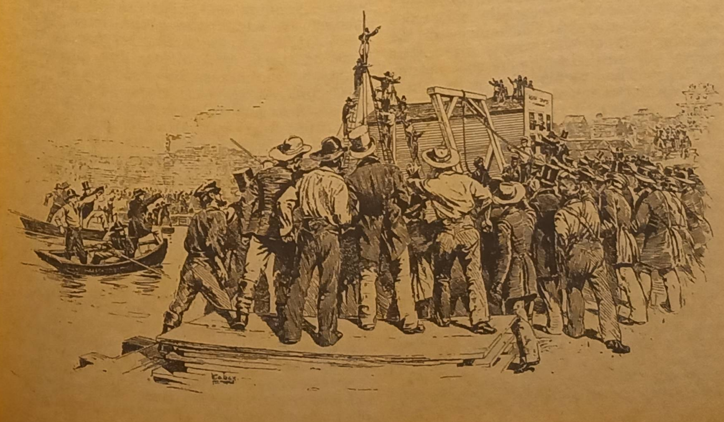
WHILE IN Salt Lake City, it was learned that during the remainder of the journey many hostile Indians were likely to be encountered and that, for safety, it was better for emigrants to travel in as large companies as possible. Reports of the depredations of Indians were coming in all the time. Our party, therefore, looked about to see what could be done to augment their strength and make it look formidable. By a little effort, a sufficient number of people were found to increase the number of men to fourteen. There was also one woman and a child.

Cooper and his friends exchanged their horses and pack saddles for two yokes of oxen and an old wagon. They purchased a quantity of flour, bacon, potatoes and a supply of barley, which they proposed to parch and use in lieu of coffee. Sugar, tea and real coffee were entirely beyond their reach, and had to be dispensed with for the time. All being now in readiness, the emigrants began their journey. As he had been over the route the year before, Mr. Cooper was chosen captain.

For some time nothing of note happened. They journeyed on from twenty to twenty-five miles each day. When they reached the Humboldt River, they met a band of seventy Mormons who said that the Indians had ambushed and attacked them the night before, inflicting a loss of three men killed. A few nights after this, the party encamped in a place that seemed particularly favorable for an ambuscade. The captain was uneasy, and at midnight, decided to arouse the people and push on as quickly as possible, knowing as he did that if an attack was made at all, it would take place at daybreak.

There was considerable complaint and grumbling at Cooper's decision, but the order was obeyed and camp broken. The journey was pursued with all speed until about nine o'clock the next morning, when a halt was called and breakfast served. During this rest, Cooper noticed that the animals were sniffing in the direction of a hill some distance back. A man was ordered to go up a knoll nearby, and see if anything was wrong. He did so and soon reported that a band of Indians were filing along the pass. These were the very foes Cooper had been afraid of, and had he not moved his camp during the night, it is very probable that not a man in the company would have been left to tell the tale. The men were now profuse in their apologies to Cooper for "growling" at his orders of the night before, and from then on not one word was ever said against any of his decisions.

I have already spoken of John Smith whom Mr. Cooper considered the most disagreeable person with whom he ever came in contact. By this time Smith had quarreled with everyone in the train except Cooper. He had even wrangled with the only woman in the party. Everyone avoided him as much as possible, for all were afraid of the man. Cooper thus far had managed to get along without any open rupture with the fellow, but the time had come when even he had to taste a quarrel.



The hanging of Stuart by the first Vigilance Committee

Century Magazine

It happened in this way: One day the whole party was sitting at noon lunch, talking and joking. Smith started to poke fun at the little lawyer, Mills, who, in turn, retorted, rather getting the best of the badinage. This made Smith angry, and he began to abuse him, threatening to "slap his mouth" if he said another word. Cooper noted the drift of the talk, and was expecting the blacksmith Holmes to interfere and take Mills' part. But Holmes said not a word.

To see another abused in this way was rather more than Cooper could stand, so he quietly said to the bully: "I wouldn't abuse the little fellow any more if I were you. It was only in fun, and I wish you would let it pass by."

"Perhaps you would like to take it up?" said Smith turning to Cooper.

"I do, sir!" was retorted as quick as a flash, "I do, sir! Come right on and I will lick you in half a second, you dirty scoundrel!"

Cooper, white with rage, jumped up and made ready to carry out his promise, but the bully suddenly calmed down. There was no fight in him. He was like all bullies, only a coward. After this there was no more of his pranks, and the camp was far more comfortable in the future.

The party jogged on across the desert, arriving at the foot of the Sierra Nevadas, near a place called Carson City. Here the company disbanded. Cooper, Mills and Holmes traded their outfit, oxen and wagon to a man named Jameson, who carried the mail from that point to Sacramento, hiring from him some mules on which to ride to that city. Holmes and Cooper went to a place called Diamond Springs, in Placer County, and Mills went to Sacramento. Cooper and Mills never met again. Mills became a prominent man, was state senator and superior judge. He died about a year ago in Contra Costa County.

HOLMES and Cooper arrived at their destination on October 31, 1851, at 8 p.m. In a very few minutes some twenty or thirty acquaintances of Cooper, whom he had known in the States or with whom he had crossed the Plains, called. Among the number was Mark Jackman, a near neighbor in Missouri, who said he was to start for home early the next morning.

"I wish I had fifty dollars to send to my sister," lamented Cooper.

"I'll lend you the money," said Matthew Arnold, pulling out an eight-square gold slug. It was given to Jackman, who in due time delivered it to the person intended.

An old acquaintance named Rollins said he had a mine on the American River and tendered Cooper an interest in it. The offer was accepted and the men at once started for the place. During the first week's work each man averaged about twenty dollars per diem. In the second week the whole yield was only sixty dollars, and in the third week the entire party got only about twenty dollars. The mine manifestly was "played out," and the men returned to Diamond Springs where Holmes had been at work cutting wood, for which he had received only fifteen or twenty dollars. Cooper paid Arnold the fifty dollars he had lent him to send home to his sister, and then the party started with their blankets on the walk to Stockton.

Arriving at that place, Holmes met a man who told him that his brother had a mine that was paying wonderfully. He decided to go there and persuaded Cooper to go with him, saying: "If my brother has a good thing, you shall share in it." "If your brother has a good thing" replied Cooper, "he may be glad to let you in for a share, but he would not be willing to let a stranger in, too."

"No," said Holmes, "you are my benefactor. If my brother will not take you in, I will not go in either."

So, over-persuaded, Cooper accompanied him. After a walk of two and one-half days, they reached the place and found Holmes' brother and his three partners at work. The place was the richest kind of gulch diggings. A pick thrust into the earth revealed in the upturned dirt a gleaming mass of coarse gold and nuggets. It was apparently a genuine bonanza. But Cooper soon found that he was not wanted.

After staying there for a couple of days, as a "feeler" he said to Holmes: "Sam, suppose we go back to Stockton and get a job at teaming?"

Sam thought the idea good, and suggested that Cooper go on ahead, and if he got work to write him, and he would come on, too. This was enough for Cooper. He saw how the thing was working. They wanted to keep Sam, but did not want him. In ten minutes he was on his way from that camp.

He went as far as the stage road that night, where he remained until the stage appeared the next morning, when he got aboard. There was a competing line of stages so, after they got down to the plains, the horses were put into a gallop and hurried to their utmost. Unfortunately Cooper lost his hat while the stage was going at full speed, and he called to the driver to stop so that he might recover it. With a good deal of surliness the driver obeyed, remarking, as Cooper returned, "You will lose your damned head next."

One of the passengers on the stage here interposed and said: "None of that, driver. This man lost his hat and it was your duty to help him. You are only a servant of the public."

The driver returned some insolent answer, but was met with the reply, "Now, I don't want to hear a word from you; not one word, I tell you!"

After reaching Stockton, Cooper was surprised to find the man who had so kindly taken his part to be no less personage than the celebrated ranger, Col. Jack Hays. He was afterwards sheriff of San Francisco, and took part in the work of the Vigilance Committee.

MR. COOPER found his old friend, John Hill, the blacksmith, who was still working at his trade. He introduced him to George Rivercomb, who engaged him to drive a team at $100 a month. He began work the next day, and for ten months continued in his employ. At the expiration of that time, Cooper purchased a team of four yokes of oxen and a wagon for $1,100 and began work on his own account. He paid $500 cash, getting credit for the remaining $600.

Soon after this, Cooper was taken sick with varioloid, and for six weeks was confined to his bed. During that whole time it rained, and the miners were in great distress for food. They were compelled to shoot birds, parch barley and do all sorts of unusual things to obtain anything to eat. All the streams were greatly swollen, and Chinamen were employed to carry sacks of flour across on their shoulders.

About the first of March, Mr. Cooper purchased a ton of flour, and with five yokes of oxen started for the mines in company with another teamster who went by the name of "Short Neck Tom," who likewise had a load of freight. The men got out about three or four miles, and there found the mud so deep that their teams got bogged. They were compelled to unyoke the oxen, and those who could not get out of the mud by themselves had to be hauled out with a line tied about their horns. Finally they were all in shape and again took up the line of march.

They went on as far as the "Twelve Mile House," kept by Major Stemmons, formerly of Missouri, and there passed the night. The next morning they again pushed on until they came to the store and boarding-house of Foreman & Haynes. This was near the San Antonio Creek, then perhaps eighty feet wide. Awaiting at this stream were thirty teams loaded with supplies. They had been there a week, but dared not attempt the crossing on account of the high water. Cooper remained there all night, and early the next morning went down and took a look at the situation.

"If I could only get across that tarnation stream with my flour, I could do well with my venture," said he to himself. The fact that he was in debt made him all the more anxious to get on.

After looking over the situation in all its aspects, he decided to make the attempt to swim the stream with his supplies. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," said he, grimly, as he made his plans. He went back and yoked up his team.

"What in hell are you trying to do?" said Short Neck Tom. "You can't cross that stream; it is twelve feet deep and running like a mill-race!"

"I am going to attempt to swim the stream, Tom. Help me a little and you will see," Cooper replied.

The team was driven to the water's edge, along which probably fully 150 men were standing in idle curiosity to see if wagon, team and load were not all lost. Even the cooks from the house were present.

COOPER took off all his team except the wheelers, tied a long rope to the cattle he had unyoked, and easily swung them across the stream. When they had landed, he called to them and they stopped. On the opposite side of the stream he now had four yokes of oxen with a rope attached and running across to the shore on which he stood. His next move was to drive the single yoke (the wheelers) into the water as far as they could go without losing bottom and being compelled to swim. This was accomplished with the assistance of Tom who kept the cattle quiet while Cooper went up the stream and crossed the river on a log—a perilous task. The cattle on the opposite side of the stream were then backed up until Tom, who was yet on the wagon, had plenty of rope by which to tie on to the end of the tongue, in front of the wheelers.

"Now," said Tom, "don't you start until I get out of this damned place. I don't want to get drowned with your old team!"

After Tom had gotten safely to the shore, Cooper tightened up the rope, put on the whip and away went the wheelers and wagon with its load through the water, right side up, to the opposite shore. It was a perfect success, and the men who lined the shores loudly screamed and shouted in their admiration.

"Go it, old fellow, you are all right. You will make a fortune, sure,"—ending with a score of rah-rah-rahs, as the wagons went up the bank.

Cooper then drove on through the mud and slush a couple of miles, where miners, who saw him crossing, came out and bought over a hundred pounds of flour at seventy-five cents a pound. He then proceeded on his way until he reached Vallicita—six miles distant from the river—where he had a friend, a Kentuckian, named J. Lester, who had been his partner in the mines in 1850.

Lester had a store and invited Cooper to unload his flour to keep it out of the wet, and remain overnight with him. The invitation was accepted. After supper Lester offered to buy the flour for fifty cents a pound and take the whole lot. But Cooper thought he ought to have more, and declined.

The next morning the sun shone brightly and the storm seemed over. Lester remarked that he was glad his offer of fifty cents per pound for the flour had been refused as, in a few days, the other teams would be over and flour would go down in price to eight cents. Cooper started out to see if he couldn't sell his flour at the other camps, Douglas Flats and Murphy's Diggings, but he had no success. All of the dealers refused.

"The storm is over and those other teams will be able to cross in a little while, and the price of flour will go down to a mere song," they said.

Cooper returned to Lester's feeling very tired and rather blue. The rainy season seemed over and the prospects were that he would not be able to sell his flour and make any profit out of his venture. After supper as he sat by the fire, feeling a good deal discouraged, someone came into the room from the outside, saying: "Whew! How it rains!"

In a little while Lester came in and said: "Joey, old boy, I guess you wish you had sold me your flour, don't you?"

"No," was the reply. "It looks now as if it would rain all the season, and I've got plenty of fat cattle and flour and I am not going to starve."

"Well," said Lester, "I know you are getting homesick, old boy, and I will yet offer you fifty cents a pound for the lot and let you go home.'

"Well," said Cooper, "since it is you, I will let you have it at that price."

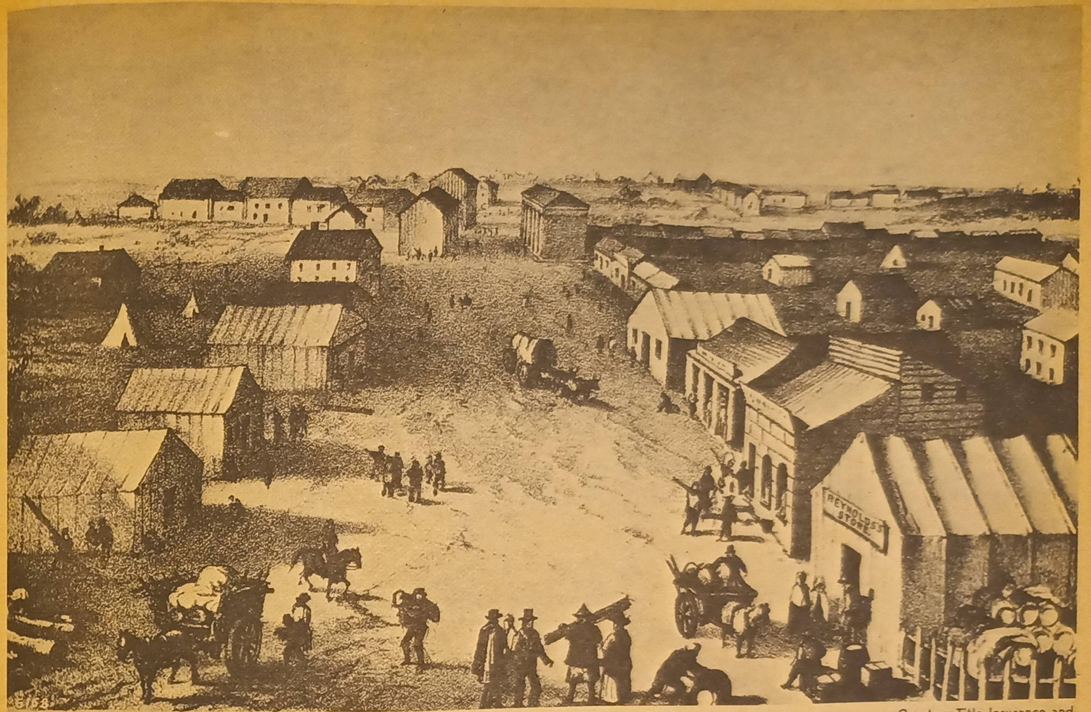
Lester took the lot, which amounted to 1,850 pounds, and paid over the sum of $925.00. This, with the amount sold at seventy-five cents per pound, made the proceeds of the load amount to $1,037.50.

The next morning the sun shone clear and warm and not another drop of rain fell for over eight months.

Having disposed of his load of flour, Mr. Cooper, with a pocketful of money, which amounted to enough to make his venture a genuine success, bade his friend Lester goodby, and went on his way rejoicing. He passed the stream over which he had floated his load of flour in the face of such difficulties, and probably enjoyed the success he had won by his skill and enterprise in crossing the river as much as any success he ever achieved. But that was not all. He had earned nearly sufficient money to pay off his debts, and that fact, to so scrupulously honest a man as Cooper, was in itself a grand triumph.

After this he continued freighting during the balance of the year, his sphere of operations being between Mariposa and Milton on the south bank of the Mariposa River.

IN MY remarks about early San Francisco, I spoke of the prevalence of crime in that city and in the whole State. Disagreeable as is the subject, I now revert to it again, and recall a few passages of the history of the times that, at this day, read more like a romance than sober, matter-of-fact history.



Principal street in San Francisco in 1850

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

In a mixed population, gathered from the four corners of the earth, it could not be otherwise than that, in so motley a collection of men in a new country, where each man was a law to himself, there should be persons who would hesitate at no crime in the furtherance of their plans or desires.

As may be surmised, the very great majority of the people who flocked to California during the years 1849-53 came for the purpose of mining for gold. Then, as now, gold was the most powerful magnet in the world. For gold, men would undertake Herculean tasks, risk life and limb, break sacred ties of friendship, lose regard for truth and honor, steal, rob—even murder.

It was supposed, from the reports of the richness of the mines, that all a person had to do, in order to acquire great stores of the yellow metal, was to purchase a pick and shovel and then "turn up the golden particles by the bucketful." Remarkable yields had been authentically reported, which naturally gave color to those wild ideas.

At what were known as the "Dry Diggings," in particular, the amount of gold obtained was enormous. One chunk of pure metal was found that weighed thirteen pounds. One man dug out $12,000 worth of gold in six days; three men obtained $8,000 in a single day; the auriferous earth, dug out of ravines and holes in the sides of the mountains, was packed upon horses and carried one, two or three miles, to the nearest water to be washed. An average price of this washing dirt was, at one time, $400 a cart load. In one instance five loads of such earth were sold for $752, which yielded, after washing, $16,000. Individuals made their $5,000, $10,000 and $15,000 in the space of only a few weeks. These were isolated and exceptional cases, but they passed current as averages among the men, who, with dilated eyes and hungry ears, drank in the marvelous stories. One of the editors of the *Californian* stated in June, 1848, that, by aid of a shovel, pick and tin pan, he had collected from $44 to $128 dollars per day, averaging $100.00.

The plain truth is that from $10 to $15 of gold-dust per day was the average proceeds of the great majority of miners who worked steadily and industriously.

EVERYTHING in this world has a bright and a shady side. So far I have spoken only of the bright side. There was a great deal of sickness in the mines, and many of the miners sank under fever and diseases of the bowels. Insufficient shelter, complete change of diet, continual mental excitement induced by personal amusement and gross dissipation, and severe labor of a kind which most of the men had been unaccustomed to, soon produced ailments fatal in many cases. "No gains could compensate a dying man for the fatal sickness engendered by his own avaricious exertions" has been well said. But there was a still darker feature to the picture; in the wild race for riches the invalid was neglected and, in many cases, died unwept and alone.

Mining for gold, then, was far from being the romantic, ideal and poetical occupation we are sometimes led to believe by our imperfect knowledge of the facts. It was trying and exacting in the extreme. Robust men found it so and, as the great majority of men are lazy by nature, a good many of the miners gave up and sought other methods for the attainment of the golden spoils.

Gambling offered a small—very small—chance. But the average gambler is soon fleeced, and then comes a period of desperation, when a man will do almost anything to obtain the wherewithal with which to continue the struggle with the Fickle Goddess. It is so now; it was so in California in 1849.

Usually it was from such causes that men were led to theft and robbery—even murder. That point in the moral prostration of a man being reached, the step to professional brigandage was quickly passed. Many such steps were taken in California in those early years, and I now select, from many cases, one typical example.

Of all the picturesque desperadoes of this continent, probably Joaquin Murieta easily stands first. Young, brave as a lion, of splendid face and form, he was an ideal Fra Diavalo. While his long series of bloody murders—many of them without the slightest provocation on the part of the victims—stamp him a cutthroat of the first order, I know there are things to be said in his favor before his becoming steeped in blood; cruel wrongs that were likely to turn sour the sweetest disposition—but I am not defending or prosecuting the man. I am simply stating facts.

Murieta was eighteen years of age when he became the head and heart of a band of desperadoes that numbered from twenty to eighty people. He was only twenty-one years of age when vengeance overtook him, but in those three years he committed robberies and murders enough to fill the whole Coast with terror and make his name more widely known than that of all the other men of his profession taken together. And this is saying a good deal, for even Murieta had his rivals. There were Vasquez, Jack Powers, Solomon Pico, Carrillo and Armijo—all red-handed, desperate men.

Murieta ruled his band with a rod of iron. The least disobedience meant death to the one perpetrating it. He had a comrade named Manuel Garcia, but more widely known as Three-Fingered Jack, a man of Herculean strength, powerful frame and boundless ferocity.

In company, these men often traveled from place to place, leaving a trail of blood behind. It was during the summer of 1852 that Mr. Cooper had a very narrow escape from their hands. Coming down from Mariposa late one Sunday evening he drove up the dry creek to Forbes' stone house, but hesitated whether he should stay all night or push on. The fear that his cattle would stray and run up the Tuolumne decided the matter, and he pushed on—a very simple thing, but with the hand of fate in it, as will be seen.

The next morning Tony Riddle, with his ox team, passed Forbes' place from Merced on his way to Stockton. He drove only about three miles and was there murdered by Murieta and Three-Fingered Jack. Had Cooper obeyed his first impulse and remained overnight, he would surely have been dealt with in the same way, for he was known to have money about his person, and to get it would only have required one more murder—what was that to such men as Murieta and his companion?

Today the stories of Murieta read like myths, so enveloped are they with the glamour of enterprise, daring and bravery. Indeed, very many men even doubt the existence of the man, considering him as having been purely a character of fiction, born from the deeds of such men as Jack Powers. But the evidence given by men now living who knew Murieta, both before and during his career of bloodshed and robbery, must count for far more than the doubts of people who know nothing of the matter at all, save from hearsay.

Joaquin Murieta and his gang created such terror by their bloody deeds that Captain Harry Love was commissioned by the California Legislature to arrest the man and his gang, dead or alive. The task was accomplished. The leader and his lieutenant, Three-Fingered Jack, were shot, their heads cut off, preserved in alcohol and exhibited to hundreds of people. A well-known gentlemen of this city saw the trophies while they were on exhibition in Stockton.

MR. COOPER continued in the freighting business in Milton, Fine Gold Gulch and other places in the vicinity until the autumn of 1853, when he purchased an enormous wagon for which he paid the sum of $800. The wagon weighed 4,300 pounds, and when loaded required ten yokes of oxen to move it. To give an idea of its size and great strength I may say that on one trip between Stockton and Milton (100 miles) Cooper carried 15,315 pounds of freight.

About a year later, in the fall of 1854, Mr. Cooper sold his team and wagon to a man named Charles Terman for $3,000. This is supposed to have been the largest price ever paid for one ox team in those days. Terman was given two months in which to pay for the team, and Cooper was employed to drive it at $100 per month and board. But the two months came around and the money was not ready, so Cooper extended the time to six months.

During one of his trips, Cooper stopped at Holden's Ferry on the Stanislaus River. William Holden, the owner, was lieutenant governor under Governor Haight. During the night Cooper awoke suddenly and found the house in flames. Everybody except Cooper and a man named Trim Moor had been awakened and had gone. In his eagerness to escape Cooper ran downstairs in his nightclothes, leaving his clothes in the burning building. It was but a very few minutes before the whole structure was burned to the ground. Then Cooper saw his condition.

He was without clothes and with no means of getting any with which to dress himself, and it was raining hard. He knew there were several men up the road with their teams. With nothing on but his night apparel, and with the rain falling fast, he started up the road. From one of the men he got a pair of blue overalls, an old pair of boots and an old soldier's overcoat. In this dress, with a pocket handkerchief on his head, instead of a hat, he drove his team to Stockton.

Here he remained a few days, when he began to feel sick, but, getting a load of freight, in company with others, he started for the mines. It was too much for his strength. Cooper was compelled to hire a driver for his team and go to bed, very ill with an attack of typhoid-pneumonia. He was hauled up to Snelling's on the Merced River. Dr. Lewis and Dr. Warren took charge of the patient, and for two months his chances of recovery were very small. Only a good strong constitution pulled him through. This siege of sickness cost him $500.

While Cooper was sick at Snelling's, he became acquainted with a young man named Bill Grant, who had crossed the Plains from Missouri in 1849 and, at the time of Cooper's illness, was employed by the stage company. Later on he became a driver and, like most stage men of his time, allowed whiskey to get the better of him. Grant was at one time a driver on the coast line, over the mountains from Santa Barbara. This was eighteen years ago. While on his deathbed and in the midst of his delirium, poor Grant called out to the people around him: "They're on the down grade, boys, and I can't catch the brake." These words have served as the topic of a most affecting poem, and have been used as the text of many a good pastor's sermon.

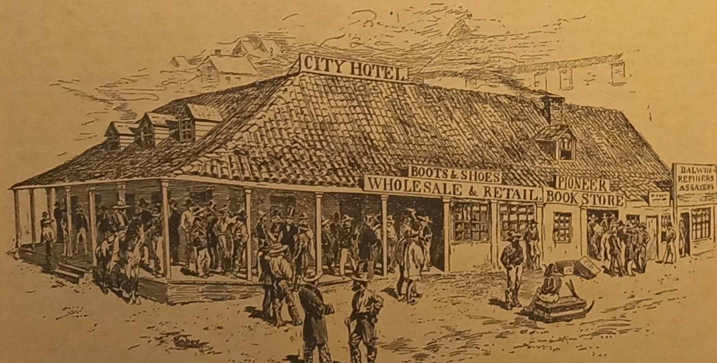
AFTER his recovery, Mr. Cooper again took charge of the team. He continued the business until October, 1855, when he went to Stockton where he remained a month to collect what money was due him. He succeeded in this, and in company with his old friend, Martin E. Oldham, started for his home in Missouri. The men took the steamer for Panama, the agreement being that on arrival at Aspinwall, if the steamer for New Orleans was not there, they should be allowed the privilege of embarking on the New York steamer. The trip to the Isthmus was made with no incident but, when our friends reached Aspinwall, they found no steamer for New Orleans nor were they permitted to take the boat for New York, notwithstanding the agreement made when the tickets were purchased. The passengers were compelled to remain in Aspinwall for two weeks and during that time, most of them became ill of fever. The port is one of the most unhealthy and disagreeable spots on the globe. A person who visits it once will take every precaution to avoid a second visit.

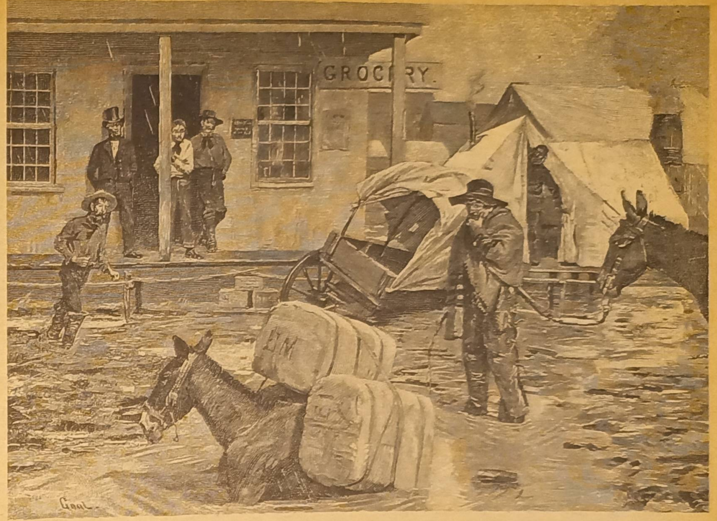
After a weary delay of two weeks, the old steamer *George Law* arrived, and our friends went on board. This famous old boat was only capable of making about six knots an hour, and was a crazy old tub that had seen much service. This was her last trip under the name for, on arriving at New Orleans, she was placed in dock, thoroughly overhauled, refitted and re-christened the *Central American*—and on her first trip to the Isthmus went to the bottom with all her crew. She was said to have had on board a list of 700 passengers, none of whom were saved.

Our friends remained several days in New Orleans, and then purchased tickets for St. Louis and embarked on the steamer *Atna*. Pasengers in those days were not treated to the luxurious splendor and comfort that they demand and receive in our time. Steamboats then were run entirely in the interest of the owners' pocketbooks. If the public didn't like the arrangements, why, people could stay at home—and lump them. The *Atna* was no exception to the boats of her period. The Captain ran things with a high hand, and consulted his own pleasure and interests in all cases with little regard for the comfort of his passengers. The boat was much overcrowded, and accommodations were about such as one might expect in a cattle car of today.

The first hotel in San Francisco

Century Magazine, February 1892





Century Magazine, February 1892

A muddy street in San Francisco

Among the passengers were about twenty-five Missourians, many of them returning home from California. They were resolute, determined fellows, with whom it would have been unsafe to trifle. All were well-armed, and I shall have more to say of them shortly.

There were two deaths on the trip—one a stranger without friends, who was buried in the river. Another was a man from Illinois. He had left his family and home and gone to California where, after the usual run of hard work and privations incidental to a new country, he had amassed about $8,000 with which he was on his return home.

Many and many a pitiable tale has been told but one rarely hears of one more sorrowful than this. The man had worked and slaved, denying himself all sorts of pleasures and comforts that he might amass a competency for his dear ones. He had, to a certain extent, succeeded, and then began the joyful journey home. Every day brought him nearer and nearer to his family. He arrived at Aspinwall, but during that tedious wait of two weeks, was stricken with the fever. His friends got him to New Orleans, and from there, on his way home on the *Atna*. The weather was cold and the poor fellow rapidly grew weaker and weaker.

At last he recognized that his end was near, and that he would never reach his home alive. Then he called to one of his friends, who was also a neighbor, gave him a few trinkets as keepsakes for his children, the $8,000 to be given to his wife, and bade him take charge of all and see that his wishes were carried out. The friend promised, and in a little while the poor fellow died.

In those days it was the law that, if a man died on shipboard, the captain should take possession of his effects in the capacity of a public administrator. And the cases were very numerous where the captains, like the public administrators of today, converted all to their own use.

In the present instance, as soon as the poor fellow died, the captain came down and demanded the money of the man who had been commissioned to take it to its destination. The demand was refused. The captain stormed and swore he would arrest the man and forcibly take the money. He was about to put his threat into execution, when our Missourians stepped in. They had good reason to suspect the captain would keep every cent of the money, if he once got possession. They knew, too, the wishes of the dead man, and they had confidence in his friend, and determined that the captain should not get the money.

They elected an old Missourian named Eaves as spokesman, and when the captain was ready to arrest the man, Eaves stepped forward and said: "Captain, we know the dead man, and we know his wishes. We heard him entrust his savings to his friend. We have confidence in that friend, and feel sure that he will carry out his instructions and deliver the money to its owners. You can't have the dust."

The captain said he had the law on his side and that he would have the money, even if he had to arrest every damned man in the lot.

"But," said Eaves, "you will not get the money, unless you can whip twenty-five well-heeled Misourians."

The captain stamped about, ordered the whole crew to the front, and swore he would have the money at all hazards.

"Well," said Eaves, quietly, "if you get that money, it will be after you have killed every man of us here, and after your old boat is in a thousand slivers. I tell you, captain, we shall fight before you get a cent of that poor dead fellow's money. Now come on!"

The captain didn't "come on," but letting loose a lot of additional threats, went away. This practically ended the affair, and the money, in due time, was delivered to the bereaved widow and family as intended.

THE BOAT proceeded on her way, but the floating ice coming down the river impeded travel, and when she arrived at Cairo, the captain, seeing he could go no farther, decided to land the passengers and transfer them to the railroad. They went to Sandoval, where they awaited the train, but the cold was so intense that the water tanks were frozen, and the whole party had to remain huddled in a small waiting room until 10 a.m. the following day. There was a fireplace, in which a brisk fire was kept up, but it was not sufficient to warm the whole room. Part of the people would come to the fire, get warmed and then go away and make room for others. This rotation was continued during the whole night.

Mr. Cooper was still feeling the effects of his stay at Aspinwall, and became very sick and tired during the long hours of the night, for there was no place for any one to lie down. The Illinoisan, whose death had been noted, had been placed in a coffin and taken along. It now lay upon a table in the room where so many people were huddled together. Cooper noticed that there was a clear space beneath the table, and felt so sick that he unrolled his blankets, spread them upon the floor, got in himself and secured a couple of hours sleep, not in the least disturbed by the silent form which lay in its box above him. On awakening much refreshed, he found his friend Oldham considerably worried about his absence.

"Where in the world have you been?" was asked.

"Oh," replied Cooper, "I put my blankets on the floor under that dead man, and have been asleep. I feel better now."

"Well," remarked Oldham, "I was afraid someone had enticed you outside and made away with you." He then got into the blankets and went to sleep himself.

The next day the friends continued their journey and, arriving at St. Louis, registered at the Old Virginia Hotel. In a few days they took the stage and went to their home in Cooper County. There Mr. Cooper was happy to find his friends all well and very glad to see him. During the next two months the attack of fever which had come on at Aspinwall troubled him and prevented him from attending to business. It was a miracle, almost, that the fever had not laid him low. Mr. Cooper remained sometime at his home, but always with a longing for California. It was a feeling that could not be allayed, do what he could.

In the spring of 1857 his brother-in-law, William McCurdy, persuaded him to purchase a tract of land in Bates County, Missouri. It was hoped by his friends that, with this real possession, he would conquer his love for the West, settle down with his family and friends, and carry on the business of farming and stock-raising. But who, after living in our glorious State ever forgot its beauties, or would ever willingly reside outside her borders? To live in Missouri, after residing in California, seemed to Cooper like "pulling against a cold collar."

PROBABLY future historians will regard the dealings of President Buchanan with the Mormons in Utah as the most pusillanimous and weak of any Government act in the history of the country.

The Mormons, under the leadership of Brigham Young, were in a state of rupture with the Federal Government. I need not here enter into the details, because they would take up too much space, and are hardly within the scope of this work. The Government at Washington was ill-advised, and acted with a lack of dignity and directness that could breed naught but disrespect and contempt in the Mormons, who contended that most of the officers sent to preside over their courts were mere adventurers, of lowest grades of learning and unfitted for the duties they were expected to perform. They charged the officers with living in sin with fallen women, of being gamblers and bullies, and seeking only the one thing—gold—besides their own pleasures.

Repeated efforts were made to gain the admittance of Utah to statehood, but in each instance the request was met with rebuff. Matters went on from bad to worse, with bad blood on both sides until, in 1857, President Buchanan was advised that the Mormons refused obedience to the laws of the general government. Acting, it is said, on the advice of his cabinet, the President decided that Brigham Young should be superseded as Governor and that a force should be sent to the Territory to sustain the authority of his successor.

Contrary to the advice of General Winfield Scott, an expedition was sent to the Territory in 1857, which was augmented until the force amounted to more than 6,000 men by June 1858, with artillery and supplies in great quantity. The men who took contracts to furnish the supplies made enormous sums of money by their transactions. The troops did nothing, however, and instead of living off the Mormons, the Mormons lived off from the troops, as we are informed by Bancroft.

To cut the story short, we may say that the people of the United States paid over $15,000,000 for the so-called Utah campaign, and in 1860 the troops were removed and the enormous aggregation of stores, valued at $4,000,000, was sold for less than $100,000. Flour which cost the Government $570 per ton was sold at $11. This was a terrible sacrifice to the people of the United States, but an unalloyed blessing to the Mormons.

In the spring of 1858, then, the Government was sending troops to Salt Lake to overawe the Mormons. The forces were under command of General Johnston and heavy contracts were awarded different men for hauling supplies to the base of operations. Among the men who secured such contracts were Majors Russell and Waddell. These men are said to have forwarded about 2,000 wagons across the Plains during that year. They made up trains of from twenty to twenty-two wagons, which set out under the command of an officer known as the "wagon-master." This official saw that the drivers took proper care of their teams, decided on the camping grounds, and exercised a general supervision over the trains. The pay was $100 per month, and only men of approved experience were chosen.

It was Cooper's intention to endeavor to secure such an appointment and, in furtherance of his wish, he went to Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, in company with a friend named William Eubanks, to make application. Here the man showed his usual magnanimity. There was but one vacancy, and Cooper stepped aside and allowed his friend to secure the situation. Then he presented his own application and recommendations. The contractors' agent looked them over and said:

"All right. There is no further vacancy just now. Go home and, as soon as one occurs, I will send for you."

"Are my recommendations not sufficient?" asked Cooper.

"Amply sufficient," was the reply.

"Would a recommendation from Col. Peters be of value?"

"Yes. Get one from him. We know the man. His recommendation would be of great value in our eyes."

COOPER returned home and, in a few days, rode over to Booneville to ask Col. Peters for a recommendation. This gentleman, it will be remembered, was one of the firm of Peters & McMahon, with whom Cooper drove sheep across the Plains in 1851.

On having the request preferred, Col. Peters said: "Yes, Cooper, I can give you a letter of recommendation as long as my arm. But if you are going West, why don't you go with us?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I am in company with a man named Hubbard Hollister, and we are gathering a band of sheep to drive to California."

"Well," replied Cooper, "if you will allow me to become a partner, I will go."

"I will speak of the matter to Mr. Hollister, and I think he will agree to it. Come over to the rendezous at McCubbins' next Saturday, and we will talk it over."

Accordingly, Cooper met the man as agreed, and Col. Peters said: "Mr. Hollister, Cooper wants to go with us in our venture, and I want him to go because I know the man. He crossed the Plains with me in 1851, and I found him very useful. I am sure we will not regret having him go."

"All right," said Hollister, "let him go. I like his countenance. He will do, I am positive." Then, turning to Cooper, he asked: "Can you buy sheep? We have more money now, and we must buy more sheep."

"Yes," was answered, "I can come very near being able to buy sheep."

Inside of half an hour Cooper had started off on this business in company with a man by the name of John Ashcroft. This was in the month of April, 1858.

The plan was for Cooper to go in one neighborhood and Ashcroft in another, buying such sheep as seemed desirable. They avoided all black sheep, deeming such a role best because black sheep have a tendency to stampede a flock, the sheep taking those of a dark color for dogs or wolves.

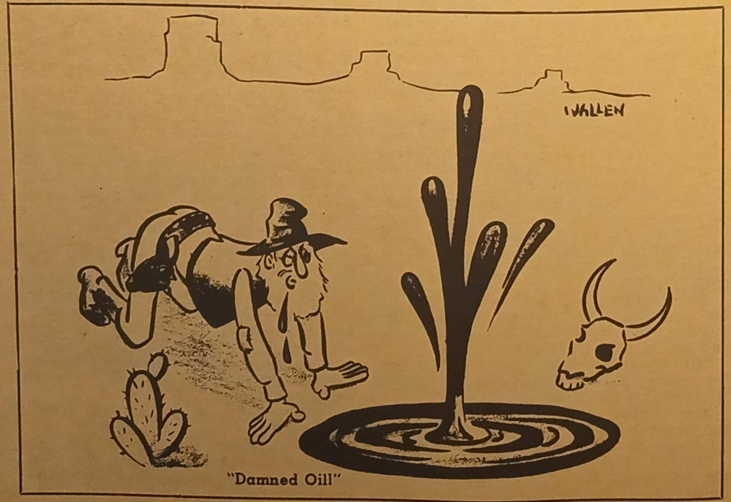
The two men would continue purchasing until a sufficient number were gotten together—say 300—when they would take them to the rendezvous. By the last of June they had gathered up enough to make the total aggregation 12,000 head. About 6,000 were Spanish Merinos from Ohio; nearly 6,000 were good American sheep, and about 200 were Lesters and Southdowns from Lord Alexander's estate in Kentucky. There were 25 horses and mules, and 100 head of cattle. Including the three proprietors, twenty-two men were in the train.

AT THIS POINT Mr. Cooper might be said to have found his life's work. He was thirty-two years of age, and the characteristics of the man were well developed. Life had always been earnest and real to him but he had been uncertain as to his pursuits and, in a measure, changeable. From now on he continued the same steady, decided man that we know today.

About the first of July, 1858, the train moved on its way, and the long, wearisome and perilous journey to California had begun. Even now such an expedition would be looked upon as perilous and full of danger, but in those days the difficulties were a hundredfold more serious. Along the whole line of their route they could expect to encounter wild animals, desperadoes and hostile Indians. They could not hope to get through except by unremitting vigilance and hard work.

After the Missouri Compromise, a great many hard characters were prowling about the edges of the State of Kansas. They were found in cañons and ravines, in out-of-the-way places of all sorts, and were likely to be met on almost any road that was not much traveled. These desperate men were not at all particular in their methods, and they felt themselves bound by no law except such as was made by themselves. "Might made right" in their eyes. Peters, Hollister and Cooper met such men repeatedly, but succeeded by diplomacy and tact in escaping any trouble.

One day, when they got along to the western part of Kansas, a Spanish boy about sixteen years old came to the train and asked assistance. He said he had been working on ranches and had saved up enough money to buy a mare on which he proposed to ride to his home in New Mexico. About eight miles back, he had been stopped by three men, who took the mare from him, saying he had stolen her. The boy asked that some of the men go back and try to recover the animal.



"Damned Oil!"

Cooper and Peters pitied the boy, and decided to return and see if they could do anything to help him. They found three Americans in a hut, off the road. They were a hard-looking lot, and glared at the men as they rode up. Mr. Cooper told them the business that had brought them there, and asked if they had the mare.

"What is it to you?" asked the men.

"Nothing in the world," replied Cooper, "only we saw the boy and thought perhaps there was a mistake."

"No mistake about it," was answered. "The young hound stole the mare fast enough, and we have got it. What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, nothing. We rather pitied the boy, and thought we would look into the matter. It is nothing to us at all. We will now go on," said Cooper.

"We have known some people to get along well who minded their own business, and we have seen fellows get into lots of trouble who didn't," growled the men as our friends rode away.

As Cooper and Peters passed along toward the train they met the boy, who said he would follow on in a little while. During that night he succeeded in stealing his mare away and rode on and joined the train. He remained about half an hour, got some food for his journey, after which he put spurs to his animal and pushed on. He said the men might follow, and it would make his friends trouble if he were found there. But the men never showed themselves to the train, and that was the last seen of the boy.

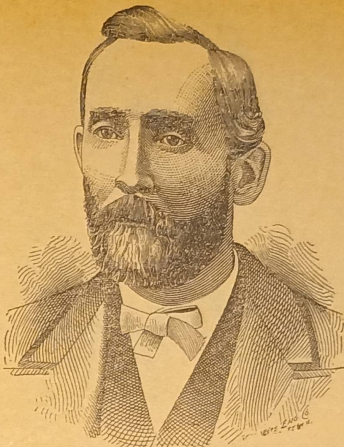
THE ROUTE followed was the old Santa Fe Trail through New Mexico and Arizona into Southern California. From some cause the sheep began to grow lame, and, of course, progress was slow. Frequent halts and rests were absolutely necessary. They jogged along in this manner until, on November 10, they reached Las Vegas. A few miles farther on, they went into camp and began preparations for the night's rest. The wagons were strung out with the cattle placed next to them on one side, the mules came next, and the sheep on the opposite side. In this way the train could be more easily guarded.

Mr. Cooper was on guard until midnight, and up to that hour all had been well, and nothing of moment noted. It was time for him to call another man to take his place, but he decided to make the rounds once more before he turned in. He went along slowly and silently, but suddenly stopped short!

What was that just a little before him? Bears? No. He looked yet closer and more intently, and decided the objects were a couple of men crawling toward the mules, intending, beyond doubt, to cut them out and steal a few. Cooper knew but one Spanish expression at that time. This he shouted loud: "Ven aqui!" (Come here!) There was no answer.

Again he shouted, and an answer was given in Spanish. This was not understood, and on the command being given again, the men took to their heels as fast as they could. Cooper followed as rapidly as he was able, shooting at them as he ran. The men outran him, and, after emptying his revolver, Cooper returned to the train. He was never sure whether he hit either of the men or not, but he often says that if he ever wounded or killed a man in his life, it was on that occasion.

When he arrived at the wagons, Colonel Peters called out: "Joe, what were you shooting at?"



J. W. Cooper at age forty

"At some Mexicans who were trying to steal our mules," was the reply. "If I hadn't been just in the nick of time they would have succeeded in getting away with a couple of them."

"You ought not to have done so," said Peters. "You might have hit one of them."

"Well, I hope to heaven that he hit and killed them both," said Hubbard Hollister.

Proceeding on their way they crossed the Rio Grande at a little place called Sabina, only a few miles above Socorro. This crossing was most trying, as the water was deep and cold, and it took quite a time to swim over so large a number of sheep. Cooper stood in the water a full hour, and got chilled to the bone. After the crossing was affected, the train pushed on to Fort Craig.

BY THIS TIME the three partners were fully aware of the difficulties of the venture and decided that, on account of the condition of their flocks, they would be compelled to remain in the country for some months at least. Certainly the prospects were not alluring. Every mile they passed brought them more and more into Indian country, and but few of the men had not heard more or less of the Apaches, the bravest, most ferocious and vicious Indians on the continent. Cooper and his party were a mere handful with, what would be to the Indians, large possessions—amply sufficient to tempt their cupidity and love of robbery.

The train camped along from place to place until Ft. Thorn was reached, and there they made the acquaintance of the Indian agent, Dr. Miguel Steck, a splendid man from Pennsylvania. They told the agent of their condition and the imperative necessity that compelled them to remain in the country during the season.

Dr. Steck listened, much interested, and finally said: "Gentlemen, you are in rather a bad fix for these Apaches are ugly Indians. I am on very good terms with them, and have had no trouble as yet. You see, I've got but a very small force of men as a garrison, and I am expecting at any time that even they will be sent away and the old fort abandoned. However, let us not borrow trouble. I will do the best I can to aid you, and make you all right with the Indians. Suppose you get up a grand feast? Set a day, and I will come and bring with me a dozen or so of the principal chiefs to see you, and then we will talk over the matter."

It was so decided, and the second day following was designated for the grand powwow.

On the appointed day, Dr. Steck arrived with twelve chiefs—taciturn, murderous-looking fellows as one could find in a month's travel. All sat down to the feast, and the Indians ate as only Indians can eat. Cooked meats of several kinds, bread, dried fruits, milk, tea and coffee, and an abundance of tobacco had been provided. After the guests had become satisfied, Dr. Steck made a speech to the Indians and a regular "talk" followed. Then the Indians passed the pipe of peace all around and everyone was in good temper. Later on, the chiefs took their departure.

After the guests had departed, Cooper and his partners looked at each other and decided they must make the best of the situation. They had not the least protection, so far as force went; they must rely entirely on what is known as tact. Could they possibly get through such difficulties and save life and property? It seemed very doubtful.

Remarkable as it may seem, the men remained for eight months among the Indians and met with not the least molestation from anyone. Not a single overt act, nor a threat was made, and not a single animal or piece of property was taken by the Indians in all that time. It seems as if this is a good object lesson for future dealings with the aborigines.

Sixteen of the men decided that they could not afford to wait for the train to move, so it was decided to allow them to go on to California. The men asked for one burro for each two people. This was agreed to and Mr. Cooper started off to purchase the needed animals from the little villages scattered within a radius of many miles. This necessitated a journey of over one hundred miles, through a new country peopled with men who bore the worst kind of reputations. But he got the animals, experienced no trouble whatever, and in a few days the men started on their journey, leaving Hubbard, Hollister, Col. Newton C. Peters and Joseph W. Cooper, the partners, with only three men—William Fisher, James Merchant, and Chris Muggles—to aid them in attending to the stock in the midst of all that wilderness.

After the men had gone, the situation looked "awfully dark," as Cooper expressed it. "To go on in the face of such dismal forbodings was the bitterest pill I ever swallowed," said he.

AS IF to make matters look even worse, Col. Peters deemed it necessary that he should go back East, and not return until the next September.

It devolved upon Cooper to scour the country and hire Mexicans to help take care of the flocks. He had also to get supplies—going even to Ft. Craig for necessary articles. This was a journey of seventy miles.

Mr. Cooper often says: "I don't see how I ever went through with those trials. I never could have done it had it not been for Hubbard Hollister, whom I loved as a brother. He had more sunshine in his presence, more nobility of character, more of the milk of human kindness, more generosity and more loyalty than one often meets in this world. I afterward met and became acquainted with his brother, the late Col. W. W.

Hollister, who was a fair duplicate of Hubbard. Goodness! What a pleasure it would be to live in a world where all were like those splendid men!"

The party made the best of the matter and kept at work. There is nothing like plenty of urgent work in such cases. The flocks had to be taken to new pastures every now and then, and all precautions were taken to prevent them from running down. Occasionally Cooper and the other men would see an Indian captive—a Mexican boy or man—pass along. Some of them had been in captivity with the Indians for two years, others for ten years. A great deal has been said of slavery in this country, but the Negro slaves in the South were to be envied in comparison with the men and boys who were slaves among the Indians. Too, in those days there was a system of peonage prevalent among the Mexicans, that was even more pitiable. A man who got into debt to another could be held in absolute bondage until the debt was paid. Not only was the man held but his children, also, for three generations.

In the middle of February, being unaccustomed to that kind of food, the sheep became very poor, and at about the same time the lambs began to come. In a very little while, 8,000 lambs had been born, which, with the 12,000 head of sheep, gave the partners 20,000 head in the flocks—a great number. Yet when the train moved on in the following September (1859), the flocks, all told, numbered only 4,486.

My readers may wonder how such a remarkable loss happened. There were several causes, but the following was the most important: the sheep had been accustomed to having their winter food prepared for them. Here they were forced to feed on the wild grass and weeds, and the result was that a very great number died. Mr. Cooper says if he was again to drive sheep, he would prefer to pay four dollars per head for such animals as had been collected, driven 500 miles and wintered, rather than buy untried animals at one dollar each .

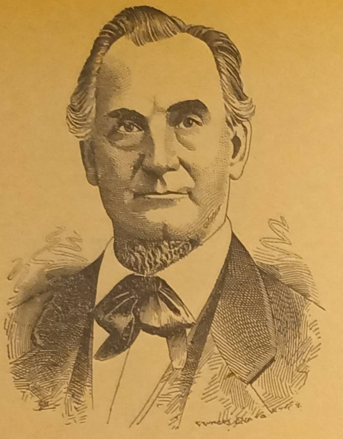
When the train moved forward again, two of the men, Muggles and Merchant, decided to remain in the country. By this decision only William Fish was left of the original party who had started, except the partners. Natives were hired, some of whom were purchased out of peonage.

In August they sheared their sheep and sold the wool to a man named Hayward, who lived at Dona Ana. The price paid was only 12½ cents per pound, but the proprietors needed the money to enable them to purchase supplies with which to continue their journey.

Meanwhile, Col. Peters had returned from his trip East and rejoined the train, and on September first the line of march was taken up, and they were again on their way to California.

The men had taken along with their outfit a small hand seine, and from the Missouri River to Los Angeles they seined every stream. Many of the rivers had disappeared during the dry season, with the exception of pools here and there, but these were usually full of fish. In some places the men would get a bushel or more—no mean addition to their bill of fare. The natives looked on in wonder. Seining for fish was a new wrinkle to them.

After they passed Tucson, they encamped about four miles away, and rested a day, preparatory to crossing the great desert to the Gila River. This was a journey of seventy miles, across burning sands, with neither feed nor water for the flocks and cattle.



Colonel W. W. Hollister

On the morning of the start, they found that two of their peon boys had run away during the preceding night. This left the train quite short of hands, and, after consultation, it was decided that Col. Peters should go to Tucson and try to capture the runaways, who were in debt to the proprietors of the flocks to the sum of perhaps $200. Besides, the parents had given instructions that the boys be restrained, even if they had to be whipped. They wished their sons to become useful men, and knew they would be well used by such men as they were with.

COOPER hitched the three wagons together and put on ten yokes of oxen. Mr. Hollister undertook to drive the sheep, and the old Mexican, Frank Montijo, was in charge of the loose cattle. In this manner the march began. The discomforts from thirst, heat, and the loose, sandy road we leave to the imagination of our readers. The animals suffered severely from all these causes. Much trouble was experienced also from the fact that the road lay parallel for a long distance with the bed of the river—six miles away—and the sheep, smelling the water and being extremely thirsty, would every now and then break away and rush toward the distant river. It took the greatest exertions to head them off and keep them on the road.

The march was continued during the night and it required all the men's faculties to keep track of the animals in the dark. Sheep, when thirsty and approaching water, will always keep up a continuous bleating, and only from this noise were the men able to restrain and hold the animals to the road.

The task of crossing the desert was most laborious and trying to all—men as well as animals. They reached the bend of the Gila at ten o'clock on the morning of the second day, and there found both water and feed plentiful.

Meanwhile Colonel Peters had gone to Tucson, where he sought out the constable and gave him $30 to apprehend the runaways. He was on the lookout and got them that night. They were captured at a cook-shop. The day after the train reached the Gila, the Colonel arrived with the boys.

The train crossed the Colorado River at Fort Yuma, and passed down along its banks until it came to a little Indian village, where camp was pitched. During the night one of the cows had dropped a calf which, on starting next morning, was placed in a cart. They passed over twelve miles of very sandy road and camped at about sunset. Old Frank, who had charge of the cattle, came to Mr. Cooper and was told to bring up the cow to her calf. He went away and returned in a few minutes with the information that the cow could not be found.

Cooper and Frank went back over the road to look up the animal. Her tracks were seen leading away over the route traversed during the day, and it was suspected that she had gone back to where the calf had been born. It had now grown quite dark, but Cooper and his man went on, expecting at any moment to hear her bell or see the cow. Neither of the men had had any supper, but on they went over the whole twelve miles of dusty road and came so close to the Indian village that they heard the men snoring in their huts.

"Come, boss," said old Frank to Cooper, "let's get away from here before the Indians wake up and kill us."

They heard nothing of the cow and started back to camp. Not over three miles had been accomplished before they found they had lost their way. Lest they should get off the trail too far, they decided to lie down and wait for morning.

In a little while the moon rose, and Cooper looked around and found the road within ten feet of where they were lying. This was good news and they started on their way again, arriving at camp a little before daylight. There they found the cow with her calf as happy and contented as any cow could well be. She had gone back to the Indian village, but had taken another route when returning.

Mr. Cooper says: "I did not walk those extra twenty-four miles for the sake of the value of the animal. It was done out of sympathy for the little calf, which would have died had she lost her mother." As it was, the calf lived, was driven to Los Angeles and there sold for $40 to the Sisters of Charity.

The train jogged on down into lower California, then up across the line into the great county of San Diego where, as Mr. Cooper and a great many others before and after him have felt, they struck "God's own land." And California is God's own land; or, if not, it seems strange that He should have done so much for it.

OUR TRAVELERS had now accomplished their great journey. They had departed from Missouri with a great band of sheep, which they successfully drove 2,000 miles, through lands occupied by Apaches, over great tracts of burning desert sands, where neither food nor water offered refreshment to the wearied flocks, across rivers, through chaparral growths, down into the territory of Mexico and thence up into the great State of California. They had escaped any serious illness and had met with no misfortunes that were irreparable. But above all, they had neither injured anyone nor been injured.

It was in all senses a remarkable journey; and were the reasons for their safety and good luck given, we would find them all crystallized into these three words: Care, tact and justice. They gave strict personal attention to all that concerned their venture. They treated everyone they met with consideration and reason. Last of all, and best of all, they acted justly toward every man in their employ and toward everyone with whom they had dealings. This was, beyond all doubt, the reason they were not molested by the dangerous Apaches.

After entering the State of California, our friends passed several towns and reached San Luis Rey, near which place they first met and became acquainted with George P. Tebbets. He was a well-posted, kindly disposed and agreeable man, from whom they received much information and advice of great use and value later on.

They encamped near a small lake and settled down for a much-needed rest. But that same night it began to rain, and Cooper, Hollister and Peters going out to take care of their flocks, were soon treated to an experience they did not anticipate. They found the sheep nervous and troublesome, running about in an unaccountable manner, and showing a dread of something that was invisible to the eyes or senses of men.

This continued for some time, when all of a sudden, and with not the least premonition, both men and animals were enveloped in the midst of a wonderful, blinding light. Nothing they had ever known was like it. The lightning comes, strikes and is gone in a fraction of a second. This came, harmed no one, and remained for over a minute. It was above, below and all around them. It entered their mouths, nostrils, ears, hair, eyes, and the pores of their skin. It prevailed everywhere and in everything, yet injured nothing. Every living being there present stood in a refulgence of light that enveloped all, and obscured all but itself. It seemed to the men that they had made their arduous journey to California only to meet there the last day of judgment. Earth, air and sky seemed alive with this awful brilliance.

After a little, it slowly faded and faded until the bodies of the animals were visible, though a remarkable phosphorescent light filled their ears and nostrils, surrounded their eyes with rings and covered their lips and chins with fire. And there they all stood, looking like beings from Pluto's realm. The most awful sight of all were the eight burros of the train. They stood motionless, facing the men and looking diabolical. The inner part of their long ears, their lips, nostrils and chins were covered with the seeming liquid fire, and circles of the same were about the eyes.

Cooper had been raised in the belief that there was one devil—fully enough, according to the old creed—but, as he looked at those burros, gleaming with phosphorescent fire, he thought the old belief was wrong. Instead of one, there were eight devils. The remarkable part of this wonderful phenomenon seemed to be in this: The fire which enveloped them had no heat. It simply permeated all with its refulgence.

There have been many theories as to what this strange fire or light was. The most reasonable is that marsh gasses had been generated and taken fire. Such phenomena are not uncommon and may be found described in many works of travels. They take the form of a fiery meteor and are without heat. They are called *ignis fatuus*, will-of-the-wisp, Jack with-the-lantern, and marsh fires.

THE TRAIN passed on and arrived at San Gabriel on the fifth of January, 1860, where the men camped on and leased a ranch near Los Nietos. The owner of the ranch, Lemuel Carpenter, had committed suicide only a few days before, on account of financial reverses.

The ranch was rented by the month, the intent being to stay there only while the lambs were coming. At that time California wolves, known by the natives as lobos, were very plentiful and caused much trouble and loss to ranch men. These animals would kill young colts and calves and people seemed at a loss as to what measures to take to rid themselves of the nuisance.

Cooper soon showed them a way. During the first night he was on the ranch, the wolves howled and disturbed the flocks considerably. Before the second night came, doses of poison were placed

Indian sheepherder at a desert waterhole with a few of his flock

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

about in many directions, and a goodly harvest of dead wolves was found on the ground the next morning. This was kept up with great success for some time.

Our travelers remained on this ranch until after the lambs had come and the sheep were sheared. About the first of May, the sheep began to get sick from eating malva, and it was decided to move them to the Rancho San Dimas, near the spot now occupied by the town of Pomona. There was not a single house there at that time. The property was owned by Henry Dalton. They remained on this ranch until after harvest, but the sheep did very poorly, and they were moved to the Azusa Ranch on which there were about 800 acres of very good stubble. This property was also owned by Mr. Dalton.

At this time, Col. Peters decided that he would prefer to have a division of the flocks, and this being done, he moved his sheep to the Zaca Ranch, in the upper part of Santa Barbara County. Poor Peters! As honest a man as ever lived, he did not get much enjoyment out of life. Forever preparing and planning for the future, he died without its hoped-for-happiness. He had made preparations for his marriage with Miss Emma Adamson, and had gone to Petaluma, her home, but he died suddenly before the wedding took place.

Cooper often said to him: "Colonel Peters, you never will reach enjoyment in this life, unless you take it as it comes." Very true words—for Colonel Peters and for all of us.

About this time, Mr. Hollister returned to Ohio for his family, leaving Cooper to manage the affairs of the firm.

ON MR. HOLLISTER'S return, January 1, 1861, the flocks were moved to the San Fernando Valley, near Cahuenga, where they remained during the balance of the year. In the summer following, the sheep were moved to higher land and wells were dug—the first wells in the valley. There was now an abundance of feed and water, and the affairs of the partners were in a prosperous condition. Mr. Cooper was considering a trip East and had already made some preparations.

Col. Peters' stock was to be sold on July 1, at Zaca Rancho. Mr. Thomas Dibblee, whom Mr. Cooper had become acquainted with at the Santa Anita Ranch, and Robert Baker, of Los Angeles, proposed to attend the sale, and Mr. Cooper also decided to attend. This Robert Baker was a man always cordially disliked by Cooper. At the time I am writing of, Baker was not financially able to buy a halter to lead a calf off—even if you gave him the calf. Later on, he married the widow of Don Abel Stearns, and thereby bettered his condition materially. Messrs. Dibblee and Baker purchased the thoroughbreds and Merinos, and Mr. Cooper took 1,200 of the graded sheep—part of the original stock driven across the Plains. This used up about all of the money he had intended to devote to his trip East, so that journey was postponed.

At this sale, J. W. Cooper and W. W. Hollister met for the first time, and from that moment began an ideal friendship and affection which lasted during the balance of Hollister's life and will last, I believe, through all eternity. It is delightful to hear Mr. Cooper speak of his old comrade. Sometimes he allows his feelings full sway and becomes truly eloquent. On one occasion we were talking of what Col. Hollister had been to Santa Barbara and its people.

Sheep near Bishop, California

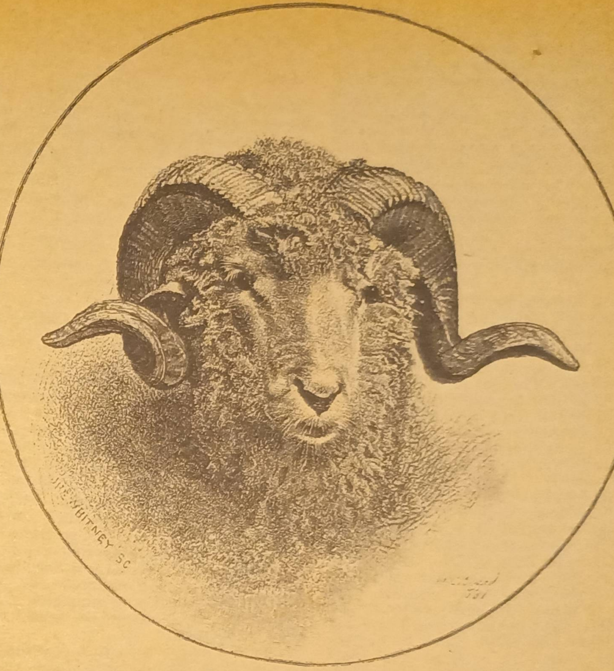
Courtesy Title Insurance and
Trust Company, Los Angeles

Cooper became silent for a minute and then said, "Listen to me a few moments," and afterward used something like the following words: "One day Jehovah said to the angels ministering about the Throne of Thrones: 'This is Sunday on earth—a hallowed day. I will use it by creating a grand object. I will make a good man.'

"Then all the angels applauded the words and said: 'Make him, Almighty Father, make the perfect man, and let us each add the best element of ourselves.'

"And so, one by one, they brought in turn, truth, honesty, generosity, loyalty, honor, integrity, industry, cheerfulness, unselfishness, devotion and mercy—reserving to the Son to add that most precious of all gifts, love for one's fellowman. Then God took those gifts and all day long modeled and worked and in the evening said to all who dwelt in heaven's courts: 'I've done a grand work. I've made a good man. Now, ye angels, take this man to earth and watch over him in all his career.'

"It was done, and in this way earth received Col. W. W. Hollister."



Head of the Merino ram (domestic)

IN THE following spring (1862), after sheep-shearing was over, Mr. Cooper, Mrs. Hollister—his partner's wife—and her two children started for the East via Panama. They went to Mrs. Hollister's home in Ohio, and thence Cooper went to his own home in Missouri. There he remained until December of the same year, when he again returned to California, very glad to get away from the scenes of war and turmoil then existing at his old home. At that time the North and South were arrayed in arms against each other in the throes of the Great Rebellion.

Cooper went to New York on the steamer Ocean Queen, and from there to San Francisco, arriving about Christmas, 1862.

When Mr. Cooper reached San Fernando, about the first of January, 1863, he found things looking very badly. In the southern part of the State a severe drouth prevailed, feed was very scarce, and sheep were poor and just beginning to lamb. This was not a very promising prospect for a man who had been "wearing a boiled shirt" for some months past. The night before he arrived, the wind had blown off the roof of their house, and Mr. Hollister had gone to Los Angeles to get shakes to repair the damage.

About two o'clock on the afternoon of Cooper's arrival, a shepherd who was guarding a flock three miles up the valley came in and said: "One of the bronco horses has fallen into the well and I can't get any water for the sheep."

They hitched up an ox-team, put on ropes and other needed articles and started off. Arriving at the well, sure enough, there was the bronco. They pulled him out, after some difficulty, and returned home, arriving in the night. Mr. Hollister was home from Los Angeles, and the two old comrades had a jubilee over Cooper's return, talking pretty nearly all night.

The next morning the same shepherd came again and told them there was another bronco in the well. In due time he was gotten out, but dead, as was the one who had got in first.

In a few days, when the lambs began to come, Cooper went out to camp at the Calabasa. For six weeks the wind blew a heavy gale down Tejon Pass, doing so much damage and putting the partners to such inconveniences that Cooper took a dislike to San Fernando that he never quite overcame.

The gale continued during the whole lambing season and the partners lost many animals. Out of thirty-five or forty lambs coming during the twenty-four hours, they succeeded in saving six or seven.

Something had to be done, especially as they saw they were in for a severe drouth. Hubbard Hollister took a man by name of Beach and went up into the neighborhood of Bakersfield to look for pastures for the stock, leaving Cooper to carry on the shearing. One Saturday evening, about ten days after, Hollister returned and said he had found a place where they could pasture one-half of their sheep, but the balance would have to remain in the San Fernando.

This didn't suit Cooper, so he said: "I don't like that outlook, Hubbard. Before we decide, let me go out and see what I can do."

He took the stage next morning, came to Santa Barbara and then went out to Goleta, where he called on T. Wallace More at his home, and asked if there was any grass on his Lompoc ranch.

Mr. More said he didn't know, but thought there was.

"Will you rent us land for pasturage?" asked Cooper.

Mr. More answered affirmatively, adding that, if Cooper wished, he would take him up to the ranch on the following morning, and let him see for himself. This was agreeable and so arranged, but during the night Mrs. More became quite sick, and her husband decided to send Mariano Pico with Cooper, instead of going himself.

EARLY the next morning the men were on the way, and rode during the whole day in the midst of a rain. They arrived at Las Cruces that night and stopped with Guillermo Abadie, who had a store there. The next morning they went across a part of the San Julian and arrived at Lompoc, at a point known as the Mesa, just above the valley, where they saw one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. The whole ground was covered with a rich growth of mustard in bloom—the stocks about eight feet high.

Then they rode down into the valley, and thence up the San Miguelito Canon into La Honda, where they rode through wild oats so tall that they could be tied across the saddle as they grew.

The sight was most delightful to Cooper and he said to his companion: "This will do. I don't need to see any more. Here is all the grass that I need. No more starved sheep for me this year. I will move the flocks here and we will save them all."

They then immediately went over to La Purissima where they remained during the night with D. W. Ap Jones. The next morning Cooper returned to Goleta, and made a bargain with Mr. More by which he was to have pasturage for the flocks at the rate of twenty cents per head. This done, he took the stage at 10:00 a.m. on his way home at San Fernando.

At eleven o'clock that night he arrived and found his partner in bed, but Hollister quickly got up to talk over the result of the expedition. When told of how fine the feed was, and how good the prospect, Hollister could hardly believe it. The men had an "all night session," talking over their business affairs in all their different aspects. Mr. Hollister would every now and then break in with, "But Joe, do you think there is grass enough at Lompoc?"

"Yes, yes, plenty," would be answered. "You never saw such a good sheep country before. There is plenty of feed and an abundance of water distributed all over the land. We are all right now."

Arrangements were commenced immediately by which the stock was to be moved to Lompoc. They had 11,500 sheep, which they divided into three bands; 6,000 in one, 4,000 in another, and 1,500 in the last. This done, they moved on and reached Lompoc on May 8, 1863, making Canada Honda their headquarters.

Hollister was much pleased at the new situation, and the arrangements made by his partner, and repeatedly remarked on the fine country. The shepherds, also, were greatly pleased, and said to Cooper, *"No hay bonba aqui."* (There is no pump here.)

After a little while Mr. Hollister made preparations to go East for his family, and decided that he would ship the supplies for the year to Point Concepcion, from which place they could be taken to headquarters. The next Sunday, Mr. Cooper rode over to the Point to see what sort of place it was, and what kind of road it offered over which to transport supplies. A very few minutes satisfied him that it was about as bad a road as he ever saw.

In September the goods came and Cooper had them packed over by means of mules and burros. It was a big undertaking, but successfully carried through.

Mr. Thomas Dibblee was informed of the good feed and told that there was plenty of pasturage for his flocks, if he wished to come. Hubbard Hollister saw his brother, the Colonel, at San Francisco, and advised him to go down to Lompoc with his sheep. In a little time both Colonel Hollister and Mr. Dibblee arrived.

DURING that autumn the great Lompoc and Mission Vieja de la Purissima Ranchos were purchased for $60,000. Colonel Hollister took one-third, A. and T. B. Dibblee one-third, and Hubbard Hollister and J. W. Cooper the balance. When the facts of this transaction were made known, the San Francisco *Bulletin* called the men a set of blockheads for paying such a big price for the property.

At this stage of my work. I have deemed it interesting to show the tremendous real estate acquisitions of the men whose names appear so frequently in this book—Col. W. W. Hollister, Thomas B. Dibblee, Albert Dibblee, Hubbard Hollister, and J. W. Cooper.

After 1864, during the drouth by which the flocks had been reduced fully two-thirds in numbers, the men had remaining 15,000 head of sheep. In the twelve years following that date and entirely from the increase and profits of those sheep, the men purchased the following ranchos in Santa Barbara County alone. The grand total, with the more recent additions not given in the following table, aggregates about 165,000 acres.

RANCHOS	NO. OF ACRES	TITLE—WHEN ISSUED	RECORDED IN SANTA BARBARA COUNTY
Santa Rosa	15,525.55	U.S. Patent Issued 30th April, 1872	Book A, Patents, page 85
Lompoc	42,085.44	U.S. Patent Issued 3d Nov., 1873	Book A, Patents, page 156
Mission Vieja de la Purissima	4,413.61	U.S. Patent Issued 7th Nov., 1873	Book A, Patents, page 163
Santa Anita.	13,000.00*†	U.S. Patent Issued 28th July, 1866	Book A, Patents, page 17
Gaviota.....	7,500.00*†	U.S. Patent Issued 28th July, 1866	Book A, Patents, page 17
La Espada	15,500.00*‡	U.S. Patent Issued 30th July, 1863	Book A, Patents, page 62
San Julian	48,221 68	U.S. Patent Issued 29th Sept., 1873	Book A, Patents, page 145
Salsipuedes	6,656.21	U.S. Patent Issued 18th Feb., 1874	Book A, Patents, page 169
Las Cruces (parts of)	6,000.00*	U.S. Patent Issued 7th July, 1883	Book A, Patents, page 578

*Estimated.

†Being segregated parts of Nuestra Señora del Refugio.

‡Being segregated parts of Punta de la Concepcion.

Everything went on nicely and all were busy building corrals and looking after sheep. The valley in which they were located was full of wild animals such as bears, California lions, wildcats, lynx and rattlesnakes beyond number. These creatures proved a great nuisance, and entailed a much larger amount of work than would have been necessary otherwise.

The season of 1861-2 had brought a terrible rainfall all over California, and great damage resulted in various parts of the State. Cities and towns were overflowed and thousands of acres of rich farming land ruined. This was particularly true of those regions where a vast accumulation of hydraulic mining debris was sent down by floods. It buried beyond all hope of recovery, immense tracts of fine lands.

Rivers overflowed their banks or sought new channels, cutting away the soil and sending it down the stream with the rapid current. In some places—notably the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys—steamboats passed out of their ordinary channels and over land submerged to a depth of fifteen feet. This flood was productive of terrible loss to the farmers whose lands were inundated, and many of them were nearly or completely ruined financially. The loss to the whole State was very great.

One extreme is said to follow another. It did so in this instance. In two years after the great rains of 1861-2, the most direful drouth ever recorded in California afflicted the whole State, and produced such aggregate losses that the cattle-raising industry was, for the time being, nearly ruined.

The year before, as I have remarked, saw a severe drouth in the lower part of the State, and was felt severely by our friends in the San Fernando Valley. It was on this account that Mr. Cooper made his trip to Lompoc, which resulted in the transfer of the flocks to that place, and, later on, the purchase of the two great ranches. As Cooper went up from the San Fernando he was agreeably surprised to find a steady, marked improvement in the feed. But in the year 1864 the drouth was general all over the State, and all parts suffered.

Santa Barbara County suffered tremendous losses, financially ruining many and many a good, honest man. Early in December a little rain fell, but it was hardly sufficient to lay the dust. Farmers and stockmen were already anxious and the cry "dry year" grew steadily more and more frequent.

The month of January passed and brought no rain, though the hills and valleys were brown and bare and all of the feed had been eaten up long ago. February came and went and still no rain fell. There were yet hopes that spring rains would come and moisten the ground sufficiently to start the grass, and thus save a good part of the stock. But day after day passed and the stock were suffering terribly; they had grown so weak and become so reduced in flesh as to be scarcely able to stand up. Thousands were dying every day.

The live-oaks were covered with foliage and hundreds and thousands were cut down that the famished animals might be able to get a few mouthfuls apiece from the leaves and branches. In a short time even these sources of food gave out, and cattle owners were forced to give up in despair and see their animals die on all sides. No one can adequately describe those terrible times. There were over 300,000 cattle in Santa Barbara County at the beginning of 1864, but when the rains finally came, in 1865, giving grass in abundance, there were probably not over 6,000 left to eat it.

MR. COOPER and his associates felt their share of the losses from the great drouth. In the spring of 1864 they sheared 11,000 sheep which, with the lambs, made the total number 15,000 head. When the flocks were counted in 1865 they numbered only 4,300. The remark has often been made by Cooper that no one who was not there can appreciate the amount of mental suffering and anxiety, worry and hard work undergone by the men in their endeavor to save their flocks. Out of one hundred head of cattle they saved only fifteen. If they wished to go anyplace they had to walk, as the few horses left were too weak to be ridden with comfort, and besides there was nothing to feed them on.

"Were I a young man and knew that by living over again that year I would amass a great fortune, I would not do it. No, not for fifty Lompocs," said Cooper to the writer on more than one occasion.

The subject is sad and I will not dwell longer on it. The only thing that saved Cooper and his partners from disaster was the sale of their wool, which brought them in $22,000—about $2.00 from each sheep.

This profit was largely due to the commercial shrewdness of Albert Dibblee, who undertook the selling of the wool. By accident Mr. Cooper became associated with four as noble men as ever lived in this world. I have already spoken of the Hollister brothers and Thomas B. Dibblee. A fourth is Albert Dibblee, fully the equal of the others in all senses. He is as honest a man as God ever allowed to live.

IN AUGUST, 1864, a most atrocious murder took place in Lompoc Valley. Samuel Bartman, foreman for the Messrs. Dibblee, was cruelly murdered by a couple of Indians for the small amount of money he was known to have in his possession. The sum was only about $40, but it was sufficient to tempt the cupidity of the Indians, and to possess it they killed a human being.

While Bartman was going his rounds on horseback one day, suddenly a lariat came whirling around and settled about his neck. In an instant the man was jerked off his horse, and while one of the Indians held the helpless victim, the other ran up and stabbed him repeatedly. Bartman made a desperate resistance, and even after his body had been repeatedly pierced by the cruel steel, he assayed to draw his revolver. But what chance had one man, in the toils of a lariat, against two bloodthirsty Indians? None at all.

As soon as he tried to reach for his weapon, the lariat was again jerked taut and one of the desperadoes rushed in and stabbed until the poor victim was dead. They then robbed the body and hid it among some bushes in a hollow where, eight or nine days afterward, it was discovered from a lot of buzzards sailing around in the air over the place where the remains lay.

The Indians were arrested and one of them turned state's evidence, and got off with a light sentence. The other man was sent to San Quentin for twelve years, where he died.

Poor Bartman, his slayers said he was a brave man and made a gallant fight for his life. They had been in his employ and were under obligations to him for many a kindness.

Cooper deeply regretted the man's death, as he knew and valued him. Only about a month before, Bartman had decided to give up his situation and go elsewhere, but Cooper had persuaded him to remain. It was ever after a grief to him to think he had done so, because had the man gone away, the probability is that he would have escaped such an awful fate. But who can tell?

THE PREVALENCE of wild animals has been mentioned already but I deem the subject of sufficient interest to warrent me in recalling a few of the experiences and adventures which befell our friends in Lompoc Valley when the country was new and there was no houses and few inhabitants.

Probably no hunter ever stepped foot in a land that harbored so many grizzly bears *(Ursus horriblis)*, Cailfornia lions or pumas (*Felis concolar*), lynx, wildcats and coyotes *(canis lutrans)* as had Lompoc Valley in the years of which I am writing. When Mr. Cooper first went there, the people living in Santa Ynez and La Purissima asked him how he managed to prevent his shepherds leaving.

"By paying them good wages, feeding and treating them well," he would answer. "Why do you ask?"

"Because we would not herd sheep in such a place if you gave us the Lompoc ranch, sheep and all. The valley is full of bears and California lions, and we would expect to be torn to pieces and eaten."

"We look out for our men. Shepherds, if they are in their proper places are behind their flocks, which is in itself a protection, as they, going ahead, scatter the wild animals or draw their attention and thus allow the shepherds to take care of themselves."

The greatest trouble experienced at first was from the grizzly bear which, while preferring beef, took very kindly to lamb and mutton. Against their depredations all energies were bent, and many an exciting conflict was the result.

In May, 1865, the cattle having died or all been taken away, thus depriving Bruin of his favorite meat, the sheep were the particular objects of his onslaught. It was no uncommon thing for bears to be in some sheep corral every night or two, and Cooper recalls their having gone to as many as three in one night, and in one corral there would sometimes be three bears.

One night, while camping with a man named Alexander Munson and a Mexican named Aguillon, Cooper went to guard a corral. He had an old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle, Munson a double-barreled shotgun and Aguillon a club. The weather was dry and there was no camphouse, the Mexican sleeping upon a sort of rude bed made of poles.

The bears had been in the corral the night before, but when it got to be eight o'clock and no bears appeared, Cooper said he didn't think the bears would come that night.

Old Aguillon knew better, and caid: "Señor, they will be here pretty soon."

Cooper took his rifle and walked away from the campfire. When he had gone about half-way the length of the string of corrals he sniffed a peculiar odor, and in a short time heard a crackling sound. The next moment three objects appeared, looking as big as black horses, and began to jump over the fence. In an instant pandemonium seemed let loose. The sheep frantically rushed from side to side of the corral, bells tinkling and dust rising in clouds. In a foggy night a dark object looks even bigger than it does in daylight, and one can see such an object plainer on such a night then he could were it of lighter color.

At sight of the bears Cooper ran back

Flock in Fresno County, California

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

to the other men, so that the attack could be made by all together at the same time. The men started, groping their way along in the dust, not knowing when the sheep or bears would run against them, so great was the darkness caused by the dust. When the men got about one-third across the corral, the sheep stopped running and the dust soon subsided sufficiently to allow the men to see. There stood one of the bears busily engaged in tearing a sheep to pieces, and presenting his side quartering to Cooper, who dropped down on his knees, raised the muzzle of his gun until it was in line with the animal, and pulled the trigger.

Immediately Bruin opened his mouth and gave a yell that made the men shudder. The bear then ran. There was an empty corral adjoining and, in the melee, some of the sheep had got into this place. During the shooting the two other bears were in this corral devouring the few sheep found there. The men stood in silence a moment, when one of the two uninjured bears began to moan and scream in a terrific manner. She had discovered that Cooper had killed her two-year-old cub. Cooper then ran up and fired both barrels of Munson's shotgun at the bears, who left the corral and ran crying up and down the line of fence, but not showing any signs of running away. Cooper loaded the shotgun again and fired—making four shots fired before the animals stopped crying and ran away.

The men found the dead animal lying where he had fallen. He weighed about 400 pounds. During the same night another corral on the ranch had been invaded by one bear, and still another corral, also on the same ranch, had been entered by two bears. This was a pretty good night for bears, and I am not done with their work yet.

Cooper had a big ox which had been driven from Ohio. The animal was killed by a bear that evening. This happened in about the center of what is now the town of Lompoc.

HALF A MILE from where Cooper and Hollister lived there was an Indian named Julian, who had been in their employ for a year past. He was located behind a high hill which entirely cut off the view between the two places. Between his camp and Cooper's was another camp occupied by a California boy. This was about 300 feet distant from Cooper's house. One day Julian came to Cooper and said:

"Dos osos entaron mi corral anoche." (There were two bears in my corral last night.)

"Why didn't you shoot them?" said Cooper .

"Why," said Julian, "I tried to, but my gun went *pische*"—showing that the gun had not been properly loaded.

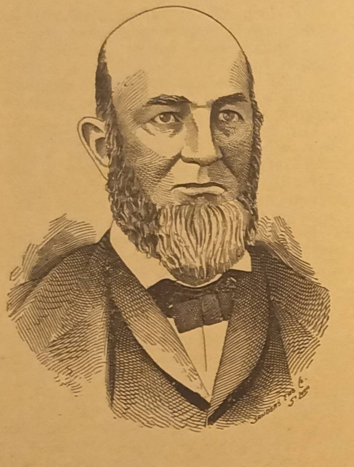
"I will give you a lot of bullets and slugs that I have cut," said Cooper. "You must put in *bastante polvera* (plenty powder) and hammer it down with your ramrod. Next put in a piece of wadding and then put in the balls and slugs, and hammer all down again."

About nine o'clock that night, as Cooper and Hollister were in bed talking, suddenly they heard a very loud report of a gun. Both men jumped up and ran out without waiting to put on their clothes, supposing the Spanish boy, nearby, had shot a bear. They ran to his camp, but found him asleep. He had not even heard the report. They then returned to their beds.

Early the following morning old Julian came up and said: *"Yo mate un oso, anoche, a pico falto me matera tambien."* (I killed a bear last night, and nearly killed myself also.)

Julian showed his shoulder which was mashed and bruised badly by the recoil of the gun. In "kicking," the gun probably knocked the poor man end over end. He must have put a load in the gun that half filled it to the muzzle, and then hamered it down with the ramrod as Cooper had told him. The wonder is that the gun had not exploded.

A great many of the bears were poisoned with strychnine. Men would take the hindquarters of a dead sheep and put in one-third of a one-eighth ounce bottle of the deadly stuff. This is just the correct dose. Many people make the mistake of not using enough, fearing that the bear's stomach will eject the poison if there is too much. The idea is wrong. If more is used than is needed, the only result will be that the bear will die sooner.



Joseph Hubbard Hollister

About this time, the partners had a man named Jack Brown in their employ. One day, while going down the San Miguilito Cañon with an ox-team for a load of lumber, Jack handed the whip to Cooper, remarking, "Keep the oxen moving and I will run down to the creek and get a drink of water." The creek was only about fifty feet distant from the road, and in a minute the man returned, saying there was a big bear lying dead in the stream.

"Let's pull him out," said Cooper, "and not let him lie there and foul the water."

They hitched on and pulled him out. He was a monstrous grizzly, and must have weighed not less than 800 pounds.

The men then went on down the cañon to the Mission, got their load, and in coming back Jack said, "Let us go look again. Maybe I will find another bear."

He ran down and sure enough, there lay another bear within fifty steps of where the first lay. They pulled him out and found him as large a fellow as the first. Very likely there was not another bear anywhere about in the whole length of the stream, though there might have been, as the men had been putting poison out right and left. Scores were killed in this way.

Another young man in Mr. Cooper's employ, was John T. Lacey, a very nice young fellow from Buffalo, New York, who had formerly been in the employ of Wells Fargo & Co.'s Express. He had a camp on this stream (the San Miguelito) guarding a band of sheep. One night he had part of a sheep hanging from a tree within thirty feet of where he lay. While Lacey was asleep, a bear came into the place, took the meat, ate it up and went away again.

This was a little too much to stand, and the next day Lacey came to Cooper and said: "I guess I have had enough of bear, and now I will go back to Buffalo."

They settled up and the man quit work and went away.

DUTCH JOHN, herding a band of sheep for the Dibblees on the same ranch, had a little dog with him one day. They came in sight of a bear eating a dead cow. The dog ran up to the bear and began to bark, when suddenly Bruin whirled around, and slapping the dog across the head with his paw, killed him instantly. Then, catching sight of the man, he made for him. John didn't care for a closer acquaintance, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him to his cabin, got in and closed the door. One lick of those powerful paws would have knocked the door to smithereens, but Bruin had driven the man out of sight, and did not bother himself any more about him. He drank a pail of water that stood nearby and contentedly went back and resumed his meal of raw beef.

On another occasion George H. Long, foreman for the Messrs. Dibblee, on the same ranch, was riding one of the work horses. In passing through a patch of mustard, Long saw what he took to be a couple of little black pigs. They were cubs, and while looking at them he was horrified to see the mother bear suddenly spring up close by.

The man wheeled his horse and made tracks as fast as possible, with the bear after him. In his haste he lost his hat, and a moment later in going over a depression in the ground the clumsy old horse stumbled and threw Long off, so that when he got to his feet the bear was within six feet of him. Bruin rose up and was just about to make the attack, when one of the cubs screamed and the bear wheeled around and scampered off to her baby. Beyond all doubt, it was to the cub's yell that Long owed his life. The next day he returned to look for his hat and found it torn to shreds.

Another experience, rather laughable to us who read it now, but quite different to the participants, happened about this time. One night Cooper took a couple of boys and went up the San Miguelito Cañon to guard a sheep corral. The boys had each a shotgun, and Cooper carried an old style Hawkins muzzle-loading rifle. (The improved rapid firing guns had not yet been invented at that time.) Cooper's gun was like a bronco horse early in the morning—sometimes it would go off well, and at other times it would not move a peg. It would buck in an alarming manner.

Cooper left the boys at the camp house and went down around the curve toward the gate, in front of which he found two large bears, sitting on their haunches. He got down upon his knees, expecting surely he would shoot one of the animals, but his gun would only snap, snap, snap, and not throw the hammer. The bears saw the man, and began to approach. They got to within fifty feet of him when Cooper drew his revolver and began to fire to get rid of them. Two shots sent them away.

Within half an hour another bear jumped over the corral fence and all the force blazed away at him with guns and rifles. The bear scrambled and ran off—it was supposed he was wounded. The men looked for the bear but, not finding him, sat down by the corral. After remaining there an hour and a half they began to get sleepy. They were nearly dozing when, all of a sudden, only a short distance away, a bear began to bawl. The men supposed he was the one they had wounded and was coming back to "chew up" the man who had shot him.

The whole party made a bolt for the cabin door, but, getting their guns crossed, none of them could get in. There they stood, each crying: "Get in, get in, for God's sake, get in!"

But for a few minutes none of them could do so, as no one was willing to get away from the door. They were a badly frightened lot.

Quite a laughable incident is also related in which Hubbard Hollister acted a prominent part. Old Tom Zommonds, a neighbor, told Hollister he had a very fine bear dog that he knew "would tackle any bear that wore hair on his back." He brought the dog over, and the next night Hubbard took him out for a trial. With one of the boys he went to the San Miguelito Cañon. After going on a little way the dog got ahead and was soon out of sight. In a few minutes they heard a terrible snorting, mingled with the barking of a dog, and soon along came the "dog that would tackle a bear" with his tail between his legs, followed by a big bear. The dog was making directly for the spot where Hollister and the boy stood.

The wind had blown over a small tree, allowing the trunk to hang about six feet from the ground. Hollister made haste and straddled the trunk, and the boy scrambled up next to him, with their legs hanging down to within three feet of the ground. The dog came directly under the man's feet and there remained. The bear came up to within a few yards of the place, looked at the men a minute and then wheeled off and went out of sight.

Hubbard got down from his perch, and said to the dog: "You are a damned pretty sort of a bear dog, now aren't you? What in thunder did you bring that bear here for? I've a good mind to shoot you!"

Naturally when this little episode was made known to Mr. Cooper, he got a good deal of fun out of it at the expense of his friend.

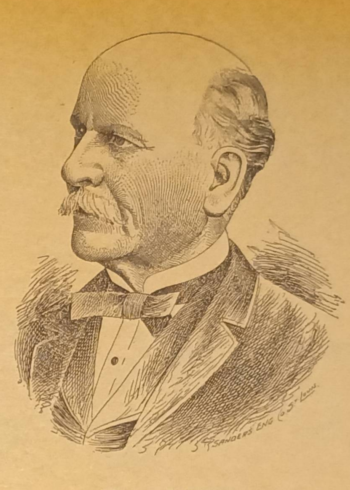
"Why didn't you shoot the bear, Hubbard?" he asked.

"Oh, I'd have been a damned fool to shoot at the animal with such an old shotgun that couldn't more than wound, and thus provoke him to come and eat me. Besides I wasn't after that bear. I was only trying the dog."

"The dog was all right; he was only doing his duty," Cooper would rejoin. "He took the bear to you so that you could shoot him. Besides, if he hadn't brought the bear to you, you might have disputed his veracity and denied that there was any bear there."

A great many such incidents could be related. Indeed, they were almost of every day occurrence in the valley for a long time. The men were likely to meet Bruin at nearly any place. The wonder is that with the eminent danger more people didn't get hurt, not to say killed.

THE PUMAS or California lions were very abundant, too, and caused great loss and annoyance from their depredations. They were particularly fond of young colts, but when these were lacking did not disdain from making a meal from a calf, sheep or deer. Many an exaggerated yarn has been told of the puma's ferocity and daring. This is largely to be laid to newspaper men and magazine writers, who often write of what they do not know, thus doing great harm from their misrepresentations.



Thomas B. Dibblee

Mr. Cooper is probably as good authority concerning the animal as one can desire, as he lived where they were abundant, and has killed hundreds of them—as many as three in one day and night. In his opinion the puma is the most sneaking and cowardly animal that lives—a regular desperado among animals; a murderer that kills for the sake of killing, but never attacks unless the odds are overwhelmingly in his favor. Cooper says during the early years in the Lompoc Valley he has shot a great many with a pistol. He has seen them, after being wounded, fall from a tree and at once make for another tree, instead of attacking their assailant. During all those years in the valley, Mr. Cooper never knew of an instance where a man was attacked by a lion.

That the animal is very powerful and under some circumstances would be very dangerous is quite true. Indeed, had the puma a courage that equals its strength it would be the most formidable of animals. But fortunately it lacks courage and, unless cornered or attacked when with its young, it is not much to be feared, notwithstanding the yarns of dude hunters to the contrary. Were a puma caught in a cabin and were a man to enter the room, the puma would get out of the door as it was opened, if possible. In its efforts to get out and escape it might run against and injure the person in the way, but the puma's whole desire would be simply to escape.

Of course, pumas caused great losses to the stockmen and sheepgrowers. Mr. Cooper tells of instances where a single puma would get into a corral and rend and kill twenty-five or thirty sheep in a single night. They would simply suck the blood and leave the bodies on the ground. There is, however, one good feature about the California lion—it will kill all the coons in the neighborhood, and to a person whose garden has been ravaged by these little animals, their destruction is a good office.

In Mr. Cooper's opinion, wildcats and lynx are far more likely to attack a person than the lion. These animals have great ferocity and courage, are extremely quick in movement and have been known to make unprovoked attacks on men.

Another pest our friend had to fight in the Lompoc Valley in these early years was the coyote. This is the shrewdest animal on the Coast, and shows more reasoning powers than all the pumas, wildcats, and lynx combined.

The great weapon used against the coyote is poison, but he must be poisoned with the first dose or you will never catch him again. Many people make the mistake of not using enough strychnine in their baits for the coyote. If he once gets the taste of the poison and it doesn't kill him, he becomes a dangerous animal, and you can never catch him except in a trap or with a shotgun.

Coyotes not only show a rare degree of cunning, but they often show a vein of real humor. For some time Mr. Cooper had been troubled by visits to his corrals, and finally made up his mind that Mr. Coyote was the visitor. A lamb would disappear nearly every night, and it got to be a genuine nuisance, as well as loss. So it was decided to put a stop to all further depredations by a dose of poison.

A couple of disowned lambs were killed and, after being "salted" with poison, placed a little distance from the corral, on each side of a trail used by the coyotes. The work had been carefully done and developments were awaited with some considerable interest.

The next morning disclosed that Mr. Coyote had come down the trail and gone out of the path and looked over the dead lambs lying on either side. He then went to the corral, got a nice lamb, took it to the trail and sat down just between the two baits and there ate his meal. This was not enough to show his contempt for Cooper's work. He went one step further, and daubed dirt over the bait. If this did not show supreme contempt, how was it possible for an animal to show it?

IN THE EARLY Fifties a large and profitable business was found in driving cattle from the southern counties to the mines in the northern part of the State. Men would purchase all the cattle their money would allow, drive them up to the mines and then sell them at a handsome advance, making the ventures very remunerative.

Here is a little story told Mr. Cooper that illustrates still further the fact that the coyote was an objectionable animal to have around: A party of men from the northern counties, among the number Mr. Harold, a relative of the Owens family of La Patera, went south to buy cattle. They carried their money in buckskin bags, strapped to the saddle. The party encamped in the San Fernando Valley, and placed their bags of money on the ground beneath their saddles.

The next morning, when the men prepared to start toward Los Angeles, a bag of money was missing. Among the party was a Frenchman, employed as a cook. This man was accused of being the thief. He vehemently denied all knowledge of the missing money, but the men insisted that he had hidden it away. They tried to compel him to acknowledge his crime. He refused. They then threatened to shoot, to hang, to skin him alive. It was of no avail. The man strenuously denied taking the money.

After awhile the Frenchman was set free, driven from camp and the men went on their way. They purchased and drove north all the cattle they had money to pay for, and in a short time, the same

Navajo sheep

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

party started back to buy another drove of cattle. In passing within a few hundred yards of where they had previously encamped at San Fernando, one of the men saw something shining on the ground. In order to get a better look at the object, the man dismounted and suddenly gave a yell! He had found the lost gold, his own money!

A coyote had dragged the bag away from under the saddle, in order to eat the buckskin of which it was made. The shreds about the mouth of the bag was proof of this. A small part of the money was found scattered about on the ground, but every dollar was recovered.

Coyotes sometimes become extremely hungry, in which case they will eat even the lariats with which horses are tied when out to feed.

Lompoc Valley in those days produced an immense crop of another nuisance. Never was there a place on this Coast that was more infested with snakes of all kinds, the most numerous of which was the rattlesnake, also the most venomous and deadly. Go where you pleased and you would find these disgusting reptiles. They lay coiled upon the rocks, under the bushes, along the roadside and trails, got into the cabins and were almost omnipresent. They were short, thick, copper-colored objects, disgusting to look at and deadly to touch. Their presence was a constant menace though, strange to say, no one was bitten by them. Mr. Cooper ascribes this fact to the prevalence of the chilly fogs, which rendered them less active than it is likely they would have been had the climate been warmer. As many as six or seven snakes a day were often killed by one sheepherder.

From his surroundings, which called for constant practice, Cooper became an excellent, all-around shot, and decidedly an expert with the revolver. Particularly did he show skill as a pistol shot in the dark. This was a most useful accomplishment in his line of work, and to it he owed his escape from many a dangerous situation.

I HAVE TRACED the route taken by our friends as they came from Missouri down through Arizona, New Mexico, Old Mexico, into the great State of California, and thence up to the northern part of Santa Barbara County. I have shown the difficulties and dangers that had to be met at nearly every moment. I have shown them in the midst of wild Indians, whose reputation for ferocity and looting was among the worst borne by any tribe of aborigines on the American Continent—yet the men and their flocks passed through the land unharmed. I have depicted them in the San Fernando Valley with starving flocks, and meeting loss upon loss—yet they pulled through and did not despair. I have shown them in the Lompoc Valley, contending against wild animals and drouth, with their flocks dwindling away until only one-quarter of the original number remained—but the men never doubted of their ultimate success.

Right here the question may well be asked, were these men possessed of superhuman ability that they should over-ride all danger and conquer all difficulties? If not, then how did they succeed so well? How did they turn disaster into success? How did they accumulate great fortunes, where other good men failed, and failed miserably?

I may answer that the Hollisters, Cooper and the Dibblees were men of the utmost integrity, and accorded full justice to everyone they met or had dealings with. They were men of their word, and their bonds were not one whit better than their word. It was on this account that the Apaches gave them no trouble. It was from this that the men in their employ were so zealous and faithful in their service. They paid good wages, gave the men plenty of good wholesome food, and best of all, showed them they were employed by men who were interested in their welfare. But there is yet more to say: All the men were workers themselves, and gave strict attention to all the little details of their business. They never gave themselves up to leisure, when there was work to be done.

The winter of 1865 brought good rains, and a series of prosperous years followed. The wild animals were by this time pretty well subdued, and the business of sheep raising went on prosperously. Wool prices ranged high, and mutton and stock sheep commanded good returns. A two-year-old-sheep sold for from $3.50 to $3.75. Unwashed spring wool sold at from twenty to twenty-six cents, and during one year the price ran up to forty cents.

Mr. Cooper is a walking encyclopedia of information relative to sheep raising. In his opinion, the best and most profitable animal is the Spanish Merino. There are several reasons for this: the Merino is hardy and requires less food than a larger sheep—thus allowing more to be kept to the acre. An acre of good grazing land will easily keep one sheep—one-sixth of what is necessary to keep one cow. Of course the quality of land varies and the yield of feed which an acre produces in one place would require six or ten acres in other parts of the county. In general, the better the land is adapted to the raising of corn and other agricultural products, the better it is for raising feed for sheep.

Ranges in this country are covered with a mixture of bur-clover, alfilaria, wild oats and several kinds of bunch grass; the first two mentioned being by far the best for sheep. Of late a great nuisance has made its appearance and worked much detriment to the ranges. It is known as fox-tail grass and was introduced from the Old World. It has become very plentiful and is a new evil with which the sheep-raiser and cattleman must contend.

Mr. Cooper frequently affirms that the upper part of Santa Barbara County (Lompoc and vicinity) was the finest sheep country he ever saw. The soil is very rich, needing only rain to bring forth an abundance of feed.

As a business, sheep-raising is pleasant, though it requires constant attention for the sheep must be guarded and herded, rain or shine. All will go well, usually, if there is plenty of grass.

To go somewhat into detail, we may say that sheep are generally run in flocks of from 2,000 to 2,500 doing better if the flocks number not over 1,500. The lambing and shearing seasons are very busy, and there is a hum of industry permeating all, that makes the time slip away rapidly. The old plan of running the sheep in large flocks, and then, in the seasons of lambing, separating the mothers and lambs from the main flock was exceedingly troublesome and involved much labor. It is rarely used today. I believe the plan in vogue now—placing 500 or 600 ewes in a flock with a shepherd in charge—was originated by Mr. Cooper. By this method, the sheep require no further separation. It saves a great deal of trouble, annoyance and confusion, and is far less wearing on the superintendent or man in charge.

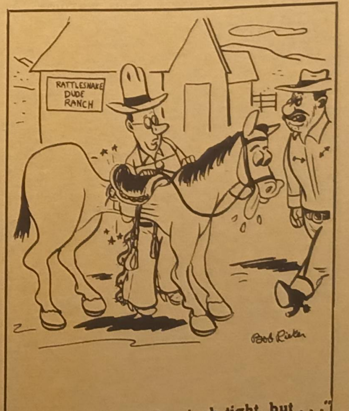
OFTEN ewes with twin lambs will disown one of them, and in order to save both, it is necessary to find an extra mother. It is usual to select a sheep, whose lamb was born dead, and get her to adopt the little stranger. This often involves considerable finesse. Mr. Cooper used to practice the following method: put the mother of the dead lamb into a corral about six feet square. Then take the skin, heart and liver of the dead lamb, placing the skin over the body of the lamb desired to be adopted. The head and parts uncovered by the skin are next rubbed over with the heart and liver and the deception is now complete and the ewe will generally adopt the lamb immediately. In this way thousands of lambs have been saved by Mr. Cooper.

Marking lambs is also work and during its progress there is much hurry and bustle. Experienced hands become very proficient in this, and a lamb is caught, marked and turned loose in a wonderfully short time. The men go from corral to corral, castrating the bucks, marking the ears, and cutting off the tails to a length of from one to one and one-half inches. To see a flock of sheep with tails three or four inches long is good evidence that the person who has them in charge is not a man thoroughly posted in the sheep business. In treating five or six thousand lambs, in the manner described above, the loss ought not to be over a dozen at most.

Sheep are liable to many troubles. They frequently become injured and almost at once flies will fasten themselves to the wounds which in a very little while become tormented with maggots. To Mr. Cooper's mind there is no remedy equal to calomel for this trouble. One of the most serious drawbacks is a disease known to sheepmen as "scab." Much has been written on the subject, and many remedies—more or less good—have been proposed. Messrs. Dibblee and Col. Hollister, who were probably as good authorities on the subject as ever lived, favored a dip made of tobacco and sulphur. Mr. Cooper used a dip with sulphur and mercury. Both were found very efficacious.

There are few more beautiful objects in the world than a fine sheep range in Santa Barbara County. The undulating vista of hills and dales, the vivid green of the feed in its season, the shepherds with their flocks, and above all, the beautiful blue of the cloudless sky, all combine to make a picture that once seen can never be forgotten.

Many people will turn their flocks into a range where the grass stands highest, and the growth is rank. In a little while they are surprised to find their sheep are not doing well. They imagined, because there was so much grass, that the feed must build up the sheep at an extraordinary rate. This, of course, is a mistake, as they soon discover. Grass that grows from fifteen to eighteen inches high will feed more animals, and carry them on better than that which grows three times as high. The reason is that low grass contains more nourishment and is sweeter than the taller product.



"I know I said get the cinch tight, but . . ."

The shepherd dog had had his share of attention from writers, who have given his characteristics their full modicum of praise. He takes kindly to sheep, is smart, intelligent, ready and willing for any kind of exertion, gentle in disposition and very tractable. In many ways a good shepherd dog is a most desirable acquisition to the range.

On his last journey across the Plains, Mr. Cooper had eight of the animals. He affirms they are, in most cases, a detriment rather than a benefit to the owners of flocks. This is not so much the fault of the dogs as of the shepherds handling them. A man working for a stated salary will often become lazy and use a dog's legs instead of his own. In this way the grass is torn up, the sheep are unduly worried (and of course lose flesh), the flocks are tangled and often run into a gulch in which numbers are killed or wounded. In nine of ten cases where a dog is used, the shepherd could do the work far better himself—if he studied his employer's interests as much as he studied his own ease. Like fire, a shepherd dog is very useful, if he is thoughtfully and carefully managed; but also like fire, he is a terrible curse, if not properly handled.

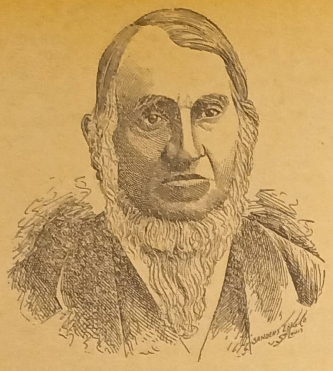
Mr. Cooper had a very intelligent little animal that he brought to California. It was born in New Mexico and trained there until it became exceedingly proficient, and showed a surprising intelligence. The dog had a natural antipathy to all kinds of snakes, and would attack and kill them wherever found. One day she attempted to collar a big rattlesnake, and he in turn set his fangs into her. This was a close call for the little creature, but her master gave prompt attention and care and Miss Jennie got over the wound and poison all right.

This did not in the least abate her inclination to kill snakes, but it taught her discretion. From that time she did not attack a rattler, but watched him and barked until somebody came and killed the pest. Jennie's antipathy to snakes served Cooper well on more than one occasion. If he had her with him, he walked anywhere feeling perfectly secure that no snakes were around.

One night he had a very narrow escape from a rattler. He had been out on the range and, when he got to his cabin, it was dark as a pocket. As he opened the door, the dog entered in advance and at once began to jump around and bark. Cooper got a light, and then saw what was the trouble. A monstrous rattlesnake was coiled up in the center of the floor ready to set its venomous fangs into anything within reach.

"Take it all in all, though," said Cooper, "if the shepherd dog were entirely dispensed with on the range, sheep husbandry would be much better off. That is my experience."

IN 1866 our friend was forty years of age, and I may not with propriety call him "young Cooper" any more. During this year, Hubbard Hollister purchased the Chorro and San Lusita ranches in San Luis Obispo County, and moved there with his family. The distance from the Lompoc Ranch is not great, but small as it is, it separated



Albert G. Hollister

Mr. Hollister from his friend Cooper, who had grown more fond of him as the days rolled by. Mr. Hollister was always so sunny, so cheery and companionable that his departure from Cooper's everyday life was a decided loss. Life on a ranch at best is lonely, and one can easily imagine what the loss of so agreeable a companion was to his friend. Mr. Hollister's departure had no effect on the partnership, which was continued until after his death.

The business continued prosperous, and prices for both wool and mutton ruled satisfactory to the producers. In this way things went on smoothly, and our friends gradually recovered from the effects of the great drouth.

One day in 1869 Cooper was in Santa Barbara in company with Thomas B. Dibblee. While the men were standing in front of the old American Hotel on State Street, a gentleman came along and Mr. Dibblee said: "Mr. Hinchman, this is Mr. J. W. Cooper, who is renting the ranch of your mother-in-law, Mrs. Cota. I believe he would like to buy the ranch, if he could get it at a fair figure."

"That is just what we would like to have him do," said Hinchman. "Mrs. Cota has no use for the land, and I think the money would do her much more good. Make me an offer, Mr. Cooper."

"Well," said Cooper, "I will give you $25,000 for the property."

"That is a very liberal offer, and I will go and speak to Mrs. Cota of the matter at once," said Hinchman.

"Why in the world did you offer $25,000 for that land?" asked Dibblee, as Hinchman went away to consult Mrs. Cota. "It is a big price and at least $5,000 more than she expected to get. I know you could have got it for $20,000."

"Mr. Dibblee, you are a good lawyer and a smart man, as I well know. But in some things I think I know as much as you do. This is one of those things. Mrs. Cota was not expecting to get so much as I am offering, and therefore will be the more likely to accept my offer, for fear I will back down.

"If I offer $20,000, about the sum she is expecting," continued Cooper, "She will call in all of God's creation for consultation, and they will all throw cold water on the matter, and she will become rattled and confused, and the result follows that I fail to get the land at all."

In about twenty minutes, Mr. Hinchman returned and said he had seen Mrs. Cota, who was satisfied and would accept the proposition. "But," said he, "it is my duty to see if I can get a bigger price."

Hinchman then called on Mr. Browning, who was buying ranches for the Pierce Brothers of San Francisco.

"O," said Browning, "it is too big a price—much more than it is worth. Let the man have it. He is a fool."

Then Hinchman returned to Cooper, and told him what Browning had said.

"All right, get your deeds ready," replied Cooper, "I will pay $5,000 in cash and give four notes of $5,000 each to run one, two, three and four years, with interest at twelve percent. But I must have the privilege of taking up any or all of the notes at any time before maturity."

The next thing to do was to get the money with which to make the first payment of $5,000. Mr. Cooper knew Col. Hollister had just sold the San Justo Ranch and had the cash. The Colonel was applied to and readily furnished the needed money.

It was in this sudden manner that the famous Santa Rosa Ranch was purchased by Hubbard Hollister and J. W. Cooper.

MR. COOPER very soon moved to the newly acquired property and immediately began the work of improvement. He found nothing on the land but an adobe house, with its tile roof and dirt floor. There was not a pane of glass in the house, and not a corral on the whole place where they could even catch a sheep for mutton. When a sheep was required, they had to use several men to get the animals together, and then reach in with a crook and catch such a sheep as they wished. There was not even a pen in which to separate a cow from her calf so as to get milk for coffee. None of the land was cultivated, and not a fruit tree grew upon the place. Indeed, there was nothing but the soil, which Mr. Cooper knew very well only needed work to make the place a beautiful estate.

Everything went on prosperously, and improvements sprang up on all sides. A portion of the flocks was moved to the new ranch and the balance left at Lompoc, the business of running both estates being undertaken.

As Mr. Cooper became more acquainted with the Santa Rosa Ranch he became more pleased, and more than ever convinced that he and his partner had obtained a grand estate. The climate is excellent, the location being just near enough to the ocean to get all the good results from the fog, and yet distant enough to escape its bad features. This peculiarity of location allows several important crops to be grown that are usually failures in places nearer the ocean. This is notably the case with wheat, which matures and ripens on the Santa Rosa Ranch to as perfect as was ever seen.

Another characteristic of the ranch is this: the valley and hills are so thoroughly commingled that best results are obtainable in many ways. The land is well watered by the Santa Ynez River, which passes through its whole length—a distance of perhaps seven miles—and there are about one hundred springs scattered over the place.

The timber is live oak, cottonwood, sycamore, elder, maple and a small quantity of white oak. In speaking of timber, Mr. Cooper says his experience has always been to steer clear of land which bears white oak, for it has been noticed that, wherever these trees flourish, the nights are cold and the days are hot. They seem to love a kind of soil that is unreliable for agricultural purposes and feed. It is known as granite soil—filled with pebbles—the deeper one goes into it, the larger the pebbles. There is usually no subsoil, and unless rains come early and late, good crops cannot be counted on. We find this soil at Paso Robles, the College Ranch, and in the Ojai Valley.

Time and time again, since Mr. Cooper owned the Santa Rosa Ranch, he has had plenty of grass, when there was great scarcity at the College Ranch, and this must ever be the same unless they introduce irrigation on a large scale. I have heard Mr. Cooper say that were 160 acres of the College Ranch given, the deeds recorded, the land all taken and all costing the settlers not one dime of money, the people who received the gifts would starve inside of fifteen years unless they got outside help. This was said, of course, from a grain and grazing point of view. In this, Cooper may be mistaken, but time will show.

A person seeking land on which to make a home need make no inquiry as to the soil, if he finds a tract that produces the larger elder, and plenty of burclover and alfilaria. He has good as there is, if such products are seen. While on this topic, I may note a characteristic of the Santa Rosa Ranch. There is abundance of the largest and finest elder to be found anywhere. Specimens measuring three feet in diameter are not rare and some have been found that measure five feet through. A specimen was sent to the World's Columbian Fair in Chicago in 1893 that measured two feet in diameter. The only reason this specimen was selected, instead of a larger, was on account of its being almost entirely solid. We, who have lived in the eastern states, know that elder is rarely found even four inches in diameter, and that has a monstrous pith in the center. We learned this in making our popguns, when boys.

The soil of the Santa Rosa Ranch is black loam with occasional patches of sandy loam. There is but little adobe. A great feature of the soil is its remarkable depth. It is no exaggeration to say that places are not difficult to find where the soil is found to measure a full forty-five feet.

Of course, such fertile soil must produce remarkable crops. Mr. Cooper was always very fond of raising corn, so, as soon as he got some fields fenced off, in went a seeding on the Santa Rosa Ranch. Two fields were prepared, one of which contained twenty-two acres. The soil was broken up in January, and then allowed to remain until March 20, when it was broken up a second time and corn drilled in every third row, as the plow went along. There was no more work done on the land except to thin out the young plants, nor did a drop of water fall on it. In the following autumn the yield was sixty-five bushels of fine shelled corn per acre.

Barley was then sown on the top of the ground among the corn stalks. Cattle were turned in to feed on the corn stubble, and tramp the grain into the soft soil. From this one sowing, five crops of hay were produced (making six crops, including the corn crop), with only the double plowing at first. Except the last crop, which had run down to nearly one-half weeds, each yield was from two and one-half to four tons of fine hay to the acre. The field was used as buck pasture, and the animals, after each harvest, would trample the grain down into the ground. This sounds, perhaps, like rather a loud story, but it is without exaggeration in any sense.

Mr. Cooper had an orchard, planted alongside of this field in January, 1872. Up to the present time (July, 1893) there have been gathered twenty crops of fine fruit. The first year yielded nothing, but since that date no year has failed to furnish its generous quota. There are ten varieties of apples, four or five varieties of peaches, besides quinces, nectarines and apricots.

The ranch was well known to the Indians, as the vestiges of ancient *rancherias* abundantly show. Quite a variety of mortars, pestles and other relics of a bygone race have been turned up by the plow.

Little by little, as time went on, adjoining land has been added to the estate, until the total area of the ranch now amounts to about 18,000 acres. Improvements of all kinds have been added and it is now equipped with wool and hay barns and appliances of every kind.

IN 1871, Mr. Cooper was in very comfortable circumstances. He had proprietary interests in two of the finest ranches in the State, was in good health, had met the fortunes and misfortunes of life with equanimity, and seemed to lack only a wife to make his life complete.

I have spoken of the brothers W. W. and Hubbard Hollister. It is now time to introduce another, the oldest brother. His name was Albert G., and he lived in Holt County, Missouri. Albert had a daughter, Miss Frances Mary, who with her sister, Miss Lu, was on a visit to her uncle Hubbard.

Mr. Cooper met and wooed Miss Frances, and in his case love ran so smoothly, that on July 3, 1871, he took the most important step in his life—he married. There never was anything ostentatious in Mr. Cooper, and there was nothing showy in the celebration of his marriage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Bush of San Francisco, at the home of Hubbard Hollister in San Luis Obispo. After the ceremony, in company with the bride's sister, Miss Lu, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper started for their home on the Santa Rosa Ranch. They arrived at home on the morning of July 4 and took breakfast with the carpenters, who were at work repairing and remodeling the ranch house. The happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper is known to all. Where each considers the other the most perfect individual in the world, there is no chance for differences.

In 1872, John Albert, their first child was born, and if there ever was a supremely happy and proud man in the world, it was J. W. Cooper. We may not dwell on that boy's life—it was altogether too short and precious.

In the winter of 1872, Albert Hollister and his whole family arrived in California, and gave all their friends much pleasure by making their home within easy distance of their relatives.

In January, 1873, Mr. Cooper experienced a very severe loss. His old friend and partner, Hubbard Hollister, passed over to the great majority. If this sunny, kind-hearted and generous man had any faults, they were never apparent. To the sick he was the most tender and attentive nurse. His mere presence in the room was most potent, and a call on an invalid, with a little of his cheery, hopeful and sunshiny conversation did as much good as the doctor's prescription. Mr. Cooper tells many incidents of this good man's kindly acts. On that long journey across the Plains, if one of the party was ill, it was Hubbard Hollister who insisted on nursing the invalid back to health; if a man was over-weary, it was Hubbard Hollister who insisted on doing an extra amount of work in order to lighten the other's task; if a person was in any trouble, he had but to call on Hubbard Hollister, and the call for aid was never in vain.

"I was in intimate relations with the man for fifteen years," said Mr. Cooper, "and I never had one harsh or angry word with him. The more I was with

Grazing scene in Southern California

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

him, the more I loved him. He was one of those rare men one meets but occcasionally in a lifetime."

Naturally Cooper missed his old friend very much. It was a loss for which there never could be any compensation.

The partnership was not terminated until the estate was wound up in 1874. In the final settlement, Cooper turned over his share in the Lompoc Ranch and $12,000 to the estate and, in return, received the full right and title to the Santa Rosa Ranch. Thus was ended a long and most satisfactory partnership between two men who cordially loved each other.

SO FAR I have neglected to say anything concerning the discrimination shown against the flock-owners in favor of the cattlemen. Why this state of affairs existed we need not attempt to answer, if indeed, there was ever any reason for it except prejudice and greed on the part of the cattlemen. Up to 1874 there was no law preventing cattle and horses from running at will wherever they pleased. To be sure, a cattleman could not herd his cattle on another man's land, but he could turn them loose and allow them to wander wherever they would.

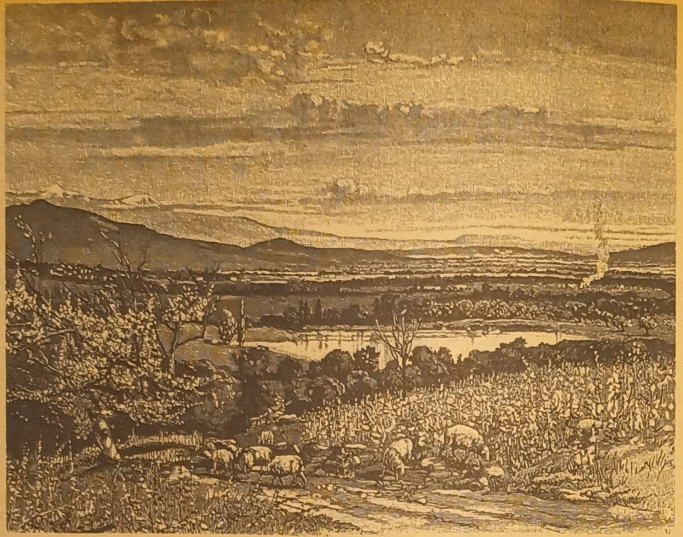
The sheep-owners could not retaliate and get even in this matter by turning their sheep loose. If this was done the wild animals would exterminate the whole flock in a very short time. Coyotes, especially, preyed on flocks that were unguarded. I have spoken somewhat of the intelligence of these animals and their ability to think for themselves. Mr. Cooper is my authority for the assertion that coyotes, on finding a flock of sheep unguarded, will herd the sheep and keep them well bunched together, so as to have them handy to eat as they require. This may seem rather a strong statement to make, but it is vouched for by several other men who have seen the work done.

A man could take up a squatter's claim where there was water. Probably the place could not feed over 200 head of cattle, yet the man would keep 2,000. To feed this large band of cattle he would allow them to roam at will over other men's ranges. Mr. Cooper was compelled to spend thousands of dollars in order to keep such cattle from his lands, so that his stock could get the benefit of his own grass. It was one constant struggle for ranchmen to prevent cattle, owned by landless men, from eating up all the feed.

In those days the county was full of bands of mustang horses. People, who had little or nothing else, would have large numbers of these animals. Of course, they did not make their owners more wealthy, for horseflesh was a drug on the market. They were a great curse to the sheep-owners. It was no uncommon thing for a band of these semi-wild horses to dash through a flock of sheep, killing and maiming the young lambs, and leaving the unharmed sheep nearly dead from fright.

This state of affairs bade fair to absolutely ruin the sheep industry, and if Col. W. W. Hollister and other men of determination had not come to the rescue, only a few more years would have been needed to see the sheep ranges denuded and deserted.

In 1873-74, the California Legislature passed what has been known as the "No Fence Law," or "Trespass Act." This beneficent and just measure was a solution of the question, "Shall cattle owners be compelled to restrain and keep their cattle off other men's lands, or shall the landowners be obliged to fence the lands, if they wish to get the benefit of their ownership?"



Century Magazine, 1882

In the San Gabriel Valley

During twenty years, Col. Hollister fought for this measure and when it was finally passed it was mainly by his exertions. The law went into force immediately and resulted exactly as it was expected and hoped for. It closed the country to the marauding bands of wild horses, and men who had been pasturing their cattle on their neighbors' lands disposed of their stock and quit business. I believe Mr. Cooper was the first man in Santa Barbara County to make a practical application of this law. He was compelled to do it only once, and then there were no hard feelings engendered.

For his own benefit, Mr. Cooper added more fences to his ranch each year. He found it paid him to fence off his own pasturage, and thus restrain his own cattle within bounds.

In 1876, a syndicate was organized to purchase Mr. Cooper's ranch, the price agreed upon being $370,000. The matter was delayed and finally came to naught. The following year brought another great drouth to the State. While this dry year was not so severe and far-reaching as the one of 1864, it was incidental to an immense loss to stockmen. It was estimated that fully one-half the sheep disappeared from the county. Many died, but far more were driven away to other pastures. The fields sown to barley remained brown all winter, and in most cases the grain barely sprouted. Fruit trees suffered very severely and most of them did not blossom that season.

After shearing, Mr. Cooper found he had 24,000 sheep on his ranch. This was too great a number and efforts were made to reduce the flocks so as to better meet the diminished feed of the season. He slaughtered 6,500 lambs and then sold, at a nominal figure, 2,000 sheep to a party in Lompoc. The San Francisco market took 3,000, and 3,500 were killed for their pelts and tallow. This reduced his flocks to 8,000 sheep—the choicest of the whole number—and they all did well, and went through the season easily.

THE FOLLOWING SEASON, 1877-78, was prosperous. Plenty of rain fell, and excellent crops and good prices made everyone happy. Wool and mutton commanded good figures, and the losses of the previous year were rapidly made good. In December, 1879, however, arrived the cross of Cooper's life—the death of his first born, Albert. From then on, life at the ranch was never the same to him, nor has the family ever been satisfied to permanently reside there since.

Mr. Cooper decided to move his family to Santa Barbara, near which place in Goleta he had some time previously purchased a fine estate of 250 acres, for which he paid $15,000, the object being to reside near his father-in-law, Albert Hollister. The move was experimental, but Mr. Cooper soon grew fond of the beautiful city and its people, and decided to make Santa Barbara his permanent home. About this time the residence of Ex-Mayor Mortimer Cook was offered for sale, and Mr. Cooper purchased it for $10,000 and took possession at once. Here he has resided ever since, perfectly satisfied with his beautiful and luxurious home.

He continued to carry on his Santa Rosa Ranch through his old-time, much-trusted and always reliable foreman, John Wilson.

In 1885, Mr. Cooper decided to still further withdraw from active business. Acting on this resolution he sold his stock (1,200 cattle and 14,000 sheep) to Mr. Leon Carteri, and leased to him the Santa Rosa ranch for a period of five years, the annual rental of which was $8,500 for the first thre years, and $9,500 for the remaining two years. On the expiration of that period, another lease of five years was granted to the same party.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooper have been blessed with seven children, of whom six are still living: Bessie, Willie, Lulu, Joseph, Fannie and Thomas D., the latter being named for Mr. Cooper's long-time friend, Thomas B. Dibblee. Mr. Cooper is never so happy as when he has a load of them and their friends in his carriage, riding up and down State street.

IN MR. COOPER, we see a medium-sized man, perhaps five feet, nine inches in height. As he walks, we forget his sixty-seven years and think of him only as a middle-aged man who has worked hard, done his whole duty, and is at peace with the world. He has the habit, when talking, of looking straight into one's eyes and making his words as direct as his glance. No one can listen to him for five minutes without being impressed with the honesty and earnestness of the man.

He is not of an entirely serious cast of mind—far from it. No one better enjoys a joke—even if it is on himself. Cooper is remarkably quick at repartee, and few men better understand the art of condensing many words into a single phrase. He is a dangerous man to meet in an argument for, nine times out of ten, he will turn a neat story or form a clear-cut epigram, which is confusing in its originality and remarkable for its incisiveness. I do not wish to be misunderstood in this. My friend is not a professional joker, nor is he a man who loves to joke at the expense of another's feelings. It is to be doubted if there is a man in the city who has so much regard for another's feelings as Mr. Cooper. But one must not presume too much. Give but a hint that you are trifling with him, show even in the faintest manner that you are poking fun at him, and those kindly eyes take on another expression. Now, look out! Stand from under! In a second more a whirlwind of mother wit, a tornado of sarcasm or an avalanche of solid argument, condensed and epitomized, drops on your head.

Cooper has a wonderful intuition as to the people he meets. He seems to read a man at a glance, size him up, and place him where he belongs. Probably to this he owes his grand galaxy of staunch friends, the Hollisters, the Dibblees, Martin Oldham, Col. Peters, Nelson McMahon and John Wilson. Intuitively, he knew those men and clung to them.

Mr. Cooper has always taken an active interest in politics, and is known as a Democrat, though never as a partisan. His vote always goes for the man best fitted for the office, and if he does not consider either candidate a capable man, neither of them will get his vote.

He has always been a firm believer in the doctrine of Protection, and freely admits that all he has in the way of worldly goods he owes to this measure.

"I am a Democrat," said he recently, "but I am not a believer in the fallacious doctrine of Free Trade, nor have I any patience with people who, after having seen the country prosperous under Protection to an extent absolutely unparalleled in the world, now clamor to kill the goose that has laid the golden egg and go back to the woes that existed in the years when Free Trade was the rule of the land.

"I once had a man in my employ, who had lived in Australia and worked on a sheep ranch. At the time, I had just sold my spring wool, and the man asked the price. I told him the average price for all grades was twenty-six cents a pound. The man made answer that if they would but remove the tariff from wool, the American people would quickly see what would become of the wool business in this country. In Australia they sheared their sheep and packed up the wool, season after season, until it amounted to millions of pounds.

"'Just slip off your tariff for a little while,' he said, 'the Australians would flood the market. They could pay the freight and sell wool in San Francisco at ten cents per pound, and yet make a fortune, for their expenses are a mere nothing. They rent large tracts of government land at a mere nominal price, and the other expenses amount to but very little. You American sheepmen are very fortunate in your tariff.'"

A few years later there was a reduction in the tariff on wool, which cut such a figure in the profits of the business that it was very largely influential in deciding Cooper to rent his land to others. There was very little profit in the sheep-raising business, after that.

"REMOVE your tariff," says Cooper, "and give us absolutely Free Trade, and the country will be in a terrible condition very quickly. The great factories, which give employment to thousands of men and women, would be compelled to close their doors or reduce the pay of their operators until they work on the same basis as the European operators work. Do this, and we would have a revolution in a week's time!"

At the time of the Homestead riots, Mr. Cooper openly confesses that he was ashamed of some of the prominent Democrats. Up to that time, he had favored General Palmer as the Democratic nominee for the presidency, instead of Mr. Cleveland. But Palmer took such a stand in the question that he couldn't now get Cooper's vote for even so small an office as constable.

As it was with Palmer, so with Voorhees and Senator Best, whom Cooper personally knew years ago. "They were mere demagogues, seeking people's votes," said Cooper.

Speaking one day of the Homestead troubles, Mr. Cooper said: "It annoys me to hear Democrats say, 'Protection is the cause of all this. Protection caused the

Wool depot

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

strike!' Well, in one sense, it is so. But if it had not been for Protection, there could have been no Carnegie works, employing its thousands of men at from $3 to $16 per diem, and allowing the men to ride to and from their work in their carriages like princes.

"I've not forgotten when I worked for twenty cents per day. That was under Free Trade's rule. During that period my people raised nice, fat turkeys, dressed and took them three miles to market, and there sold them at twenty cents each and took payment in store goods! That was under Free Trade, too. On last New Year's I bought a single turkey of a market man in Santa Barbara, and found it cost me $5.25. I said to the market man, 'When I was a boy, we raised twenty-six turkeys to equal the price of this one, and had to take our pay in store goods, while you get the clean cash.'

"But in those days we had Free Trade, now we have Protection. At that time, in the Forties, such articles as were then considered luxuries, but which are now considered necessities, were sold at fully thirty-five percent above the price retailed at now. The list included tea, sugar, calico, wrought-iron nails and many other articles. I am wearing a suit of clothes, that cost me $10.00. In those days a suit would have cost me not less than $25.00. Bah! Why in the name of God any man complains now is more than I can understand. We are the best fed, best clothed, and best cared for people in the world. We ought to be the happiest, yet we grumble most. Any laborer, who gets the present prices for his work, could soon have a neat house and a nice bank account, if he would economize as we had to forty years ago."

WHETHER it was from luck or intuition it will be noticed that Cooper was most fortunate in his associates. They were all superior men, who proved true and loyal, and exerted a tremendous influence in his life, character and fortunes. This is of itself most remarkable, for in those days as in the present time, there was a superabundance of men who cared nothing for morality, truth, honor, or any of the higher aims of life, and lived simply for self and self-indulgence. But Mr. Cooper seems never to have been much thrown into their society. Among all his intimates, there was not one who was of mediocre ability or wanting in the good qualities which we look for and must find in the higher grade of men.

When Mr. Cooper arrived in Stockton in 1850, he was a young man in years, and a mere boy in experience. The influence exerted on a young man by good associates can never be over-estimated.

Martin E. Oldham was one of the first of a coterie of friends to whom Cooper became attached, after he came to California. He crossed the Plains from Missouri in 1849, and met Mr. Cooper in September, 1850. For several months thereafter, the two men saw much of each other. Mr. Oldham was about a dozen years older than Cooper, of large heavy-set frame, dark complexion, and afraid of nothing. He was well educated, and from much reflection had become a man of remarkable intelligence. He was a most companionable person, with a great store of pleasant anecdotes that did much to aid in passing the time pleasantly in his company.

After Cooper took his wild-goose chase from California to the States in 1851, he returned and found his friend Oldham still engaged in the business of freighting, with headquarters at Stockton. From now on the men were together almost constantly, and went home in company in 1855. Cooper soon found Oldham a good man to tie to, and often says that it is to Oldham that he owes many of his steady habits, and much of his later success in life.

In those days there was nothing in the way of entertainment, except to visit the saloons and fandango houses. Nearly everyone would saunter into one or the other during an evening. It was just after a trip to Stockton that both men had gone to one of these places as lookers-on, for neither gambled or took part in any of the dancing. During the evening a row took place, and in an instant revolvers and knives were whipped out and shooting began. Of course, everyone not engaged in the scrimmage, made a break for the doors, as did Oldham and Cooper, who were among the first to get out.

They had forgotten a pile of old lumber, which lay just in front of the door. Running against it, they were toppled over in a moment, and before they could get to their feet, the other people, hurrying out, fell over the men, making a jumble that would have been comical in any other place.

Sheep raising was less hazardous in 1890 when this photo was made.

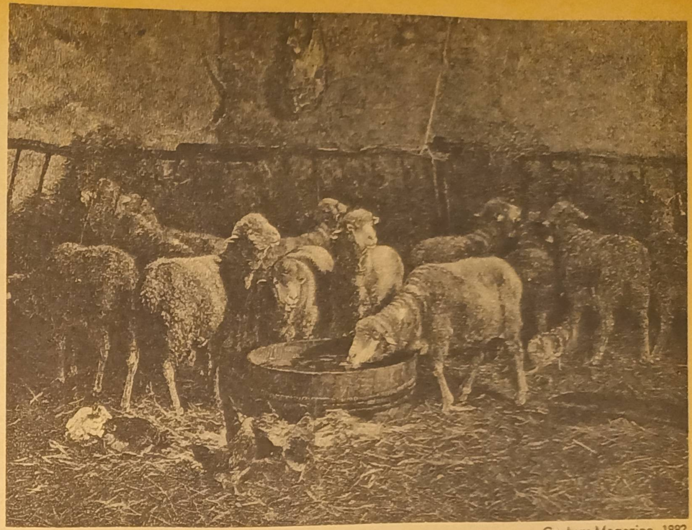
Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

After they finally extricated themselves and got upon their feet, Cooper said: "Martin, I am never going to such a place again. Suppose one of us had been killed? Our folks would have heard of it and been convinced that we were participants in the affair, and felt disgraced at it." This was the last time that either entered the doors of such a place.

Oldham was present on the steamer Aetna, when the captain attempted to get possession of the dead Illinoisan's money. In 1867, Cooper went back to the States and while there visited his old friend who was then living in Boone County. He became acquainted with Oldham's family, and found them all excellent people, and not a black sheep among them.

Cooper tried to persuade Oldham to return with him and drive a band of cattle across the Plains, but his friend declined. This was the last time they met. Fifteen years later, while Mr. Cooper was living on the Santa Rosa Ranch, he wrote a letter to Oldham, suggesting that perhaps he had been worsted by the fortunes of war (the Rebellion was just over), and that it would be well to come on to California. Cooper intended to help Oldham get a ranch, and thus repay some of the kind offices of his friend to him.

In due course of time came a letter giving the sad information that Martin Oldham was dead. Poor Martin! A better man, a more honest man never lived. He will long be remembered for the good he has done. Thinking of him, the question may well be asked, why is it that good and true men seem to die first, and leave in the world so many that could be so easily dispensed with?



Century Magazine, 1882

Less hardy sheep were afforded special care during occasional periods of severe drought.

COL. NEWTON C. PETERS was the friend who first suggested driving sheep across the Plains to California. While in Sacramento in 1850 he met Nelson McMahon who had made the trip in Bartleson's party to California in 1841.

When McMahon met Peters, he asked: "What can a man do to make some money?"

Col. Peters said: "Buy fine grade sheep in the East and drive them to California."

"I will furnish the money if you will join me," said McMahon.

So in 1851 we find the men gathering a band of sheep in Missouri and, with Mr. Cooper, driving it across the Plains by the northern route to California. Col. Peters was a bright, intelligent man, with quite a taste for business. Mr. Cooper often says that it was Col. Peters who changed the whole course of his life. It will be remembered that it was by Col. Peters' recommendation that Mr. Cooper entered into partnership in the enterprise of driving sheep across the continent in 1858, and from that date began his career as one of the "Pastoral Princes," as the great sheep-raisers were termed.

Nelson McMahon was another one to come into Cooper's life as a firm, true friend. He was born and reared in Cooper County, Missouri.

McMahon is mentioned by Bancroft in Volume IV, *History of California*, as being one of the Bartleson party which, after great dangers and almost unbearable hardships, arrived in San Jose, in November, 1841. The Bartleson party numbered thirty-four people.

McMahon always chose Cooper as his hunting companion on their trek across the Plains. Mr. Cooper tells the following story of one of their excursions: "On one occasion we started out to get a buffalo, and, after going two or three miles, we came in sight of a large band, feeding on a level plain. We managed to get to the windward of the animals and, when within 600 yards dismounted, hobbled the horses and began to walk nearer, carrying our guns on our arms.

"Buffaloes always post sentinels before they feed. The sentinels will feed awhile, and then raise their heads and look around to see that all is safe. By watching the sentinels carefully, we got well up to the band, but found it necessary to crawl along the ground, in order to get within range. McMahon was in the lead with his double-barreled shotgun, and I, armed in a similar manner, brought up the rear. We would push our guns ahead of us, and then move on ourselves.

"Suddenly I looked at my gun and the sight made my hair stand on end and actually raise my hat from my head. Both barrels of the gun were cocked, pointed at McMahon, and only needed a slight jostle to be discharged. Heavens! How my heart beat as I saw the danger, and what a long sigh of relief I took as I let down the hammers. I never told my friend of this danger, nor did he ever learn it. It makes me shudder even to this day. as I think of it."

McMahon was a grand man and the pity is there are not more like him. He had less hypocrisy in his make-up than one often finds. He was tall, spare, very quiet, and not over-talkative. McMahon died in New York in 1856.

THE DIBBLEE BROTHERS, Thomas B. and Albert, are of the best and most distinguished families in New York, their native State. Both men are remarkable for their intellectual attainments, and would command attention in any part of the world as men of high order.

Thomas B. Dibblee was bred a lawyer, acquiring his professional education in the office of the celebrated jurist and ex-Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish. In 1859 he came to the Pacific Coast and at once began the business of sheep-raising in Los Angeles County, owning the noted Santa Anita Ranch, now in possession of E. J. Baldwin. In Mr. Cooper's opinion, that great acquisition of property, the Lompoc and San Julian Ranches, and the consequent wonderful financial success of the firm of Hollister & Dibblee is largely to be credited to the ability of Mr. Thomas Dibblee. In acquiring the Las Cruces Ranch, it was found that, by limitation, the grant had lapsed, and to get a good title was a matter of extreme difficulty. Eminent counsel was sought and the information given that the lapsed title could be rectified, but to do so would cost much time and require more money than the property was worth. Mr. Dibblee differed from the opinion, and set himself to the task.

He went to work and wrote and wrote until the manuscript lines, if placed end to end, would probably extend around the earth. It was a Herculean task, but received its reward in finally bringing a perfect title to the property in question. It is doubted if there is another man in the State who could have done this.

Mr. Dibblee is thorough in all that he undertakes. He is a thorough business man, a thorough stock-raiser, a thorough lawyer, and a man of honor.

Mr. Cooper never tires of speaking of this long-tried friend. "We went through the dry seasons together," said he. "We had our ups and downs, success and failure, together. I invariably found him the same true man. I always felt very safe and easy in his presence. If I had to meet a cyclone, a whirlwind or an earthquake, I would want to have Thomas B. Dibblee with me, for he would be sure to devise some way by which we could escape the worst features. In any legal question. I would prefer having his opinion to that of any other lawyer I ever met. There is always a lurking doubt as to the opinion of most lawyers, but after getting Mr. Dibblee's decision, I go to bed and sleep—secure that I have the true facts of the case."

Another time I heard Mr. Cooper use the following words: "If the old Bible teachings, that the people who are not good must go to the devil, are true, and if I must go there with the great majority of people, I would like to go just behind and with Thomas B. Dibblee as spokesman. If Old Nick would give him a hearing, and if Dibblee didn't argue the devil out of the whole or worst part of the punishment, I would feel that I must make the best of the matter. There would be no chance of any further appeal."

Mr. Thomas B. Dibblee married Miss Francesca, the beautiful and charming daughter of Don Pablo De la Guerra, one of the best known and most respected men in the State.

The older part of our population well remember the kindly Captain De la Guerra, grandfather of Mrs. Dibblee. He had a large storehouse, and each morning would hand out the keys and bid someone dispense gratuitously and freely goods to all who were in need. To the Americans he was always amiable, and assisted them in numberless ways. If they wished a beef they were allowed to take it, the only thing expected in recompense being that the hide should be staked out on the ground, ready for the servants to take up. If they wished a horse to ride, it was given to them.

Albert Dibblee, like his brother, is noted for his straightforward dealings, integrity, and kindness. He is an ornament to our great commonwealth.

JOHN WILSON was in Mr. Cooper's employ for seventeen years. During all that long series of years there never was a harsh word uttered on either side. This speaks volumes for both employer and employee.

Mr. Wilson was a Vermonter, and of a family of five sons, not one of whom weighed less than two hundred pounds, or measured less than six feet. I gather from all accounts that this family, in physical strength, was one of the most remarkable in their State. Probably there was not a man of them but, with proper training, could have developed into a pugilist, before whom Corbett, Sullivan and the whole coterie of "champions" would have gone down like "dew before the rising sun." But the Wilsons were not that kind of people.

John Wilson was an extraordinary man, not only in physical development, but in intellect. On subjects of which he had informed himself, there were few that could better him in an argument. Particularly well-read in the Bible, Mr. Wilson would quote and expound its truths as few professional men can do. John was not one of the sort who served God one day and the devil six.

"He stood by me through thick and thin," says Mr. Cooper. "The only thing I regretted when I sold the stock and rented my ranch, was that Mr. Wilson and I would be separated."

Mr. Wilson was a man absolutely without fear. When the time came, he was no more afraid to die than to eat his dinner. What more can be said of any man?

George H. Long is another staunch friend that Mr. Cooper delights to speak of. His acquaintance with the man dates from 1864, but his more intimate knowledge of Mr. Long began in 1865 when he became foreman and superintendent of the Hollister & Dibblee ranches. It was George Long who opened up and stocked the great tracts with sheep, built roads, bridges and corrals, and made the places habitable. He is a man of great industry, wonderful zeal and unswerving integrity. Rain or shine, cold or heat, in sunlight or darkness, George H. Long can always be relied on. While others were quite liable to have wranglings and discords with the employees, Mr. Long seemed intuitively to understand just what should be done to have the utmost harmony; and the natural outcome of it in good work and advantage to the proprietors.

After such ranches have been once got in shape, and the wheels are all running smoothly, it is easy enough to keep things in order. When Mr. Long took the matters in hand he was the pioneer, mapping out work for future men. He had to combat the wild animals; he stood at the helm when the proprietors were embarrassed with partial drouth and great bands of sheep aggregating fully 75,000 head had to be fed. Mr. Cooper often says that he knows of no one whom he would better like to have at the head of affairs when difficulties are plentiful and extraordinary exertions are necessary.

Southern California range where fence line is indicative of later-day control methods.

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

Mr. Long was born December 25, 1815, in Pennsylvania. He came to California in 1851, by way of Cape Horn.

ONE DAY a young man, very ill of typhoid-pneumonia, called at a public house and asked to be cared for. "I am a difficult patient," said he, "nervous, uneasy, and likely to cause you much annoyance and inconvenience, but I have the means to pay you for all your trouble."

The good lady was indignant. "I care nothing for your pay. What I wish is to get you cured of your illness as soon as possible. Pay is an after consideration. You will do just as you please in this house. If one bed does not suit you, you shall have another. Our whole business is to get you on your feet again and about your business, a well man."

This conversation took place one day in 1854 at a prosperous hotel on the Marced River, kept by Benjamin Snelling.

The young man asking aid was Mr. Cooper, and the lady addressed was Mrs. Snelling, wife of the hotel proprietor. She took care of the sick man, and for a long time it was a very doubtful case. After two long, weary months Cooper was able to get about again.

At that time, in California, a sick man did not always get the proper care and attention. Everybody was in too much of a hurry to think of anyone but themselves, so we can readily understand Mr. Cooper's sense of gratitude for the woman who, in truth, saved his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Snelling were from Missouri, and came to California in 1849. They were well-known and much respected people. Everybody knew and loved the lady for her kindness and care for all who came her way.

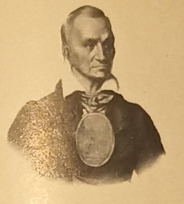
"And now," said Cooper, after the preceding was written, "you have passed in review the principal friends of those exciting days when life was full of stir and bustle, and every hour a struggle. All but three of those men have gone to their rest. I am in the afternoon of life, myself, and it seemed good to call the roll once more. Each year I have noticed the shadows of the past grow longer and longer, and, of course, it will be no great while before my life will be but a shadow itself—a something that has been.

"I love to sit down and recall the pictures, note the lights and shades, the play of colors and the finished work. I love to think my dear old friends are with me, though I cannot see them—Hubbard, the Colonel, and Albert Hollister. forever hopeful and progressive; Col. Peters, planning for the future which is always in advance of him; Martin Oldham, sturdy, truthful—a great oak tree that is good to lean against; Nelson McMahon, bold and always reliable. It does me good to recall those staunch old friends and know they have been mine and are yet mine, for with all my heart I believe this, 'Once a friend, always a friend.'

"Now a word as to this little book, and how it came into existence. It started from the solicitation of friends, who believed it good to have the record of my experiences written out. What I have furnished has been entirely from recollections, but it is believed the facts in the main are accurate. If any mistakes have crept in, they are to be ascribed to lapse of memory. I am sure my immediate family and friends, for whom the work was written. will believe it. As for the balance of the world, it is a matter of indifference to me."

Biographical sketch prepared under auspices of Department of War at Washington in 1854

AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY



RED JACKET

THE SENECA TRIBE was the most important of the celebrated confederacy known in the early history of the American colonies as the Iroquois, or Five Nations. They were a powerful and warlike people, and acquired a great ascendency over surrounding tribes, as well by their prowess as by the systematic skill with which their affairs seem to have been conducted. Instead of receding before the European race, they tenaciously maintained their ground, and when forced to make cessions of territory to the whites, reserved large tracts for their own use. The swelling tide has passed over and settled around them, and only a little remnant of that once proud and fierce people remains, broken and dispirited, mourning over the ruins of savage grandeur, yet spurning the richer blessings enjoyed by the civilized man and the Christian. A few have embraced our religion, and learned our arts; but the greater part have dwindled away under the blasting effects of idleness, intemperance and superstition.

Red Jacket was the last of the Senecas. There are many left who may boast the aboriginal name and lineage, but with him expired all that had remained of the spirit of the tribe.

From the best information we can obtain, it appears probable that this celebrated chief was born about 1756, at the place formerly called "Old Castle," now embraced in the town of Seneca, Ontario County, in the State of New York, three miles west of the present beautiful village of Geneva. His Indian name was Sa-go-you-wat-ha, or Keeper Awake, which, with the usual appropriateness of the native nomenclature, indicates the vigilance of his character. He acquired the more familiar name, which he bore through life among white men, in the following manner. During the War of the Revolution, the Senecas fought under the British standard. Though he had scarcely reached the years of manhood, he engaged in the war, was much distinguished by his activity and intelligence, and attracted the attention of the British officers. One of them presented him with a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, which he took great pride in wearing. When this was worn out, he was presented with another; and he continued to wear this peculiar dress until it became a mark of distinction, and gave him the name by which he was afterwards best known. As lately as the treaty of 1794, Captain Parish, to whose kindness we are indebted for some of these details, presented him with another red jacket, to perpetuate a name to which he was so much attached.

When but seventeen years old, the abilities of Red Jacket, especially his activity in the chase and his remarkably tenacious memory, attracted the esteem and admiration of his tribe; and he was frequently employed during the War of the Revolution as a runner, to carry dispatches. In that contest he took little or no part as a warrior; and it would appear that he better understood how to rouse his countrymen to war, than to lead them to victory.

The warlike chief, Corn Plant, boldly charged him with want of courage, and his conduct on one occasion, at least, seems to have fully justified the charge. During the expedition of the American General Sullivan against the Indians in 1779, a stand was attempted to be made against him by Corn Plant on the beach of the Canandaigua Lake. On the approach of the American army, a small number of the Indians, among whom was Red Jacket, began to retreat. Corn Plant exerted himself to rally them. He threw himself before Red Jacket and endeavored in vain to prevail on him to fight. The indignant chief, turning to the young wife of the recreant warrior, exclaimed, "Leave that man, he is a coward!"

THOUGH not distinguished as a warrior, it seems that Red Jacket was not destitute of bravery; for on a subsequent occasion, the stain affixed upon his character, on the occasion alluded to, was wiped away by his good conduct in the field. The true causes, however, of his great influence in his tribe, were his transcendent talents and the circumstances under which he lived. In times of public calamity the abilities of great men are appreciated and called into action. Red Jacket came upon the theatre of active life when the power of his tribe had declined and its extinction was threatened.

The white man was advancing upon them with gigantic strides. The red warrior had appealed, ineffectually, to arms; his cunning had been foiled, and his strength overpowered; his foes, superior in prowess, were countless in number; and he had thrown down the tomahawk in despair. It was then that Red Jacket stood forward as a patriot, defending his nation with fearless eloquence, and denouncing its enemies in strains of fierce invective or bitter sarcasm. He became their counsellor, their negotiator, and their orator. Whatever may have been his conduct in the field, he now evinced a moral courage, as cool and sagacious as it was undaunted, which showed a mind of too high an order to be influenced by the base sentiment of fear.

The Indians were asked not only to sell their country, but to embrace a new religion, to change their occupations and domestic habits, and to adopt a novel system of thought and action. Strange as these propositions must have seemed in themselves, they were rendered the more unpalatable when dictated by the stronger party, and accompanied by occasional acts of oppression.

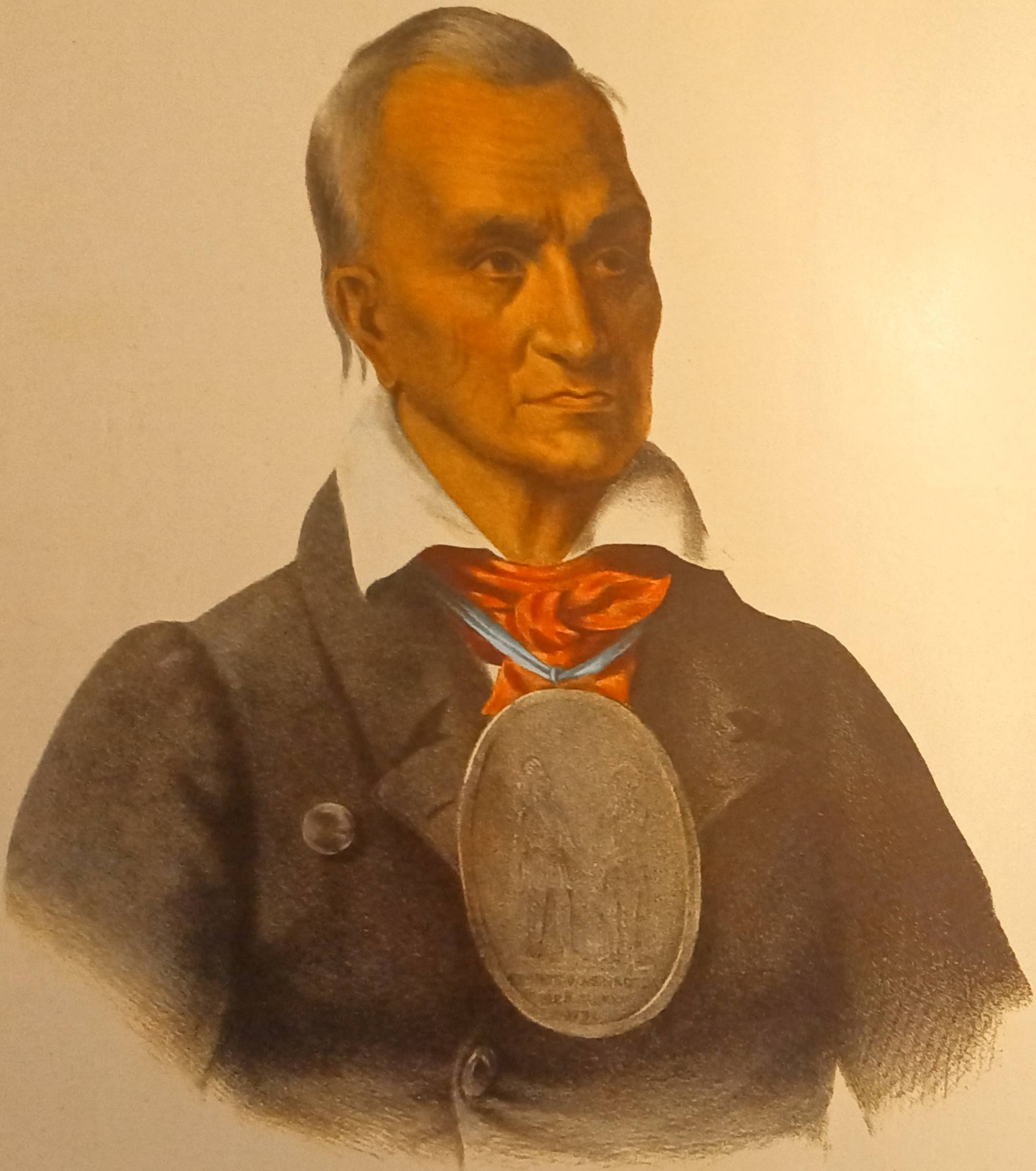
An intelligent gentleman, who knew this chief intimately, in peace and war, for more than thirty years, speaks of him in the following terms: "Red Jacket was a perfect Indian in every respect—in costume, in his contempt of the dress of the white men, in his hatred and opposition to the missionaries, and in his attachment to, and veneration for, the ancient customs and traditions of his tribe. He had a contempt for the English language, and disdained to use any other than his own. He was the finest specimen of the Indian character I ever knew, and sustained it with more dignity than any other chief. He was the second in authority in his tribe. As an orator he was unequaled. His language was beautiful and figurative, as the Indian language always is, and delivered with the greatest ease and fluency. His gesticulation was easy, graceful, and natural. His voice was distinct and clear, and he always spoke with great animation. His memory was very strong. I have acted as interpreter to most of his speeches, to which no translation could do adequate justice."

It is much to be regretted that a more detailed account of this great man cannot be given. The nature of his life and attachments threw his history out of the view, and beyond the reach of white men. It was part of his national policy to have as little intercourse as possible with civilized persons, and he met our countrymen only amid the intrigues and excitement of treaties, or in the degradation of that vice of civilized society, which makes white men savages, and savages brutes.

About the year 1820, a young French nobleman, who was making a tour in America, visited the town of Buffalo. Hearing of the fame of Red Jacket, and learning that his residence was but seven miles distant, he sent him word that he was desirous to see him, and that he hoped the chief would visit him at Buffalo the next day. Red Jacket received the message with much contempt and replied, "Tell the young man that if he wishes to see the old chief, he may find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him; and Red Jacket will be glad to see him."

The Count sent back his messenger to say that he was fatigued by his journey, and could not go to the Seneca village; that he had come all the way from France to see Red Jacket, and after having put himself to so much trou-

(Continued on page 54)



RED JACKET

A SENECA WAR CHIEF